

54705

McCALL'S

FEBRUARY 1927

★ TEN CENTS



GOD *and the* GROCERYMAN

THE LATEST NOVEL BY
HAROLD BELL WRIGHT
BEGINS IN THIS ISSUE





Bon Ami

*for aluminum and
fine kitchen utensils*

Bright as a new dime! How easily and quickly Bon Ami restores the sparkle to the *polished* parts of aluminum.

Small wonder makers of famous brands of aluminum recommend it for this purpose. For they know it quickly yet gently removes all tarnish, spots, and stains. Leaves the surface gleaming like new—with never a scratch to mar its beauty.

And Bon Ami won't chap the hands, won't make the nails brittle.

This magic cleanser keeps many other things besides kitchen utensils glistening with cleanliness. Read the list of uses given above.

Remember—it's economical to have both forms, Cake and Powder, on your pantry shelf all the time.

Principal uses of Bon Ami—

*for cleaning and
polishing*

Brass, Copper, Tin
and Nickel Ware
Bathtubs, Tiling
Aluminum Ware
White Woodwork
and Painted Walls
Glass Baking Dishes
Windows, Mirrors
White Shoes
The Hands
Refrigerators
Congoleum
Fine Kitchen Utensils

Cake or Powder
most housewives use both

"Hasn't
Scratched
Yet"



THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK In Canada—BON AMI LIMITED, MONTREAL

Dentists everywhere are preaching this modern gospel of gum massage

"Give back to the gums," *they urge,*
"the health-bringing stimulation denied them
by our soft and creamy foods."

If you could attend a convention of dentists and listen to the distinguished men who lecture there—if you would read the text-books of specialists or talk to them in person—there would be little need to print on this page these four quotations so important to the health of every family in the land.

But even these four—four where we might have printed forty—will give you the key to the reasoning of the leaders of the dental profession in their fight against those stubborn diseases of the gums.

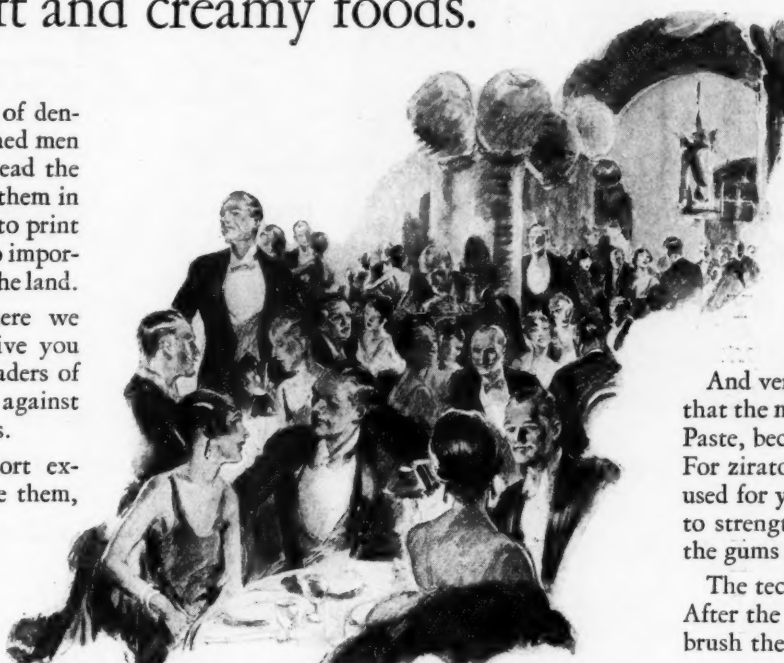
For these quotations—these short extracts—and hundreds of others like them, point out clearly that our food is too soft, that it robs the gums of health and that a simple and effective way has been found to combat its ill-effects and to restore the gums to their normal firmness and health.

How soft food harms and massage with Ipana helps

Under our soft modern diet, the circulation within the gum walls slows down—stagnates is the word. Fresh blood does not speed quickly to the gingival tissues. The gums grow soft and logy; and some morning "pink tooth brush" warns that a more serious, more stubborn ailment may be on the way.

Why Ipana and massage are so good for the gums and teeth

The very first thing to do, as your own dentist will advise you, is to give back to the gums the



The simple fare of earlier times contained roughage and fibre which kept our teeth and gums in health. But our soft foods today yield no stimulation to our gums. Massage and daily use of Ipana will go far to make up this lack in our diet.

stimulation soft food has denied them. He will explain the doctrine of massage, the gentle frictionizing of the gums, which speeds the circulation within the gum walls.

And very likely, too, he will recommend that the massage be done with Ipana Tooth Paste, because of Ipana's content of ziratol. For ziratol is an antiseptic and hemostatic used for years by dentists in their practice, to strengthen softened tissue and to bring the gums back to normal tonicity.

The technique of gum massage is simple. After the usual cleaning with Ipana, gently brush the gums. If at first they are tender, use Ipana on the finger tip. Your gums will benefit from the stimulation and the ziratol content.

Give Ipana a full month's trial

The coupon brings a ten-day trial tube. It will, of course, prove Ipana's inimitable flavor and a few brushings will demonstrate Ipana's cleansing power.

But a better test of Ipana's benefits is even quicker to hand. Ten days is really too short to show improvement in your gums, and the full-sized tube, with a hundred brushings, is no further away than the nearest drug store.

Buy it there. Use it faithfully for thirty days. Then you will know for a certainty all Ipana's virtues in bringing new health to your gums, new beauty and cleanliness to your teeth.

How the dental authorities condemn soft food and describe the benefits of gum massage

From a famous specialist

"In our mouths, resistance to disease is very low. This is because we choose our food unwisely, eat hurriedly These factors contribute toward sluggish circulation of the blood."

From a professional journal

"Massage is applied to the gums first with the tooth brush, second with the finger tips, and third by efficient mastication. With gum massage efficiently used, no spot about the gingiva can long remain in stasis. Gradually the circulation is restored, the fibres tighten, and health supervenes."

From a standard text-book

"There are two ways of aiding low disease resistance from the outside. One is to use the teeth in a vigorous manner in chewing, of course, fibrous food. The other is by massage of the gums."

From a text-book on preventive dentistry

"The instant the gums are brushed properly the blood starts to flow more rapidly and a new life and color make their appearance. After a thorough prophylactic treatment it is not unusual to see the tissues lighten in color, possibly two or three shades in twenty-four hours."



IPANA Tooth Paste

— made by the makers of Sal Hepatica



BRISTOL-MYERS CO.

Dept. E27, 73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing

Name

Address

City..... State.....



ARE the WORLD'S GREAT FICTION HEROINES RESPONSIBLE for MODERN WOMAN?



A Series of New Interpretations of the heroines
of famous authors showing how they have pro-
foundly influenced womankind—

BY JOHN FARRAR

with an accompanying portrait of each character
done for McCall's covers by Neysa McMein.

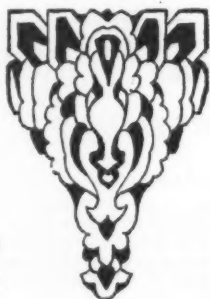


MOLL FLANDERS

(from Daniel Defoe's "The Fortunes and Misfortunes of
the Famous Moll Flanders," published in the year 1722)

THE world has fashions in women. During the past few years we have turned from Merry Widows to Gibson Girls, from Vamps to Flappers. In every case some popular work of art or literature has been responsible for the fashion. It may be that each type has lived in popularity only a few brief months; but the life in every case has been long enough to indicate in a trivial way the fact that man goes not to reality for his fashions, but to his imagination.

ON a far greater scale, but in a very similar way, man searches this same creative imagination for his conception of the ideal woman. She is far different from the fashionable woman, this ideal of whom he dreams. She issues from the dreams of a great mind. She is the product of creative intellect. Her changing is not so rapid as that of the fashionable woman, for ideal standards are replaced by new ones hardly oftener than



the span of centuries or civilizations. In ancient times the standard was, perhaps, mere feminine pulchritude, with no thought of virtue; later the chivalric standard may have added to beauty the ideal of purity. And while today a "Lorelei Lee" may be more a fashion than an ideal, her reality may also in the end so distress man that he will be sufficiently moved to create for himself a new ideal that shall be as fine and true an expression of his times as any from the past.

THE contrast between reality and man's ideal conception of woman is a hurt greater than he can bear; and the only balm is a romantic and idealistic passion, visionary and impossible. In a sense, every author falls in love with his ideal character. And woman, being the earthly embodiment of a ministering angel, does her best to be to him the fulfillment of his desire; that being, in a sense, the biological demand which Nature makes of her. [turn to page 63]

CONTENTS

FOR · FEBRUARY · 1927

COVER DESIGN—FAMOUS HEROINES OF FICTION
MOLL FLANDERS

PAINTED FOR McCALL'S BY NEYSA McMEIN

FICTION

GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN.....	5
HAROLD BELL WRIGHT	
THEY WERE AMERICANS, TOO.....	9
RUPERT HUGHES	
FLESHPOTS.....	14
WAINWRIGHT EVANS	
THE MAGIC GARDEN.....	17
GENE STRATTON-PORTER	
ALLEY CATS.....	19
RUTH ROBINSON BLODGETT	
THE MOUSE LADY.....	20
CONINGSBY DAWSON	
THE SILVER SNAKES.....	22
RAYNER SEELIG	

ARTICLES

GOD'S TROUBADOUR.....	8
S. PARKESCADMAN, D. D.	
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MARRIAGE?.....	12
MARY STEWART CUTTING	
LUCIAN CARY	
DISCOVERING A LOST CITY.....	21
HARRY HERVEY	
THE GREATEST STORY IN THE WORLD TODAY.....	23
IDA M. TARBELL	
WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD.....	24
A REVIEW OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES	
BY COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE, EARL OF	
OXFORD AND ASQUITH, K. G., HELEN TAFT	
MANNING, DEEMS TAYLOR, STARK YOUNG,	
ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, LAURENCE STALL-	
INGS, REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D. D.	
INTRODUCE THESE AT YOUR NEXT PARTY.....	30
SARAH FIELD SPLINT	
IS YOUR CHILD STARVING FOR SUNLIGHT?.....	34
E. V. MCCOLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS	
CUTTING DOWN YOUR MEAT BILL.....	42
MAY B. VAN ARSDALE AND BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH	
LEISURE GAINED OR TIME WASTED—WHICH?.....	47
GLADYS BECKETT JONES	
THE STORY OF LITTLE CHARITY TOLD BY THE	
RADIO FAIRY.....	50
HELEN MORRIS	
PREVENTING AND TREATING COLDS.....	52
CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M. D.	
OUR CAPITAL CITY.....	54
MARCIA MEAD AND GEORGE B. FORD	
THE POST BOX.....	58
EMILY POST	
BEAUTY GOES TO SCHOOL.....	62
HILDEGARDE FILLMORE	
THIS HOUSE WINS SECOND MENTION.....	64
HOW TO MAKE ALL KINDS OF SCREENS.....	67
ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL	
McCALL'S HOMEMAKING BOOKLETS.....	94
YOUR GARDEN ALL AROUND THE YEAR.....	105
DOROTHY GILES	
LET'S TALK IT OVER.....	136
WINONA WILCOX	
PERSISTENCE AND COURAGE.....	138
GENE STRATTON-PORTER	

FASHIONS

FASHION TALKS BY.....	ANNE RITTENHOUSE	116
FASHIONS FOR THE SOUTHLAND.....		116
SLEEVE FASHIONS.....		117
SKIRTS THAT FLUTTER.....		118
EVENING MODES.....		119
THE FRENCH IDEA OF SPORT CLOTHES.....		120
BECOMING NECKLINES.....		121
LINGERIE FASHIONS.....		126
CLOTHES FOR SCHOOL.....		128

Kreisler is *actually* Kreisler on the New Orthophonic Victrola

Put a Kreisler record on the Orthophonic Victrola. Instantly you are in the presence of this master of the bow. The precision that is Kreisler... the superb technique... the warm, lyric tone that distinguishes this Victor artist... these are relayed to you with flawless realism through this amazing new invention.

Tones of correct volume. Neither too soft nor too loud... but full, round, mellow, *natural!* Tones that are restful to the senses, as indirect

lighting is restful to the eyes. A distinct Victor achievement, through the scientific, Victor-controlled principle of "matched impedance."

*The supreme entertainer
in the home*

The Orthophonic Victrola is always ready to entertain you and your friends with music of your own choosing—a violin solo, an operatic gem, lively dance music, stirring band music, a song of yesterday or one of the catchy tunes of the day. Whatever you prefer

"The Orthophonic Victrola captures the very soul of the violin."
—FRITZ KREISLER.



... whenever you say. It knows no limitations!

No less an achievement than the Orthophonic Victrola itself are the new Orthophonic Victor Records. They have new beauty and depth. Made of a new material which has eliminated unpleasant scratch. Orthophonic Victor Records play on any instrument... and vastly improve its playing quality.

Go to the nearest Victor dealer today. Go with an open mind and a critical ear. Go expecting the musical thrill of a lifetime. You will not be disappointed! There are many beautiful models of the Orthophonic Victrola, from \$300 to as low as \$95. Silent electric motor (\$35 extra) eliminates winding. You play... and relax.



The Orthophonic Victrola furnishes the finest music for the home. The Credenza (above) is \$300.

The New
Orthophonic

Victrola

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE CO.



CAMDEN, N. J., U. S. A.

ACTUAL
VISITS
TO P & G
HOMES
No. 8



DOROTHY HOPE SMITH

How one "Paris frock" from Chicago made three girls happy!

{ A Mother's Story }

IT was no less prized—that rose voile frock we saw in a Michigan town not very long ago—because it had really been brought from Chicago instead of Paris. Happy fourteen-year-old Margaret, its first owner, named it the "Paris frock" the instant she lifted it from its tissue paper, and the "Paris frock" it remains to this day.

"It is a delightful little dress, isn't it?" said Mrs. Taylor,* who was telling us the story. "Margaret wore it for a year. Then it came to Ellen who loved it, too. Next, Joan inherited it—and it is now *her* favorite dress. It is still fresh and pretty, although it has been washed—oh, maybe fifty times."

And when we asked Mrs. Taylor what this precious dress had been washed with, she told us, "P and G The White Naphtha Soap."

"With five girls in the family," she went on to tell us, "we use P and G almost by the case."

"Why P and G, especially?" we asked.

"Well," she said, "when I used to wash most of the girls' things myself, I was grateful because it saved all the hard rubbing which I had had to do with other soaps. It's really marvelous the way

*Not her real name, of course.



P and G takes out dirt, even in hard water. And now my laundress is as enthusiastic about it as I. She's a conscientious soul and takes pride in her work. She likes P and G, not only because it is quick, but because it is safe for colors. She says, too, she gets whiter clothes with it."

"Does she boil her clothes?" we asked.

"Not often—oh, sometimes, perhaps, but boiling isn't really necessary. And her clothes are a joy—fresh and clean and with that nice out-doors smell. P and G is really a wonderful soap."

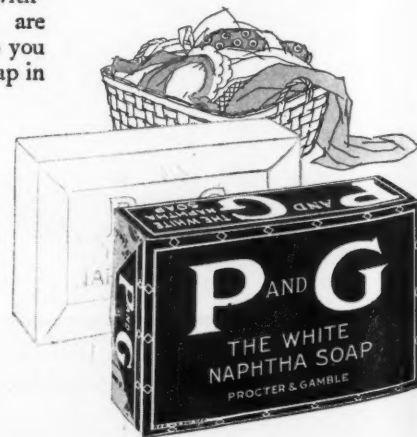
Millions of women have found like Mrs. Taylor, that P and G is a better soap. It works beautifully in any kind of water—hot or cold, hard or soft. White clothes gleam without boiling every week—colored clothes are *safely* fresh and bright with less rubbing. Do you wonder that P and G is the largest-selling soap in the world? Don't you think it should be helping you, too—with your washing—your dishes—your household cleaning?

PROCTER & GAMBLE

A cold weather hint

Many women have found they can prevent clothes from freezing to the line during cold weather by dipping the clothes-line and the clothes-pins, too, in salt water. This saves considerable wear and tear—especially on dainty garments.

P and G became popular because it was such a fine soap. It is now the largest-selling soap in the world, so you can buy it at a price smaller, ounce for ounce, than that of other soaps.



The largest-selling soap in the world



McCALL'S

MIDWINTER FICTION
NUMBER

FEBRUARY MCMXXVII



"YOU ARE ALMOST THE ONLY MAN LEFT TO KEEP MY FAITH IN HUMANITY ALIVE"

Beginning the Newest and Most Powerful Novel Ever Written by America's Most Popular Author; it is also a Profound Criticism of American Life, With an Inspiring, Constructive Solution that Every McCall Reader Should Think About

GOD and the GROCERYMAN

BY HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

AUTHOR OF "THE CALLING OF DAN MATTHEWS", "A SON OF HIS FATHER", ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID ROBINSON AND RALPH PEARSON



IN a suite of offices high up in the Union Mining building in Kansas City, an old negro janitor was engaged in his humble evening tasks. Save for this ancient colored man the rooms were deserted.

It was an evening in spring. From homes and hotels and boarding houses, from apartments and tenements, the people were going forth to their pleasures and their crimes, or to the toil of those who must labor in the night. Mighty rivers of hurrying, crowding, dodging pedestrians. Vociferous newsboys, furtive drabs with shame to sell, stolid merchants, slinking followers of nefarious trades, nurses, clergymen, sly beggars, laughing merry-makers, purveyors of vice, children.

As the old colored man, with broom and dustcloth, moved about the quiet office rooms he crooned the wailing melody of an old-time hymn.

Suddenly the old negro ceased his crooning song. Without straightening up from his stooping position over the desk which he was polishing he paused in an attitude of rigid

alertness much like a good pointer dog, his gray, wooly head cocked attentively to one side. It came again—the heavy, jarring rumble of distant thunder. Shuffling to the nearest window the old man looked into the night. Below him the city stretched away in the gloom like a dark, unfathomable sea. The noise of the streets came up to him like the roar of the surf. A flash of lightning ripped the night and he saw the wind-tossed clouds. "By Jack, hit sure am a comin'," the old man muttered nervously. "Yas, sah—reglar ol' rip snorter—Bam! Lissen at dem hebenly guns!"

Scarcely had the old negro resumed his work when a man appeared in the open doorway.

"Good evening, Uncle Zac." The man was smiling at the expression of the old servant's face.

"Evin', boss—evnin', Mista Matthews, sah." He bobbed and grinned with genuine delight. "But what fo' de lan' sake fotches you down here at yo' offerces dis time o' night? Yo' jes better hustle 'long back home, right now, fo' de storm break. Yo' kin tell Missus Hope ol' Uncle Zac jes naturally discharged yo' an' yo' quit." He chuckled at the thought of discharging the boss, and Dan laughed with him.

"Why don't you run home before the storm breaks, Uncle Zac?"

"Me? Me go home dis early? Why, Mista Matthews, sah, I ain't *near* finish ma work yet."

"My fix exactly," returned Dan.

Another blinding flash of lightning was followed by a crashing peal of thunder. The old negro regarded his employer with an expression of proud hopelessness, the while he nodded his head solemnly. "Man's work ain't nebbah gwine be finish, I reckon—no sah—not when he's that kin' of man."

Twenty years had passed since Judge Strong and his brother officials of the Strong Memorial Church in Corinth drove Dan Matthews from the ministry because he would not preach the kind of Christianity they wanted. But the years had worked little outward change in this son of Young Matt and Sammy Lane. "Big Dan," he had been called in his backwoods home, and the name bestowed with so much admiration and affection by the Ozark mountaineers clung to him still. Not only to his intimate friends but to his employees—laborers, miners, officials, clerks, to the newsboys on the street, and to the kings of Big Business he was still "Big Dan." True, there were touches of gray in the shaggy, red-brown hair. The sensitive mouth smiled not quite so readily, perhaps. But the brown eyes—his mother's eyes—were still clear and steady and frank, with Sammy's spirit looking out, questioning but unafraid. One knew instinctively that his nickname was not used in reference to his great body and powerful limbs, alone. The years had given him, too, a certain quiet air of authority—of responsibility and power. In that place of large business interests he was as a captain on the bridge of his ship, or a locomotive engineer in the cab of his engine.

"Missus Hope, she am well as allus, sah?"

"Very well, thank you, Uncle Zac." Dan came and seated himself on a corner of a desk near the janitor. "She was asking about you at dinner this evening. I expect she'll be going to see you and Aunt Mandy before long."

The old negro's face beamed with pride and delight. "Thankee, thankee, sah. Lawd bless her dear heart. Mus' be mighty lonesome fo' yo' an' Missus Hope, all 'lone in yo' big house wi' de boys an' li'l missie Grace erway to dey schools an' colleges."

"It is that," agreed Big Dan, "but I guess we'll have to stand it, Uncle Zac. I suppose, next thing we know, we'll wake up some morning and find that we are grandparents."

They laughed together. Then Dan, with the same courtesy he would have shown one of his business associates, asked: "How are your folks, Uncle Zac? Aunt Mandy feeling pretty pert these days?"

"Sure am, sah. Ol' woman feelin' so pernickety almost kick up her heels an' prance roun' like yearlin' filly, sted ob behavin' like ol' work mare."

"Good for Aunt Mandy! And how are you?"

"B'en makin' out fine, sah, twell las' night, 'ol man rheumatiz he come roun' prognosticatin' this here storm."

"That's too bad, Uncle Zac. Perhaps you had better lay off—"



“I ALWAYS LIKED THE FARM, MYSELF, BUT MY WIFE—WELL”

"No sah—no sah! Ain't nobody gwine 'tend yo' offerces but me, Mista Dan. Rheumatiz, he ain't so bad, nohow. Jes' sort o' weather projectin'. Ain't hurt much. No rheumatiz in ma soul yet. Everythin's all hunky-dory long's rheuma-

tiz stay in man's lags—rheumatiz gits in de soul—who-ee—look out den! Yas, sah—yas, sah, dat am bad!"

"Well, there is nothing the matter with your soul, Uncle Zac." Big Dan's hand dropped gently on the toil-bent shoulders and the brown eyes of the boss looked smilingly down into the janitor's wrinkled, upturned face. "It's one of the cleanest, truest, whitest souls I know."

"What's dat, sah?" The old negro gazed at his employer with startled eagerness. "What's dat yo' sayin', Mista Dan? White? Yo' reckon ol' nigger man like me can hab white soul?"

"Why not, Uncle Zac?"

The old man wiped his eyes with a corner of his dustcloth. "Lawdy, Lawdy, Mista Dan, to think o' yo' sayin' a thing like dat! White—Lawdy, lawdy!"

"Well, Uncle Zac, I must get to work." Dan crossed the room toward his private office. "Mr Saxton will be along presently. Tell him to come right on in, please."

"Yas, sah—yas, sah."

As the door closed behind Big Dan, Uncle Zac stood looking after him. "Ain't dat jes' like him now?" he muttered to himself. "Ain't dat jes' like him to think o' a thing like dat? White—white—Praise de Lawd!"

The old negro janitor stooped vigorously to his task and again the distant roar of the city was accompanied by the crooning melody of an old-time hymn.

Dan Matthews, alone in his private office went to the window and stood looking out over the city, the play of lightning, the crash of thunder, the fury of the wind-torn clouds. The door opened.

Glancing over his shoulder, Dan greeted the man who stood on the threshold with a brief: "Hello, John." Evidently the relationship between himself and the newcomer was so close and so well established that a more elaborate welcome was unnecessary.

John Saxton was about the age of his employer, and while he was not nearly so imposing in stature as Big Dan, his personality, in a way, was as striking. The quiet inner strength of the man was unmistakable. One felt instinctively that he was rich in experience beyond most men and that his judgments of men and events would always be governed by that large charity without which even justice is impossible. While in general appearance he was clearly a man of large business affairs, his face was the face of one who had suffered deeply and in his eyes there was that brooding look which is so characteristic of those who, even in a crowded world, live much alone. Without turning his head, Dan called: "Come here, John, come look at this." And Saxton went to stand beside his chief, looking out at the storm.

For some time the two men watched in silence. Then Dan spoke: "I'm sorry, John, to bring you out on such a night; but I'm leaving for New York early in the morning and this is really my only opportunity to go over that business with you."

"I am very glad to come," returned the other quietly. He took a sheaf of papers from his pocket. "I have my report here, whenever you are ready."

Something in John Saxton's voice—a suggestion of loneliness, perhaps, seemed to touch Big Dan. He looked full into his companion's face. "John, do you know that you are almost the only man left to keep my faith in humanity alive? I have always found it easy to believe in God, but these last few years it has been mighty hard, at times, for me to believe in men. You have always held me up. You are the only man who has never failed me. I am not speaking merely of business, John—you understand, don't you?"

The other fumbled over the papers which he held in



“THAT, MR. SAXTON, IS MY DAUGHTER, GEORGIA. WE’VE ALWAYS BEEN GOOD PALS. SHE’S GROWN UP NOW, FINISHED THE UNIVERSITY LAST YEAR. CAN’T MAKE MYSELF BELIEVE IT”

his hands. "It is like you to forget the circumstances under which we met—I—it was just such a night as this"—His voice broke and he went quickly to a table where he spread out his papers and bent over them as if seeking a particular sheet. In reality he was trying to hide his deep emotion. When he spoke again his voice was steady. "I think I have everything you wanted me to get."

Dan, with an effort, returned in a matter-of-fact tone: "All right, John, we'll go over what you have there presently. But first, if you don't mind, there are some things I wish to say." Big Dan dropped into the chair before his desk and Saxton, seating himself, waited while his employer seemed to be arranging his thoughts. Slowly, with long pauses at the end of every sentence, as if speaking more to himself than to the man who listened so intently, Dan began: "It was just twenty years ago this month that I decided to develop the mine in old Dewey Bald Mountain. We took out the first ore three months later. Father and Mother owned 'Dewey Bald' long before I was born. They knew that enormous deposit of mineral was there—it wasn't a guess—they could see it—thousands of tons—in the big cave where the old Shepherd's son died. But they would never touch it for themselves."

"Father and Mother had received from the old Shepherd, my namesake, some ideas of life and Christianity that were different from the ideas of established church members generally. The only Christianity I knew was the Christianity of the old Shepherd of the hills—the Christianity of my father and mother. All my life, up to the time I entered college, Mother was my only teacher."

"But in that denominational college I was taught, of course, the history and doctrines of the denomination with which I became identified. Then when I took up my work as pastor of the Memorial Church at Corinth I found that the church in actual operation was quite a different thing from the simple Christianity of my backwoods home and the theoretical church of the college and seminary. It is no wonder that Judge Strong and the others drove me from the ministry. I was a down-and-out failure." There was a note in Big Dan's voice which told how deep had been the hurt of that experience.

Saxton made as if to speak, but the other motioned him to wait. "But, you see, I still had Father and Mother and Hope, and with them to help I simply couldn't let go of Christianity. And so, believing as I did that all work which truly serves humanity is God's work, and that a man's ministry is whatever he can do best for the best life of his fellow men, I undertook the development of the Dewey



HE EXPERIENCED A THRILL OF PLEASURE WHEN SAXTON, INSTEAD OF GIVING ALL HIS ATTENTION TO THE MAYOR, SAID "SO YOU'RE IN THE GROCERY BUSINESS, MR. PADDOCK"

Bald Mine with the idea of making it my contribution to the welfare of my generation. I know tonight, John, that as I failed in my ministry of preaching I have, so far, failed in my ministry of business. I don't mean that I have failed in business," he added with an odd smile—"I mean that I have failed to make my business a ministry; I have failed to accomplish in any large way the purpose of all Christian business, as I understand it."

Again, for a few silent moments, Big Dan seemed to be arranging his thoughts. When he spoke this time it was with

the solemn earnestness of one laying bare the deepest convictions of his soul. "I tell you, John Saxton, if the business men of America do not somehow get a little Christian religion into the business of our country, and if the citizens of this nation do not get a little Christianity into their citizenship and into their every day affairs, nothing can keep us from national destruction. The United States of America is moving toward utter ruin. We will simply go to pieces—cease to exist." As if moved to sudden energy, the Dan Matthews of Big Business turned in his chair, jerked open a drawer of his desk, and caught up a book.

"This is Frederick Pierce's 'Mobilizing the Mid-Brain.' Here is what he says of certain conditions which, in my opinion, are inseparable from our national situation as a whole."

"In about seventy years from now, that is to say, within the lifetime of some of us and within the lifetime of almost all our children, unless the rate of increase of insanity and disabling neurosis in America is radically checked, it will be intolerable for those who

remain in health to support the burden of those who are mentally or nervously ill. The effect of this condition upon the chances of our nation being able to survive politically or economically I leave to the reader's imagination." In a footnote, he says: "The figures are not taken merely from the period affected by the recent war, but go back through thirty years."

"Read the figures as we may, there is no possible escape from their meaning. We have the choice of facing the issue and taking the necessary measures to correct the situation or of letting our children and grandchildren face it when it will probably be too late. Compared to the impending menace of this situation, such calamities as the recent war, with its welter of slaughter and aftermath of ruin, appear as mere ripples in the stream of human history."

"Now let me give you a few facts on the moral tendencies of our country," Dan Matthews continued. "An article in the Literary Digest, June 1924, gives the annual cost of crime in the United States as ten billion dollars. In 1904 we had one hundred and six-tenths prisoners for every one hundred thousand of our population. In 1922 there were one hundred and fifty out of every one hundred thousand!"

"According to a report of the Division of Vital Statistics of the United States Census the crime of murder has increased from two and one-tenth per one hundred thousand in 1900 to eight and five-tenths per one hundred thousand in 1924. A warden of Sing Sing is authority for the statement that approximately half the convicts in Sing Sing are under twenty-five years of age and eight out of ten are under thirty!"

"Children, John! The generation that is just coming into the responsibilities of citizenship! John, you know what The National Economic League is. A list of the members of the National Council of the League would be practically a list of the biggest brains in America. Well, here are the Paramount Problems of the United States as indicated by a preferential vote of this National Council. There are fifty-five subjects. Now, if the votes had been equally distributed each subject would have received, in round numbers,

three hundred thirty votes. But look, John, three subjects out of the fifty-five received three thousand and seventy-seven votes. These three problems are: 'Lawlessness, Respect for Law,' 'Administration of Justice,' 'Ethical, Moral and Religious Training.' Now, in fact, John, you can't separate these three subjects. They are all embraced in 'Ethical, Moral and Religious Training.' Indeed, they are all embraced in one word RELIGION. The most feeble minded man or woman in the land ought to be able to grasp the fact that without respect for law, without justice, [Turn to page 68]



MORNING—SOFT, GRAY SKY IN THE EAST. THE DAY!



"YES, SIR, WE'RE MIGHTY PROUD OF OUR CHURCHES IN WESTOVER"



THERE is no question that saints were the first choice of our ancestors. They preferred them to poets, philosophers, orators and wits, and certainly they placed them ahead of soldiers and statesmen. So it was St. George for Merrie England, and St. James for valiant Spain, and St. Andrew for stern old Scotland, and St. Patrick for faithful Ireland. Wicked though the world was, and is, the succession of its saints has not failed. But it was the strain of conquering joy in St. Francis of Assisi which made him the spiritual splendor of the Middle Ages. A sketch of this beatific character may be written in one or more of manifold ways. As Gilbert K. Chesterton points out, St. Francis may be dealt with as a "great and most amazing figure in secular history and a model of social virtues," as a sympathetic and sincere democrat in spirit, who anticipated all that is liberal in the modern mind, all that is lovely in nature. He has been described as the Morning Star of the Renaissance. But the metaphor, though of the sky, is too cold. He was the rising sun of the Renaissance whose rays of inspiration and of faith were felt in the paintings of Giotto and the poetry of Dante. But this interpretation of the saint, while sufficient to exhaust ten ordinary men, does not get beyond the frontiers of his personality. He was not only a joyous but a stern ascetic whose austere raptures are said to have reproduced upon his chastised body the marks of his Lord's Divine Passion.

The diversified lines of approach to St. Francis are as rich and fruitful as his prolific heart. This glad knight of the Cross who said that love had set his heart on fire; who separated himself from all carnal affection, who started half the world dancing to the pure music of Christian ecstasy, was God's Troubadour. *Le Jongleur de Dieu*, Chesterton calls him.

So it was that the heart of the living Christ resumed its beating of compassion and love for the needy in the saint and evangelist Francis Bernardone.

His father, Pietro Bernardone, was a wealthy cloth merchant of Assisi, who is said to have given him the name *Franciscus* because he was born during Pietro's absence in France in 1182. Other biographies have attributed the name to the son's residence in that country as a youth, and to his familiarity with the language of the troubadours. Be this as it may, in 1206 he was brought to the verge of death by successive attacks of sickness which decided his career. Out of their regenerating purification he emerged as the saint and devotee. He forsook his boon companions and their fleeting pleasures for the society



HE WAS TRULY THE RISING SUN OF THE RENAISSANCE

GOD'S TROUBADOUR



BY REV. S. PARKES CADMAN, D. D.



PRESIDENT OF THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DE FEO

Are saints out-of-date? *Has this bustling twentieth century no place for them?* Well, it all depends on what you mean by a saint. If you mean those men and women who possess a fuller relationship with the Great Spirit of the Universe—which we call God—then we surely have saints today as in times past. This is the message that the modern type of saint—of which St. Francis of Assisi, he of the birds and flowers, is assuredly one—has for you: that a man becomes "sainted"—that is "blessed"—at that moment that he makes his mind one with the great mind of the universe of which we are part. The saints were great because they grasped this eternal truth—that we are all a part of eternity and God—and cannot escape this fact even if we would. Study in this light this series of "Studies in Sainthood," of which this is the first—by the world famous divine Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, whose radio sermons are heard from the Atlantic to the Pacific—and see if you do not sense in every one of them the fact that the supporting power of the saint under discussion came from the intense conviction that he was truly a "pulse in the eternal mind"; and that his mission in life was to teach the world that lesson, too; so that, believing and practising it, we would find as he did the one true happiness possible to us.



HIS DELIGHT WAS WITH THE SONS OF MEN, HIGH AND LOW



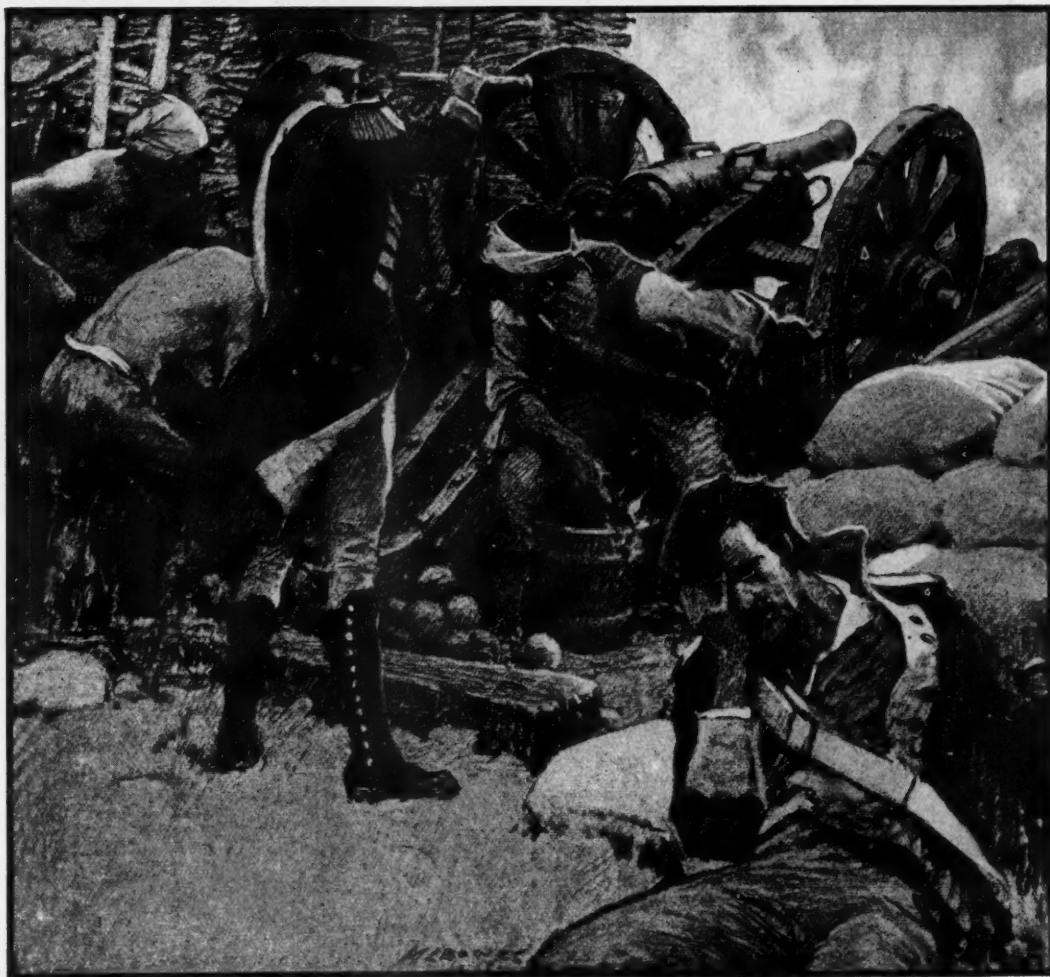
of the Blessed One. On relinquishing his inheritance, against the remonstrances of relatives and friends, he took upon himself the vows of poverty. He appeared among the fashionables of the place clad in a single tunic of coarse woollen cloth girt with a hempen cord, the simple dress which afterwards became the garb of some of earth's noblest sons.

We cannot understand his whole after life, imperishable as it is because of the divinest elements in human nature, unless we introduce at this stage Innocent III, the foremost of all the Roman pontiffs. He it was who sanctioned the petition of young Bernardone, hereafter to be known to us and to all mankind as St. Francis, to settle his new fraternity upon the three fold basis of chastity, poverty and obedience. Not even the colossal Hildebrand vied with Innocent as a discernor of the spirits of men. It was this gift of detecting the secret springs of human action which enabled him to see, as with an eagle's eye, the hidden promise of the youth who met him so unexpectedly in the Vatican gardens. "Here, if anywhere" reflected the Pope, "is a ray of hope for the spiritualization of my domains." Acting upon a reasoned impulse he disregarded precedents and gave his benediction to the project of young Francis. He sent him forth boldly with no equipment whatsoever except a consuming faith and love. He bade him evangelize the nations. In this same manner Christ Himself had despatched those disciples who ended as the spiritual masters of the race. Bernardone followed in their train, and ended as the outstanding Christian saint of the last seven hundred years. Of

all believers of this extended period he has impressed himself most profoundly and lastingly upon Christian hearts of every clime and creed. John Wesley revered his ineffable sanctity and copied his evangelizing methods. Roman and Greek Catholics, and Protestants of all sects and shades of opinion have connected him with the Apostle's prediction "Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies they shall fail; whether there be tongues they shall cease; whether there be knowledge it shall vanish away. For we know in part and we prophecy in part. But when that which is perfect is come then that which is in part shall be done away." 1 Cor. XIII. 8-10.

"St. Francis," says Dr. Jessop, "was the John Wesley of the thirteenth century whom the Church did not cast out." He saw, as did his brethren, that the parochial system was ossified, lifeless, in collapse; and that the only means of its recovery was by a return to the letter and spirit of the Evangel of the [Turn to page 97]

T
ure;
grew
India
in th
who
remn
last
for
Ware
King
ever
in th
and h
capta
own
a pas
they
them
so be



HER MOTHER WAS ALWAYS WAKING FROM NIGHTMARES WHERE SHE SAW HER HUSBAND PERISHING

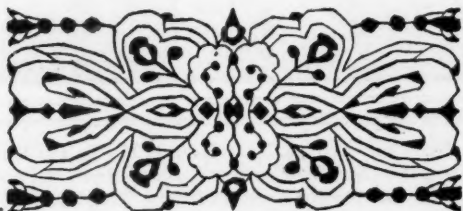
THEY WERE AMERICANS, TOO

BY RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY MAURICE BOWER

No living writer has done so much as Mr. Hughes to restore life to the dead bones of our national history and to clothe in veritable flesh and blood the well known figures of our country's past who have come down to us in history and legend. By drawing upon hitherto unpublished town records, old letters, diaries, and wills, this famous artist has created in a series of striking short stories, of which this is one—a panorama of America's making, a daring, realistic study of the men who fought at White Plains and Lexington, who conquered the wilderness of the west, and of the women who worked and waited and hoped and feared and loved. Here then is a new kind of history—history because it is true, and new because in this tale and the others which will follow, you will find no tin heroes or plaster saints, but real breathing men and women swept by such passions as we know today—the very vital stuff of which America was created.

THE expedition to whip the French and Indians at Ticonderoga was a gory failure; hundreds of the colonists grew homesick and deserted. The Indians reddened their hatchets in the brains and blood of those who surrendered. But among the remnant who turned South at last with only their experience for their pains, were Captains Ware and Atlee, glad to be alive and more loyal to the good King George II than ever before; and more disgusted than ever with the scurvy ministers and blundering officials who in the days of 1754 stood between their gracious monarch and his adoring people. It was only a week before the two captains reached a spot in Connecticut not far from their own village of Midhaven. There, at a roadside tavern where a passing courier met them and told them the glorious news, they learned of the two new children waiting at home for them all the weary while the two had been away. They were so befuddled at the time that it took thinking over.



As the fumes cleared in their throbbing skulls, Captain Atlee waxed so proud of himself for fathering a boy that Captain Ware, in self-defense, took refuge in a desperate man's last resort, a bet:

"I'll lay you a puncheon of rum that my girl makes a slave of your cub."

A puncheon of rum was a heavy bet to lay on a girl, so Atlee evaded the point: "Let's marry 'em and let 'em fight it out."

"I take you!" roared Ware. "And we'll plight their troth even now."

A first tankard was tipped to their dear King. A second was a rouse to the boy. A third to the girl. And the fourth and those following, to the army of loyal subjects that would issue from the loins of the pair.

It was only a few days more before they reached Midhaven. Their wives came out to meet them holding high the two babies. The infants shrieked with fright at the strange

monsters who claimed them. So far as the girl was concerned, she might have acquired her timidity from her mother; for before Captain Ware had returned from war, her mother was always waking from nightmares where she saw her husband perishing. Then the fathers remembered their vow and held the babies close together, while Ware explained:

"We betrothed these brats in Boston a sennight since."

Atlee said that his boy should be called George—after the King.

"And my girl shall be called Georgiana after the King," said Ware.

The plighted children thrived mightily in the fierce summers and ferocious winters of Connecticut, but there grew a discord between the parents. For Captain Ware touched nothing without profit; his farms, his shops, his factories, the fishing boats he backed, all prospered exceedingly; while there seemed to be a curse on Atlee's ventures. He was the wiser of the two and admitted it himself, yet his crops some-

how failed, his shops closed their doors, his factories went cold, his fishing boats went down in the gales. Young George Atlee gave no promise of helping his father pay the debts, but he kept his troth with Georgiana in all ardor; and he promised to be the soldier the two captains had promised to their King.

One night the tipsy veterans gazing out of the window at a sudden snowfall saw their children standing in the flakes and apparently thinking them apple blossoms. Ware rejoiced to see them thus and cried: "Look at 'em! Their children will be our children, and in the generations to come we shall go on marching and fighting for our King long after we are in our graves."

"His Majesty! God keep him!" sighed Atlee, and they turned to the mixing of another quart of "flip," the favorite Connecticut tippie. Ware poured in the rum; Atlee added the pumpkin beer; Ware fetched the brown sugar and stirred it piously, while Atlee went to the fire and drew out the

red hot poker called a loggerhead, and thrust it into the liquor which gave up its heat with a hissing laughter to the bubbling toddy. Then they lifted their mugs, clacked them together, and before they emptied them, murmured devoutly "His Mazhty! Gobblesum!"

But this Majesty was not the one they used to toast. A new George, the Third, had succeeded their old Second George, and had run afoul of Parliament and people till England was torn with a Civil War that threatened to behead another King. The King and Parliament were agreed on one thing only; that the colonists were their servants. They heaped insults and condescensions and taxes and embargoes upon the proud-spirited wilderness-conquerors, whose purses were as sensitive as their hearts. They could not brook it to be both robbed and snubbed; taxed and treated as children, yokels, hirelings. They grew so insolent from desperation at last, that some in England actually charged them with wishing to be free.



HE COULD NOT CONSOLE HER. THEY PARTED, HE TO THE COMMAND OF HIS MEN, AND SHE TO GATHER A BRIEF RESPIRE FROM HER TROUBLES, THE HEARTS OF BOTH SO BITTER WITH LONGING TO BE TOGETHER THAT NOTHING ELSE SEEMED WORTH A THOUGHT



AT VALLEY FORGE, YOUNG ATLEE WATCHED THE FAMISHED SENTINELS LIMPING BAREFOOT ALONG THE ICY PATHS AND LEAVING BLOODY FOOT PRINTS ON THE SHARP SNOW. AND LIKE WASHINGTON'S, HIS HEART FELT BLEAK AND HOPELESS AS HE REALIZED THAT HIS MEN HAD ONLY RAGS TO WEAR UPON THEIR FROZEN SOLES BECAUSE THE INCREDIBLE CONTRACTORS COLLECTED AN EXORBITANT PRICE, COLLECTED IT TWICE AND DELIVERED NO BOOTS AT ALL

This incredible slander outraged the colonists, who believed themselves more loyal, more English than the English. Col. Washington of Virginia, the richest man in America, said that the accusation of a thought of independence was a "malevolent falsehood." Mr. Jefferson of the same province said he had "never heard a whisper of a disposition to separate from Great Britain." Mr. Franklin a printer in Philadelphia, declared that he never "heard in any conversation from any person drunk or sober, the least wish or hint of such a thing."

And yet there was a growing resistance to the orders and the officers of England. Riots broke out incessantly. Men like Captain Ware who had grown rich and prosperous were generally for the King at any cost, but the greater number, like Captain Atlee, poor and malcontent, with nothing to lose, grew more and more truculent.

George Atlee was of his father's mind, only hotter, being younger and less used to reverence for kings. Georgiana simply assumed that her father was right and paid no heed to an affair that was none of a woman's business.

She and George wrangled, therefore, only as sweethearts: "I love you a thousand times more than you love me," Georgiana would protest, and George would counter with: "You could not, because you are ten thousand times more lovable than I am. You are an angel and I am a clod."

Then there would be volleys of kisses and wrestling matches and other such warfare.

One summer evening as they loitered in the scented deeps of the garden, the front door of the house flew open and thrust a shaft of light into the dark. And in it his father turned to shake his fist at her father, who was shouting:

"Out of my house, you treacherous rebel!" "Gladly, you double traitor," Atlee roared back. "For I am more loyal to the King than you, with your lickspittle grovelling to the King's dirty ministers and his uniformed assassins."

It seemed that there had been a clash between a few British soldiers and a Boston mob. A sentinel had been knocked down, a squad of soldiers had fired into the crowd and killed five. Some called the riot "the Boston massacre"; but John Adams and Josiah Quincy junior defended the British troops in court, and they were acquitted. The quarrel did not end there; it split the colonies and began a Civil War. It was this debate that had finally sundered the hearts of Captain Atlee and Captain Ware.

Atlee staggered out of the light and vanished, while his son stood petrified, clinging to the cold hand of Georgiana. Then old Captain Ware, trembling with wrath, called into the blackness:

"Georgiana! My child! Are you out there in the dark with that traitor's son?"

"With my husband-to-be."

"He'll never be a son of mine, for he's a son of Judas. Come in! Come in, and never speak to him again."

Georgiana was all for defiance, but George gathered her in his arms and murmured: "Go in, my love. It's only their liquor that's quarreling."

George caught up with his reeling father, asking many questions, only to be answered:

"Make ready to fight, my son."

"Fight who, father?"

"That blackguard of a King that disgraces his throne."

"But I am sworn to him. My commission is my oath."

"Take back your oath and throw the dirty parchment in his fat face." He gave his version of British bullets raking American streets and easily inflamed his son to a pledge of resistance.

The confusion in America was no greater than in England, where many citizens felt that the colonists were fighting for British freedom, many of the King's troops were mourning for the Americans slain at Lexington; many resigned their commissions. Then New England rose and made a siege of Boston; Congresses were called; His Majesty's governors, tax-collectors and troops were mobbed; and the word "traitor" now meant any American who defended the acts of the King's ministers. In order to link the South with their fate, the Northern Colonies made Colonel Washington the commander-in-chief of all the armies, and Connecticut was filled with minute men drilling and organizing to follow him. Old Captain Atlee was elected a colonel, and his son was made a captain.

That night George crept up close to the home of Georgiana and she stole out to meet him. She shivered in the fierce embrace of her lover though it was June and the air was velvet with summer. When he told her that he had accepted the command of a company and must follow Washington to the siege of Boston, she moaned.

"So you have turned against England, too? You are, indeed, what my father says you are?"

He answered her with all the fervor of a soul that could not foresee the morrow:

"We are more faithful to England than England is. The other day when General Washington reached New York, he told the Provincial Congress that he would make every effort to restore harmony with our mother country. On the same day the same Congress met the royal Governor Tryon just landed from England and protested their loyalty to the crown. We go to Boston not to dethrone the King but to bring reason back to the throne."

"If you only could persuade my father so," she sobbed. "And what am I to do? He is my father and I love him. I cannot leave him. I am all his family, now that my mother is dead. I have no brothers except in the graveyard. You are to be my husband—you were to have been my husband—but now—?"

"The very day I come back from Boston, we shall be married."

"But which way am I to turn while you are away?" she asked him next morning. "My father hates your name. I daren't breathe it in his presence, what with his heart broken and his soul gone mad. How can I care for either

his King or your Congress? I am only a woman that knows nothing of your cruel politics. I am only a girl that loves her father and her lover and can't make either happy. How can I do my duty when I don't know what it is?—I have decided to go to my Aunt Prudence's in the country. I cannot bear my unhappiness any longer, and Aunt Prudence will understand. I shall

visit her for a few days, and then return to my father to await your return."

He could not console her; he could only promise her that he would come back to her as soon as peace returned upon the country—and that would be before the moon had waned and rounded again. They parted, he to the command of his men and she to gather a brief respite from her troubles, the hearts of both so bitter with longing to be together that nothing else seemed worth a thought.

But as he was about to march away toward Boston, he received an order detaching his company from that expedition and ordering him to join Colonel Ethan Allen in a surprise attack on Ticonderoga.

He marched to the northwest as his father had done a score of years ago. Only now the British were the enemies, not the allies, the Indians were quiet, the French had gone; and in place of failure, carnage and panic, the victory was so ludicrous as to be almost contemptible.

A brilliant, inspiring companion on that campaign was Benedict Arnold and he became George's *beau idéal* on a more grand exploit: the conquest of Canada, which promised to be even more ludicrously easy. Then came a ghastly revelation of how scant a patriotism filled some of the loudest-mouthed Americans. They had enlisted for a few weeks only, and even their facile victory at Montreal did not inspire them to make it good. They abandoned the sacred cause and turned for home. Even those that remained were so disorderly, so licentious, so greedy of loot, so insubordinate, that they nauseated the French who watched them. And when they reached Quebec, they broke and ran at the first British fire. George Atlee, knocked down and trampled by his own men, had nothing to do but follow the poltroons. His heart was sickened with a doubt that such a people were worth fighting for or could ever win. The only thing that kept George Atlee in the field was his pride as a soldier, his loyalty to himself. There was nothing else to be loyal to. He longed to see Georgiana but he could not bring himself to return to Midhaven, where those of his men who had marched away with such bravado were giving lying excuses for their treachery and wreaking on such neighbors as still spoke of the King with respect, the violence they had forgotten in the presence of the King's soldiers.

With the pitiful remnant of his company, George hurried to New York whither Washington had marched with the army that drove the British out of Boston into the sea. And as he sat one day on the ground by a campfire listening to the quarrels of his insubordinate men, a camp-follower tossed him a pamphlet. He scanned it idly and recognized it as the screed called "Common Sense" that everybody was reading, a cheap booklet selling by the hundred thousand.

His dull eyes were caught by the flash [Turn to page 88]

WHAT'S the MATTER

As A Woman Views The Question

BY MARY STEWART CUTTING

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN DREW

THEY stood on the steps and faced the veranda. The boy's arm was about the girl, and she leaned against him, her blue eyes searching his face adoringly. She was nineteen and he twenty-one. Behind them the lawn and the trees and the lake made a frame for their lithe beauty. They were going motoring together, but paused for a few moments there at the edge of the terrace, to answer my question: what they expected to get out of marriage.

They had eloped two weeks before, and were enjoying the publicity the event had caused. The young husband was the spokesman and the words that fell from his twenty-one year old lips fairly made me gasp. It was as if he had stepped out of a Scott Fitzgerald story.

"We expect," he said, his arm tightening about the girl, "to become esthetic, intellectual, and emotional affinities—we are one with the April fire right now—and we shall spend our lives in cultivating these different relations through the medium of poetry and philosophy. Other people may think about these things, but with us it is a conscious attempt—we are unique. We do not anticipate a future of unlimited golden days, but we would rather have five years like this than thirty of a hum-drum existence."

"Life is so uncertain," said the little bride, a wistfulness in her lovely face.

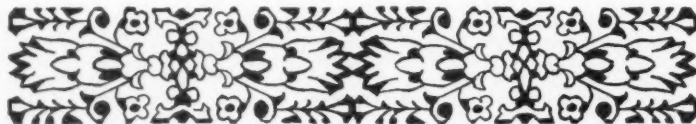
They departed, and still feeling a trifle dazed by the boy's speech, I sank back in my chair to reflect on its amazing modernity. The words might appear stilted, they might savor of book learning, but the interesting fact was that they were uttered by an up-to-date young man, a product of one of our big universities, who was using his mind idealistically on the subject of marriage. What were my own opinions of marriage compared to these? And what is it that girls of the present day expect and look for in the tie that binds?

Fifteen or twenty years ago average young persons did not express themselves in such complicated terms, nor did they elope quite as casually as these two had done. A girl of nineteen in that era, may have considered a Gretna Green wedding, but usually she finally decided against it because she did not believe her people would approve. These children on the contrary had taken the step which used to be thought irrevocable, without concern for anything but faith in their own idealism. And they were apparently amazed that commotion followed among their elders! Nothing mattered but their love. Poetry and philosophy were paramount issues, and they had begun their married life by spending hours together every day in the study of them. This was what they meant by the "conscious attempt." No one can say that they might not reach heights of comradeship and happiness through this means, but the startling fact was that they had set five years as the culmination, with the unspoken thought to dissolve the marriage, if it did not remain as it then was. The love of youth is and always has been a beautiful

For better, for worse. ■ ■ Have the fatal words the same meaning for husbands and wives today as they had a generation ago? ■ ■ Perhaps, as Mr. Cary suggests on the opposite page, marriage as an institution is fast disappearing. To which Miss Cutting counters here: "Today the trend of the times is to think first and marry afterward—to look before you leap." ■ ■ Does this imply that flapperism has changed the modern girl's attitude toward marriage as a career? And if so, then what will be the ideal marriage of the future? ■ ■ Read these two arresting articles, one by a man, the other by a woman writer, and then ask yourself honestly and frankly: "What is the matter with marriage today?"



BETTER FIVE YEARS LIKE THIS THAN THIRTY OF HUMDRUM EXISTENCE



thing, but the present expression of it differs from that of the past. Young people now know things that were thought unnecessary for them to be aware of a decade ago. Naturally their attitude is different. Divorce used not to be considered a usual means of getting out of marriage if you did not like it, but the up-to-date young person today has the feeling that it is a common practise, and a provident solution for marital difficulties.

Often it is provoked by a desire for change.

One young woman of twenty-one, married two years, seriously considered divorcing her husband—she was tired of him—but argued that there was more freedom in staying

married than in returning to her mother's home. Another, while on her wedding trip, decided not to join her husband's church, because it did not sanction divorce. Another, believing that you should not marry except to remain married, and that everything should be tried in the way of adjustment, said in the same breath, "It would be impossible for me to live with one man for twenty-five years. The old people did it, but so often the wife grows away from the husband; the husband from the wife." And yet another said, "If you don't marry the right man the first time, keep on marrying until you do."

A girl of nineteen with whom I had tea recently, and whose conversational chatter turned to the inevitable subject—marriage—spoke her opposition to big weddings. "They're so useless," she said. "Nobody knows whether you're going to stay together or not. I know a girl who had a big wedding and three months later she was in Paris getting a divorce."

It is a truism that a girl used to go into marriage with the ideal of creating a home, and of bearing children. It was a sort of millennium to be reached, and its basis was a sound materialism. The right kind of a husband was spoken of respectfully in many circles as "A good provider." Domestic life for a woman was the ruling factor. The thought of a business or working life for her was anathema. Many a girl began to fill a hope-chest long before any eligible man appeared on her horizon; and her way of fitting herself for her future life, was to think a great deal about parties, to help her mother a little about the house, to practise for a couple of hours on the piano every day, because a man liked his wife to be accomplished, and show some interest in the arranging of her own room. She confidently expected to meet the man of her choice, marry him, and live happily ever after. She received her suitors in the front parlor, while Father or Mother or both sat in the library adjoining, with doors open between the two rooms, listening, of course, to everything that was said, until the young man departed. If she went out unchaperoned, and then only with the kind of young man, "You would like to have pay attention to your daughter," Father sat up until she returned. In short, the courting of those properly brought

up was a personally supervised affair.

To-day, the trend of the times is to think first and marry afterward. Marriage to the modern girl means freedom—freedom from parental control. It also means money. Whereas, girls of fifteen years ago married for a good home, now their crowning desire is wealth. A rich husband is desired by a certain lazy type whose ideal is excitement and entertainment. These young persons demand theatres, taxis, expensive food, and to be made love to. They are not particular whether this last is sincere or not, they are after all the fun they can get, because they are rather cynical about marriage. It hasn't [Turn to page 107]

WITH MARRIAGE?

As Mere Man Sees The Problem

 BY LUCIAN CARY 

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN DREW

THERE is in New York City a school with an established reputation for preparing the daughters of the socially-elect to meet the responsibilities of social life. It is a finishing school. But it appeals neither to the new rich nor to the lurid rich. Its clientele is solidly respectable. It is the school above all others to which a mother, knowing what's what and being anxious to break into society, would send her daughter—if she could. Let us call it Miss A—'s school.

A few months ago Miss A—'s class of 1916 had a reunion dinner. After the usual round of sentimental reminiscence and mutual congratulation, one member rapped for order and announced that she had some statistics on success to offer.

"You all know," she said, "that twenty-six of us graduated together ten years ago this spring. I find that of these twenty-six, just seventeen have married. That comes to about two out of three. Of the seventeen who married, fifteen have been divorced—one of them twice—making a total of sixteen divorces among seventeen girls in ten years. Two of us are still married to our first husbands. One of these is a girl who lives in Baltimore and who isn't here tonight. I haven't been able to find out whether she's happily married or not. The other isn't happily married. She told me all about it yesterday afternoon. So our ratio of success in marriage at the first attempt is one in seventeen."





Is this just one more example of the frivolity of the idle rich?

About the same time, Judge Ben Lindsey, who has had charge of the Juvenile Court in Denver, Colorado for the last twenty years, said that in his experience the number of separations was rapidly approaching the number of marriages. He has in his court a singular opportunity for observing marriage as it is among people close to the poverty line. And after twenty years of it he felt, he said, that whatever our professed beliefs, marriage was disappearing.

Is this just one more evidence of the degeneracy of the poor?

It occurred to me at this point that perhaps I didn't know what was going on in the world. I hadn't noticed that my friends were getting divorced all over the place. I hadn't observed that marriage was disappearing. It might be that the rich were practising trial marriage and that the sort of lower class people who came before Judge Lindsey because their children were delinquent were abandoning marriage as a custom, but among my own friends, marriage was still honored.

I set down the names of the first twenty-five friends who came to mind. Then I worked out the statistics for the group. A large proportion of them, I must admit, are either artists or writers. Artists and writers have a reputation for failure in marriage. I found that of the twenty-five, twenty-four had married. Several of them had married more than once. Indeed, the total number of marriages was

Are our convictions about marriage in need of a change? Are the restlessness, the discontent, the increase of divorce, significant of a pressing need for readjustment of the age-old relationship between men and women?   If this is so, does the solution lie in easier—or stricter—divorce laws? In greater—or less—liberty for husbands and wives?   Because these questions challenge attention everywhere, McCall's asked two noted writers on domestic problems—Lucian Cary and Mary Stewart Cutting to discuss marriage conditions as they obtain in America today, and to discover for McCall's readers what is the root of our so called marriage problem. Their findings are given in the two brilliant, searching articles which are published herewith.



MARRIAGE IS NOT MERELY AN ATTEMPT TO SATISFY THE LOVE IMPULSE



forty. There had been one death and nineteen divorces or permanent separations. Of the original twenty-four marriages, only ten had lasted. In short, more than half the first attempts had failed.

The record for the whole country and all classes is better. The majority of American marriages do not end in divorce or separation. The point is this: when you know what the rich, who can afford to lose, and the poor, who have nothing to lose, and the artist-types, who don't care, are doing, you can make an awfully good guess as to what the great middle classes will be doing ten or twenty or thirty years hence. As a matter of statistical fact, divorce is now

five times as common in the United States as it was within the memory of people still living. Why?

The only way to answer such a question is to study the other social changes that have occurred simultaneously.

Two great social changes have been going on in the United States during the last seventy-five years. One of these is industrial. We were a nation of pioneers, of farmers, of small producers. We are a nation of city-dwellers, with an unparalleled capacity for large-scale machine production. We were a simple people who lived simply. We are the richest people in history, with a standard of living far higher than that of any other people in the world.

I was born in the middle of this astounding change, thirty-five or forty years too late to see the whole picture. But I can remember the time when electric household devices, and porcelain bath-tubs, and telephones, and fashions from Paris, and talking machines, and country clubs, and dance music, and delicatessen stores were not regarded as the ordinary necessities of life.

When women wore silk stockings only on great occasions—like weddings and funerals. And three children were not referred to as a large family.

I talked the other day with an old lady who had gone to California by wagon in the fifties with her father and mother and six other children. And after two hours of stories of incredible hardships and privations and labor she wound up with this astounding judgment: "There was some satisfaction in being a woman in those days."

I laughed—appreciatively, I hope.

"Why," she said, "I had six sons and four daughters. And I brought them all up too. And the nearest doctor sixty miles away by horseback."

I regarded her with awe and then I asked a mean question. I said: "How many grand-children have you?"

"Five," she said, her eyes snapping.

"Didn't your children marry?" I asked.

"Nine of them did," she said. "But of nine marriages there have been only five children." I knew from her tone and manner that she didn't approve; that, indeed, she

was contemptuous.

"You must remember," I suggested, "that to you, a pioneer, children were assets. You needed sons and daughters to help do the work. But to the parents of the present, children are liabilities which, perhaps, they cannot afford."

The old lady sniffed. "It's no satisfaction," she said, "to be the mother of one child!"

That was the second time this old lady, who had lived in a time when ten children was a common number, who for forty years had fought the wilderness beside her husband, building a home, a family, a fortune, out of nothing, had used the word "satisfaction."

I began to ask myself: What is the satisfaction of being a woman? And is that satisfaction by any [Turn to page 107]



SHE SAW FRED UPON THE GROUND, WHILE ABOVE TOWERED THE MONSTROUS FORM OF A GRIZZLY BEAR.

DRIFTWOOD!" said Fred Whitney meditatively. As he spoke he put out his foot and pushed deeper into the big fireplace a chunk of oak. "I gathered a big batch of fuel this afternoon," Whitney continued. He indicated the heap of odds and ends that overflowed the wicker basket beside the hearth. "I suppose some of this flotsam must have traveled thousands of miles, from the ends of the earth. Look at this, for instance. Spoke from a ship's steering wheel; and a big one at that. See where it broke and splintered?—What ship? What happened? It gives one the creeps to think of burning such a thing for warmth and good cheer. And this chunk on the fire! Perhaps it's a crumb from the table of a German submarine, and it's been drifting, drifting ever since, a floating tombstone over dead men's bones. It came from where men shrieked and sank. Feel the heat of it, Nell!"

"For heaven's sake, Fred," the girl cut in sharply, "What's the matter with you? You and your wrecks! Here—finish this highball for me and cheer up."

She proffered the half empty glass from which she had been sipping; but he shook his head. She smiled and put the glass down on the smoking table at her hand. It was a peculiar smile. It was pretty but it was feline. It fitted Nell Comstock, however; it matched everything about her down to her slim ankles. She stood now with an easy, relaxed grace, supple, sleek, soft, yet somehow hard. Her hair clung close to her head, blue-black and straight. Her voice came now, clear and deliberate, arrestingly mellow. "They are dancing in the hall, Fred. Come on; let's take a turn."

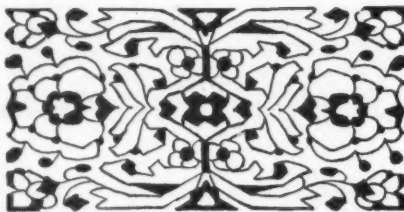
She drew close, linked her arm in his, and tugged coaxingly. But he made no move. Not to be denied she came yet closer. He could feel the warmth of her firm, bare arm through his sleeve; and for a moment, his eyes left the fire for a fleeting look at her upturned face.

FLESHPOTS

✻ BY WAINWRIGHT EVANS ✻

ILLUSTRATED BY
JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

If it is true that to scratch a husband is to find a cavewoman, is the reverse equally true—that the cavewoman lurks beneath the surface of every man's wife? This story provides the answer in the most thrilling way imaginable.



"What's the matter, Fred?" The very undertone was a caress.

"I don't want to dance; don't feel like it," he answered shortly.

She looked hard at him now. But her laugh sounded light enough as she reached for the half empty glass she had just set down. She picked it up without releasing his arm.

He flushed and scowled. As she held the drink mischievously toward him he drew back. "It will set you going," she said. "Don't be so tepid."

"Put it away," he snapped irritably. "I don't want it, I tell you; and you've had too many. All right, come on then, if you want to dance."

But with that she indignantly dropped his arm and faced him. "Boor! Certainly not. You've got to stop this business of blowing first hot and then cold, Fred. I don't like it and I won't stand for it. Now what's the matter? Are you worried? Is Eleanor—jealous?" The last word came after a barely perceptible pause for emphasis, and with a hint of mockery.

"Jealous nothing," he growled. "She'd be glad to get rid of me."

She laughed gaily. Again she took his arm, and again he could feel the warmth of her. "Then everybody ought to be suited, oughtn't they? You and me; she and—Will Chisholm. Come, we don't want to dance, do we? Let's walk down the beach away from—everything. Shall we?"

"Look here, Nell, you leave Will Chisholm out of this. Do you hear? And if—" He stopped short, and his head turned with a startled jerk toward the big double doorway, through which were visible the figures of the dancers. The girl looked also; and then, without haste, she put a distance between them.

"Ah!" she called out briskly with her half smile, "There you are! We were just wondering what had become of you. Will Chisholm, you look positively moonstruck. Eleanor, I wish you'd cheer up this husband of yours. He won't touch a thing but cold water, he won't dance, and he insists on frowning portentously, talking about death and taxes, and ship-wrecks. Will, please drink this for me. Fred won't; and he says I shan't. Is he that arbitrary with you, Eleanor?"

Eleanor flushed at the something that lay behind the words; but Chisholm smiled genially, showing his big, white

teeth. He accepted the glass and drank it off slowly, with his eyes intent on Nell's face. "Your health, my dear!"

Chisholm looked down on them all from a height; hair iron grey, skin dark, eyes prominent and of a peculiar, dead brown. The face was fuller than it should have been; the muscles of it sagged a little; the jaw was wide; the mouth fleshy, full lipped, handsome, and a little slack.

Chisholm was a lawyer. Nobody knew much about his practice, save that it was a twilight affair; that it had once been inquired into by a suspicious Bar Association without result; and that his income from it enabled him to live in an expensive way. He was unmarried. On occasion his name had been linked with Nell Comstock's. But no story about Chisholm in his Don Juan aspects had ever materialized into clear-cut scandal.

"Eleanor and I," he said as he lowered the empty glass, "have been tramping down the beach; and what with her and the moon, I return, as you justly observe, my dear, moonstruck. We didn't translate what the wild waves were saying, but here's what they brought for the decoration of your fireside, Fred; it's almost as good as a real one. Hold it up Eleanor."

Eleanor Whitney held up to the light a grotesque, a bit of wood. At one end was a round knob, rudely carved to the proportions of a head. Half obliterated daubs of paint suggested features—flat, round-eyed, staring, like some grinning Oriental god. Around the object, tied with string, was a faded blue calico rag, fashioned to the semblance of a dress.

"A child's doll," she said. There was tenderness in her voice as she examined the rude toy. Once her eyes turned, flashed a glance at her husband and the idly interested faces of the two guests; then back to the object in her hand. She was fingering the coarse texture of the blue calico. "These things come in from the sea like symbols," she said softly. "Wood for our fire; but what stories they hint off! I wonder—did she lose it overboard?"

Nell gave a loud laugh. "Two of a kind," she mocked. "Fred has been strumming on the same glad note."

Chisholm yawned. "Oh, don't let's be half-way gloomy," he suggested sardonically. "Let's go the whole way. The kid, of course fell overboard and got drowned. The doll was in her arms when she did it. Eleanor, that imagination of yours keeps you thin." He extended his hand. "Give the darn thing here."

She perched the doll carefully on the mantelpiece. "You can't have it. It's been a long time," she went on lightly, "since I've had a doll. This one appeals to me. It's simple and sincere, the way we aren't. I wish I knew where it came from."

Chisholm snorted. "You're incorrigible. Come on, Nell. You look cheerful. Let's dance, and leave these married owls to meditate on life, death, wrecks, wooden dolls, and where they come from. So long, you two. Better adopt it!"

Eleanor nodded perfunctorily and smiled. But Whitney, leaning against the massive chimney gave no sign; nor did he try to veil the disgust with which he was regarding the retreating figure of Chisholm. A jealous pang shot through him, and with it a feeling of suppressed fury. And yet he was grimly aware of his own inconsistency. Theoretically, he had always admitted, she should have as good a right to play with fire as he. And yet there rose up within him an age-old instinct which fiercely and unreasonably refused to down. The thought of Chisholm nauseated him.

Eleanor had sunk into a chair. He regarded her with an intentness that strained his eyes, like an effort to read fine print. He saw how the light accentuated this feature and softened that; how it made shadows; how it suggested mysteries of personality that once had thrilled him. Even now they did not leave him cold. After all, Nell was nothing but a cheap chromo beside her. He knew it. He had long known it.

But if Nell was spurious, what then was he pursuing? A dream? Some Arcadian impossibility that never was on

land or sea? Some mirage that would fade into mockery if a man ever came up with it? Was not the hope of finding something for nothing, ready fashioned to the heart's desire, just a shimmering illusion, and such reaching for it an ignoble sort of beggary?

His mind returned to Eleanor, sitting there, her head thrown back against the chair, her eyes half shut as she watched the fire. What could she see in Chisholm? What could he see in Nell? Ugh!

The chunk of driftwood was burning brightly now, clad in a fiery coat of many colors. The music, a raucous, syncopated jazz, reached them in loud rhythmic jerks and exasperated lapses. He drew out his watch, then returned it decisively to his pocket. "One o'clock," he said. "Let's start that crowd to bed. It's the only way to choke them off."

"I suppose so," she said listlessly. "You do it."

"Did your walk make you tired?" His tone was idly conversational; it implied nothing save what she might read into it.

"Yes," she said deliberately. "That's the word. It made me tired."

He fumbled mechanically for a cigar, found it, lighted it; then with sudden vigor threw it into the fire. "I'm tired too." He spoke with an even intensity that made the words sound bitten off one by one. "Tired of the whole bunch. Pigs! They emptied that big punchbowl in thirty minutes. Why can't they drink decently—or do anything decently!"

She considered him with a directness he found discom-

"Just the same, we never expected them to cut loose this way. They're a bunch of bounders. They're not our kind."

"No," she responded. "Not quite. The resemblance comes in the fact that they wear a veneer of refinement over their vulgarity; while we've apparently over our refinement—if that's the word for it. It enables them and us to meet on common ground, you see."

"They take it neat," he retorted.

"Do you know what I think about Nell?" she asked casually.

"I could probably guess," he said dryly.

"Not quite. It isn't what you think. I'm not jealous. I have no prejudices. I have a rather large tolerance for her. But I think your taste is bad. It seems a departure from your own standards, if I in any way represent them." Eleanor spoke slowly, feeling for her words. "She's still a crude flapper, approaching thirty—not particularly attractive. I suggest that you look further, if such research interests you."

He turned abruptly and strode out to the hall, smarting furiously. She could hear his voice a moment later rising briskly over the hubbub—then general laughter, confusion, and protest. Their music stopped. There were good nights, giggles—and at last, from above, the sound of doors opening and closing; then relative quiet.

Fred returned and she rose and moved toward the stairway by his side.

He saw her hand automatically move as if to take his arm; but the motion was quickly checked. "I'm so tired, Fred."

He silently took her hand and drew her arm through his.

At the door of her room they stopped. "Shall we—talk? Will it do any good?" she asked, so low he barely caught it.

From down the hall, round a turn that hid them from sight, came a woman's laugh. "Stop it, Sid! Stop it, I say!" Silence; then another laugh. "Say, for the love of Mike, did you see Fred and Nell Comstock?"

"Yeh!" It was a man's voice now. "But you've only got the half of it. It isn't one triangle; it's two; and there's an interlocking directorate. If I was Will Chisholm—" Here the voice sunk to a whisper, and the girl gave a squeal of laughter.

With sudden haste Eleanor's hand went out to the door-knob. She turned it noiselessly. They passed through and she shut the door softly. Then white to the lips, she turned and faced him. "You see what our little flier has come to," she said bitterly.

An unreasoning jealous fury rose within him, and he said brutally, "They seem to see it, at any rate! Or—" with a savage laugh, "do they just think they see it?"

A red spot appeared on each of her cheeks. She opened and shut her hands twice, but her voice remained low and steady. "You forget that they were talking of us both, and

that you were mentioned first. As for me, let me remind you that we stand on the same footing or none; and I'll tell you right now that if the thing were so, I wouldn't take the trouble to deny it after what you just said."

Then she broke, and he saw that her eyes were wet. "If only—"

"Yes?" he asked huskily.

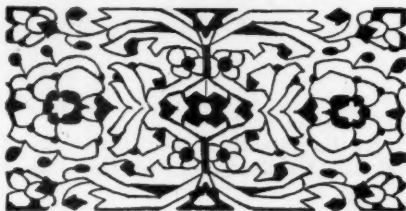
"If only we loved each other—we could back out of it all. Ah, how I hate it!" She stamped passionately with her foot. "Do you hear? I hate it!"

"You've nothing on me there," he said bitterly. "Eleanor, have we really quit—loving each other? Or does it just seem so; as in a bad dream?"

She turned on him fiercely. "Why do you talk that way? We have started fresh with new understandings, many times. Always it has come to precisely nothing. We can look the truth in the face tonight; we can understand each other tonight; but tomorrow we'll go right back. We always have. Tomorrow we'll both feel quite comfortable and languorous again, quite content with the fleshpots, thank you!—Ch, oh!"



"A CHILD'S DOLL," SHE SAID. THERE WAS TENDERNESS IN HER VOICE AS SHE EXAMINED THE RUDE TOY



forting. "I suppose," she said acidly, "it's a question of doing decent things. Apparently they've lost the art; and we—"

He turned on her resentfully. "We?"

There was a sparkle of anger in her eyes. "You don't care for the pronoun! Well, since we're the hosts at this party, we aren't exactly out of it."

She stopped for breath, her lower lip caught by her teeth, her eyes feverish. "I've spent today hating you. If some man as—nice as you had come along and said 'I love you'—I'd have run away with him. I'm starving for what money can't buy. I'm nearly mad from living a million miles apart from you in the same house. Even these people are endurable by contrast with that. Even the husks are better than starvation."

He paced the floor restively. "Understand me," she went on, "I'm not thinking or talking about Nell. This situation had developed before Nell came into it. Nell is merely a symptom. I doubt if she's even that. She's one of the stage furnishings. I'm not afraid of her. No intrigue you could have with Nell could make matters any worse than they are. As compared with the fact that we live apart in spirit, physical unfaith would be without meaning. So don't think, pray, that I'm trying to restrain you."

"Why throw that off on me?" he demanded. "It's you that are thinking and saying all this. I don't admit it."

"You haven't the nerve," she said scornfully. "It takes a woman. Men like their comfort."

He stopped short in his walk. "I don't hate you."

He seized a chair and with one hand whirled it about till it faced her. Then he sat down. "Eleanor! Let's go away! I've bought that tract out in British Columbia that I told you about last winter. Remember?—For a hunting preserve. It's up in the mountains. Last month I wrote the agent to send supplies out there, and put things in the hands of a reliable man, so workmen can go out and build a cottage. I want to go out there and pick a site for the building."

"What is it for?" she asked scornfully. "Won't fronting be a new role for you? What will you do with it?" she went on relentlessly. "How big a cottage? Fifteen rooms, I suppose, with hardwood floors in the wilderness, and radio, outfits, billiard tables, hot water, heat, and all the comforts of a—home. And then, of course, house parties for our friends, who will invite themselves if we neglected to do it first. Let's try the wilderness and its hardships by all means."

He was silent. His hands hung slack at his sides. "I guess that'll be about all then," he muttered, finding his feet. "Good night."

"Fred! Did you want me to go out there with you?" "Yes."

Her eyes traveled about the comfortable room. "And leave all this?"

"That's what I said! Take it or leave it! I suppose it's a crazy notion; but all this is crazier. I just thought—"

"I know what you thought," she interrupted. "It's a good enough idea. That isn't why I hesitate. I may as well tell you now, I guess, though I'd rather have waited till we were less on edge. The reason is—Fred—that we're going to have a baby."

"A baby!" he repeated vaguely. He scratched his head like one perplexed and puzzled.

"For heaven's sake," she cried, "don't think I'm expecting you to register joy, or play the hypocrite, or pretend you're glad, or—kiss me, or—anything! Don't you dare! I—I couldn't bear it!"

A hot rush of tenderness jumped suddenly to life within him from nowhere, from depths he had not known. She had read his mind with uncanny insight; he would have kissed her. But he was wonderingly conscious that the impulse was genuine, not forced—that there was breathing through him something that was part of him yet greater than he. It was real. There she had misread him. But he stifled the impulse, and did not move.

His hand shut over the top of a chair till the knuckles showed white. He drew two long breaths, like a man spent with effort; then he said: "It's a good way ahead, isn't it? If so we could make the trip, go there and get back—in time."

"But why?" she cried fretfully. "Why do you wish it?" "It would mean a trip through the mountains, horseback, camping, climate, open air—all that. Good for us. We'd be alone, except for a guide. And," he finished dryly, "if we could quarrel uninterrupted for a month, we might get some things off our chests—without outside interference. That was my first thought."

Her eyes sparkled. "I've longed for such a chance," she said shaking her little fist vindictively; and his mouth relaxed as he noted the way she closed it, with the thumb out straight. "Really," she added, "there are times when you're almost tolerable. I'll go—if you'll do your share of

It was not founded with an eye to the accommodation of tourists. As the coast-bound train now thundered to a stand-still before the water tank and red-painted section house that stood at the head of Sweet Briar's principal and only street, the Whitneys rose reluctantly from their seats.

Eleanor was looking out on Sweet Briar with frank alarm. "It looks rather awful," she said.

"Oh, we'll be comfortable. Besides we're not going to stay in Sweet Briar. Jim Carroll says this man Jenkins is first rate. He'll have everything ready. We can go right along with him to his ranch; and we'll start as soon as you're rested."

They descended to the station platform, where stood the porter with their bags, his face like the rising sun; for he was more than satisfied with his tip.

Then one came forward from an assorted group of large hatted loungers.

"Guess your name's Whitney, ain't it?" He was a stocky, quick muscled man, with small, darting blue eyes and a brick-red skin.

There was an unimpressed calm about him. Fred returned his look with interest, and then put out his hand. "And you are Mr. Jenkins?"

"Henry Jenkins—Yep."

"Mrs. Whitney, Mr. Jenkins."

Eleanor nodded and smiled sufficiently. "I'm very glad to meet you, Mr. Jenkins," she said.

Turning abruptly, the guide led the way to an obviously new buckboard. "You're trunks!" he said suddenly. "Here, gimme the checks. Hey, Ben," he called in the direction of the lounging group, "lend a hand with those trunks over there, will yuh?"

A young giant lounged forward. "Mrs. Whitney, this is Ben Hilliard. And Mr. Whitney."

At last the trunk was in place. Young Hilliard waved good-by. Jenkins clucked, the mustangs started with a suddenness which the car has not quite learned, and they were off. "We'll have to leave this outfit behind till spring and make it on horseback," said Jenkins. "There's only one trail we could use it over, and that's too long for us, with the first snow near due. We've got to go there and come back. Used to ridin'?"

"We ride a good deal," said Whitney cautiously. "I don't suppose it's your kind of riding, though."

"Any kind'll do," said Jenkins, "so you don't fall off at the wrong time. You can fall a long way in this region. I took out grub and some tools and things a week ago, Ben Hilliard and me cached it. There's enough grub to last a half dozen men through the time you'll want 'em. My place is a matter o' fifteen miles," he remarked. "We'll make it by sundown, and start early tomorrow." Whereupon he burst into a song to which the flying feet of the horses beat steady time, while he rolled in his seat to every pitch of the vehicle.

They finally reached the ranch-house which proved to be a log affair of three rooms. Jenkins started a fire in the rusty range. "If you two'll watch that fire and chuck in wood till the water biles, I'll step out an' get a rabbit." Suiting the action to the word he picked up a shotgun that leaned against the wall, and strolled out into a thicket nearby.

Fred watched interestedly through the window the form of Jenkins, waist deep in the brush. "Imagine getting a rabbit that way in the East," he remarked. "It's an all day hunt there."

A shot interrupted him. He saw Jenkins run forward, suddenly stop and fire again. A moment later they met him at the door, sudden, eager as children. "That was luck," said Jenkins with satisfaction. "We'll have 'em fried, eh." And he went outside to dress the two cotton-tails.

Eleanor turned to the collection of cooking utensils that hung in a row back of the range. "I suppose he'll want this pan on, to make it hot," she said doubtfully. Then she called from the door, "Oh, Mr. Jenkins, shall I put on the frying pan?" "Yep," said Jenkins. "An' you might slice a bit o' bacon while you're about it."

"What can I do?" Fred called from the door. "Come here an' skin this other rabbit," said Jenkins. "If you're willin'."

"Run along Barkis," Eleanor called after him.

The two men entered the cabin some [Turn to page 81]



✠ SHE HAD QUIETLY FAINTED. HE PICKED HER UP AND CARRIED HER TO THE CAMP; AND HE BENT TO KISS HER LIPS AS HE WENT ✠

the fighting, and not leave it all to me."

"You may bet on that," he countered. "You're worth fighting—for. And I'll really have to show you how to close your fist. Anything else?"

She looked up, her head to one side, and the corners of her mouth lifting into a tremulous smile. "Yes—you might—kiss me, Fred."

SWEET Briar is a mountain town situated in a particularly perpendicular part of the Canadian Rockies.



AMARYLLIS THOUGHT ABOUT IT ALL NIGHT WHEN SHE OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN SLEEPING. NEXT DAY PETER HAD A CABLE THAT READ: "DELIGHTED. SAME BOAT ARTIST, JOHN FORRESTER; HIS SON, VIOLINIST. WANT YOU TO BE GOOD FRIENDS. GET ACQUAINTED. DO NOT MENTION ME. SECRET. TELL YOU LATER"

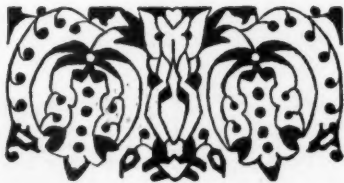
AMARYLLIS—once the poor little rich girl left to the mercy of servants—is happy now keeping house for her father and brother. But one thing is lacking. She misses John Guido, the boy she met by the Roaring Brook when as a little girl she ran away from home. However, there is hope that he will some day return to the little house of happy memories and meanwhile Amaryllis is allowed by her indulgent father to spend time and money renovating that house to prepare for his home-coming.

THE house itself had been repaired and bolstered up and helped out until it was practically splinter-new so far as being upstanding and reliable was concerned. It had shiny waxed floors. It had beautiful woodwork. It had softly tinted walls. It had the same furnishings that always had been in it and here and there new and different pieces had crept in. One thing had happened that was entirely different. On the right corner in the right light there had grown up the most wonderful studio for a painter that three of the greatest architects in the big city could think up. The plans that all of them made for what they would like to have if they had the money for it were taken and shaken together and made into a studio for a painter that had every single thing in it, every comfort and convenience and quirk of lighting that could possibly be designed. That was for John Forrester.

Over at another side there crept on another room that had not been in the little house before and that room was the loveliest room that Amaryllis could think up with some very able assistance from people who knew about the kinds of rooms that musicians liked. It was a room with walls of the softest, most delicate green like spring coming to the willows and the apple trees; a room with wood-work stained the softest grey. The grain of the wood

BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER
AUTHOR OF "THE KEEPER OF THE BEES", "LADDIE", ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. CHAMBERS



showed through. Soft rugs of grey with a little bit of green, and beautiful chairs and tables and a great piano, a perfect piano, waited for John Guido.

One other thing happened after all the weeds had been taken away and every tree had had all the dead wood cut from it and all its cavities filled and there was not a thing left that possibly could be done to make that thirty acres more beautiful than it was—the very last thing of all that love could suggest to the heart of Amaryllis was an order that came from a lily field in the South. The garden was a flame of them. Of course they had to be housed in winter and re-set in the spring, but no one cared.

There was one thing more that happened in the garden. Only one thing that was any different. Where the one red Amaryllis had been set, a space perhaps the size of a large room was cleared. Away down deep it began with cement

and crushed rock foundation and came up a little above the surface and ended with a paving of white marble. A wall ran up at the back the length of it that gleamed white in the moonlight, white as the shimmeriest star high up in the heavens, and a great big urn, of white marble, all carved with doves and Cupids racing with garlands and flying ribbons, and fawns running away from the

Cupids, crowned the center. And in this wonderful urn big bulbs of red Amaryllis were set each spring and fertilized, watered and tended until they lifted up great heads of red velvet lily flowers.

Sometimes on moonlight nights when nobody in all the house could find Amaryllis, if they had gone to the little garden beside the roaring brook, they would have found her on this marble floor all in a soft white dress—plain and simple, not much of a dress, chiffons that lifted and floated and carried on the night air, white as the whitest ray of moonlight. They would have found Amaryllis with her yellow hair unbound and her blue eyes either on the lilies or the stars. No one could have watched her long without knowing that what she was dancing as she tiptoed and whirled and floated over that marble floor was just Amaryllis, Amaryllis as the black-eyed boy had played it.

Once Paul Minton got started at being the kind of a father that every man was intended to be, he resorted to no halfway measures. So, because there was this great love in her heart, so great that it swayed the heart of her father, letters were written across the sea telling how land values were increasing and when a confidential agent made a report to Paul Minton as to how John Forrester and his son were making ends meet in Rome, whenever there seemed to be a stringency, whenever the lessons were unusually expensive or clothing was needed, or a better apartment in a warmer, sunnier place became necessary, mysteriously some rich man away in the West paid a handsome

price for a picture or a new tenant in the little house on the big island offered a higher rental. Some way it happened so that there was always money for a bright, warm apartment and nourishing food and comfortable clothing. There were always materials for John Forrester to paint pictures with, always the money to pay for the lessons for John Guido.

When she could not think of another thing to do to the little house, Amaryllis slipped into the library and sat on the table in the position that her father sometimes placed her and waited for him. When he came, he recognized that position and he laughed as he put his hand in his pocket and asked: "How much is it this time, Amaryllis?"

Amaryllis said: "Father, it's a lot this time. Do you think you can leave for a few months?"

Father said yes, he thought he could.

And Amaryllis said: "You know you said it was time Peter went to Germany and had some of his lessons there and some of them in England and some of them in France, and, Father, it is time for me to go to Italy. May I?"

Then Father straightened up suddenly and did not know exactly what to think.

Before he had time to say anything, Amaryllis explained: "You know, Father, I can't stand it a day longer unless you promise me that very soon now I may see John Guido. I won't touch him and I won't speak to him, I won't even let him know I am there. I must not interfere with his music. He wouldn't like it and his father would not like it. But you know, Father, there is lots of Rome. There would be a little apartment somewhere across from his where, through a window I could look at him. I could just see if he is growing taller and if his hair has stayed so black. I could follow, all covered up, in the distance and watch whether, as he went about his work, he would see it if an Amaryllis was growing anywhere. I could listen to hear whether he plays my minuet or not. I will give you my word of honor, Father, I will play the game square. I won't let him see me. I won't speak to him. I won't do more than maybe lay my finger on his coat sleeve in a crowd. I won't even touch him if you say not. But don't you think, Father, you could only let me see him?"

Paul Minton put his arms around Amaryllis tightly.

"Get your things ready," he said gruffly. "Tell Peter to get ready. We will go for as long as you want to stay. We will go and in some way it shall be fixed. I think you are wise in saying that you must not meet him now. You must not take his mind from his work, but there will be some way to find out whether he is thinking about you, whether his heart is the kind of a heart that is in your breast; and if it is, then you will be comforted; then you will be ready to come home and wait until he finishes, won't you, Amaryllis?"

Amaryllis said she would.

So it was not very long until, straight across the street from the small apartment where John Guido and his father made music and painted pictures, it was not so very long until mysterious neighbors that no one ever saw by daylight moved in. People who came and went, heavily muffled and clothed, in a closed car. They did not really live there. They rented that apartment, and when lessons were learned and lots of Italy had been seen, when her heart could not stand it any longer, then Amaryllis, from a window straight across a narrow Roman street, watched and waited for John Guido.

The first time he came down the stairway and out on the sidewalk only one story below her she had to put her hand over her mouth and hold it shut to keep it from calling: "Guido! John Guido, I am here! It is Amaryllis!"

She thought she could not endure it. Then something that

had been bred in the years of loneliness and repression stood her in good stead and she knew that she could bear it. She knew that she must watch him and not call.

He had grown, oh so tall! His hair was even blacker, glossy like silk, and his eyes were so big and wide and such clean eyes. She could see his long, slender hands. After she had watched long enough, a shrinking and a timidity grew in her soul. She had not thought that he would be quite so big. She had not thought that he would be quite so beautiful.

Then came days when she followed him. There was one day when for a few minutes she thought she could not possibly hold out. She had followed him for blocks down a street and then he came to an open flower garden, a market under the sky. He had looked everywhere and had not seen what he wanted. Then a woman, swarthy and dark, came hurrying up to him gesticulating and pointing, and John Guido followed her. Screened and carefully taken care of, she had held up to him a terra cotta jar filled with blood red Amaryllis. He had buried his face in the lilies, and standing there in the open market, he kissed their velvet petals.



DOWN THE GANGPLANK TOGETHER THEY CAME, AND MY! BUT THEY WERE FINE YOUNG MEN! PETER HAD GROWN SO! AND BESIDE HIM WAS JOHN GUIDO



All the timidity slipped from the soul of Amaryllis for she knew, just as she knew that the sky was blue and the stars were holding their places and the sun and moon were going in their courses, so she knew that John Guido was keeping the faith; that he loved her. She knew that the old woman was accustomed to furnishing him red lilies. She had many times before. She would again.

That night she went straight to the room across the narrow street and waited and listened. And that night the violin played Amaryllis—played it until the tears rolled down her cheeks. All alone, with the driver waiting in the street below, she danced and danced until she could see the tall form of the elder Forrester take the violin from the fingers of the boy and motion him toward his room. He must be in good shape for his lessons on the morrow.

Then Amaryllis climbed in her car and went back to the hotel where she lived. That night she held a counsel with her best friend. She told what she had seen and what she had done and she said: "Father, I am ready to go home now. I am perfectly satisfied. I know that John Guido loves me and that he is working for me, and that he is waiting for me. God has not made any other girl that can touch him. He is all mine and he will wait for me and I am ready to go."

"All right," said Paul Minton. "Whatever you say. This is your picnic. Shall we go on to Paris and touch up on your French a bit there, and shall we see how the English are living while we are at it?"

"Yes," said Amaryllis, "I am ready to go. But, Father, can I leave, can I go without doing something that will let him know I have been here, that will let him know I am waiting?"

"Let's think about that," said Paul Minton. "I hardly know what to say."

"If you could know," said Amaryllis, "if you could know

the joy that is in my heart only to see him, only to see how wonderful he is, to hear him play, to follow him to the market place and to the cathedral, barely to touch him on the streets! I have followed him by the hour, Father, and I have learned that he is all mine. I have seen the prettiest girls in Rome smile at him. I have seen the prettiest girls touring from America and England look at him on the streets; and he doesn't pay any attention. Father, he is waiting, he is waiting for me! He is waiting for just me! And by the joy that is in my heart, knowing that he is waiting, would not it comfort his heart to know that I am waiting? Isn't there some way to work a breath of heart-ease for him?"

Paul Minton thought deeply and then he said: "What is it you have in mind? What is it you want to do?"

Amaryllis answered: "I don't know, Father. I haven't got it thought out, but I made you a promise and I am going to keep it. If any way happens that I could let him know that I have been somewhere near, if any way happens, have I your permission?"

Paul Minton kissed his girl and said: "Amaryllis, I think I know what John Guido meant when years ago he said you were so sweet that he thought you would kill him. Sometimes you are so sweet that I think you will kill me! It would kill me to have sorrow or trouble or shame come to you. You go on and do what your heart tells you and your Father is going to be what the nicest girl in all the world would do."

It was perhaps three days later that Amaryllis came racing into her father's room in the hotel in Rome and flew into his arms.

"Father!" she cried. "Father! I've got it! Oh, Father, what do you think? Tonight, this very night, he is going to play! He is going to play in a great concert and away back in a corner somewhere we can slip in and we can hear him and we can see what people will do, and when his last number is played, by an usher I can send him up a red lily and then we will slip out quickly and we will go straight to our train and we will not leave any word where we are going or any way that he can find us. We will just let him know that I was there, that I heard him playing, that I am waiting!"

All that afternoon Amaryllis wrote notes. She wrote them by the dozen. She filled the waste basket with fragments of them and when night came she was dressed more carefully than she ever had been dressed before, dressed with exquisite precision and taste to listen to his music. They found a secluded place in the great building and with Amaryllis clinging tight to her father's hands, they listened breathlessly. They watched through glasses [Turn to page 108]

*Says The Chinese Song: "Love is Kind to The Least of Men."
"And Women, Too," Sylvia Would Have Added*



ALLEY CATS

BY
RUTH ROBINSON BLODGETT

ILLUSTRATED BY
GERALD LEAKE



BEHIND THE BARRELS, THEY SAT, WAITING FOR THE DAY

SYLVIA was a stenographer in the Society for the Protection of Girls. She was taking dictation. Hideous hieroglyphics—lines, loops, curves crept haltingly across the ugly red-lined page. "Money"—a long cruel line with a loop on the end—like a net to catch one—or a pouch, empty—like her purse.

But she looked up and smiled. The young Investigator gathered new steam and plodded on in her report of a recent interview. "And when she couldn't earn enough money, except for food and lodging, she had to take her fun where she could get it free. She says she has gone too far to turn back now. Her mother would never understand."

It was at the word "money" in that context that Sylvia had winced. Something down deep always cried out to be released, when she wrote these records. A little whisper of a cry: "Oh, you poor broken reeds! I'm so sorry for you!"

But she had that way of stifling whispering pain. And so she looked up and smiled. "What a lot of these poor weak creatures there are here in New York!"

"It isn't queer when you think how many of them are not fortified by a good home, plenty to eat and pretty clothes, the way you are."

Again Sylvia winced. Her mother was dead. She had no home. She was hungry. But she replied: "It's queer, though! You'd think they'd be able to look out for themselves!"

Sylvia's mother had been a hair-dresser. But she had intended Sylvia to be something "different!" It was she who had given Sylvia her creed: "Put your best foot forward, Sylvia. It don't pay to tell all you know!"

She was literally doing that very thing now—swinging a neatly garbed right foot where the Investigator's eye rested absently on it. It was the foot where the darn in the heel did not show, where the clock she had embroidered had not puckered. She knew that the admiring eye of the other girl, travelling up, was now resting on her gown, thinking perhaps that it had come from a Fifty-Seventh Street shop. She had taken an extra half hour yesterday at her lunch hour to buy it—in a cheap little shop. And she had caught up the drapery on the

hip with those clever strokes of embroidery, crouching under a weak electric light bulb last night, long after the other lodgers were asleep.

"You look like a million dollars. Is it party—suitor 'n everything?" The social worker had finished dictating.

Sylvia picked up the bundle of records with a gay toss of her pretty head—if not in agreement, at least not in contradiction of the other's supposition. And yet, didn't she know that Flora Brickley's parties had never meant a suitor for her! Only Tony to entertain!

"You're so full of pep, it's a joy to have you in this dreary office. Goodness, I get so tired, I'm just glad to crawl in, at night."

A glitter came into Sylvia's eyes, as she crossed to her typewriter. Stimulation to her vanity, that these girls here in the office thought her prosperous—popular! But the stimulation had no nourishment.

Nourishment! A glass of milk, glorified by the promise of a dinner date, had had to satisfy her noonday hunger. The dress had cost her last week's salary plus her small savings.

With salamander instincts for warmth and cheeriness, she drew her typewriter over into the pale rays of the fading April sun, refusing to recognize that they flickered only to die in the lateness of the afternoon. They fell feebly on her own abundant golden hair—the one real thing about Sylvia.

Pieces—nothing but pieces—these broken reeds! She typed the context slowly, each key hammering it into her brain—"had to take her fun where she could get it free." Herself! A description of herself! Flora's parties! Flora! Tony! They were not the friends her mother wanted her to have. She ought not to go. She ought to call up now . . .

The hands of the clock were crawling, laggard-like, to the hour of five. She picked up the record sheets, clipped them to the face-card, replaced them in the folder.

"Telephone for you, Miss Ray!"

Something about the party, of course. She would tell her she could not go—be firm . . . Flora ought not to call her at the office. But there was no telephone at the lodging-house. Besides, she had left there, anyway. And, at that, her determination wavered. She had fallen weakly to Flora's pleadings to "stay all night—spend Sunday with me. Tony is off on some train somewhere in the wee, small hours." And Sylvia had jumped at the chance to economize—live on Flora, and save room rent for three days. She would look for a smaller, cheaper room on Monday. The price of the new gown had decided her.

It decided her now, as she took up the receiver. "Hello, dear! Oh, what a lark! No! Pick me up at the Plaza! No, I'm all ready now. Couldn't be very dressy as I'll have to go straight from here. Good-bye, dear!"

Humbly! Go straight from here? Two hours to wait before they would meet her at the Plaza. She was only too ready to slough off her working day at five. [Turn to page 101]



XX "COME ON NOW, SYLVIA, PLAY THE GAME!" XX

The Story of a Girl Who Thought That Love Was Destined to Pass Her By Forever

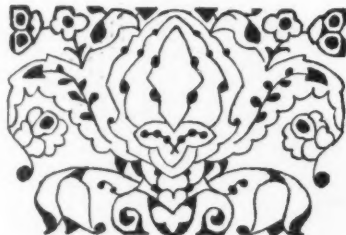


"MOUSE-LADY," HE WHISPERED, "FOR ONE OF YOUR NAME YOU'RE VERY DARING"

The MOUSE LADY

BY CONINGSBY DAWSON

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. HOWARD



HER cottage stood on the crest of the hill with the old town sloping down from it. There was only one building higher than hers; that was the red sandstone church, beneath whose shadow her garden nestled. Because it grew so near the clouds it was the first resting-place in spring for home-coming birds. She knew them all and when to expect them—the swallow, cuckoo, sedge-warbler, kestrel. She watched almost hourly for their return.

When she saw them beating up beneath the sun from the south, she would hasten to scatter millet as a welcome; and they, in lieu of thanks, hopping through the lilacs or perched on the thatch, for a day would twitter and sing to her of foreign lands.

It was the mother-heart within her that caused her to do that; these tired travellers had come back from the earth's ends to mate, and build nests, and raise nestlings. When she thought of the mysteries they had traversed and the love they would have, she almost wept; in their one year of life they had tasted more of ecstasy than she had in her twenty—she being loverless.

So, during the months of spring, her face was turned ever toward the horizon to the south. Through the rest of the year she gazed across the plain which girdled the hill's foundation, and traced with her eyes the broad white roads, how they narrowed in the distance as though exhausted with old age, till they dwindled into nothingness. And she watched the advance of dark, pin-point shadows, which were human travellers, telling herself stories of their journeys.

No one in the town knew much about her, though she had lived there as long as her memory would serve. There was none who could recall the manner of her coming.

The children named her the Mouse-Lady because she was shy and timorous, and would hide behind the shrubs and

draw back from the windows did any one observe her. By day they would make so bold as to push open her gate and steal her flowers, crying, "Oh, Mouse-Lady! Come out." When night had fallen, they ran past her darkened cottage in terror, without a sound.

The first flight of swallows had come back. Nightlong she had lain awake and listened to their chatter of love, strange seas and tropics; but this spring morning, when she rose, they had vanished. She went to the edge of her garden and looked down the sunlit street, which rushed steeply down the hill, between gray tottering houses, till it poured into the plain and lost itself in the remote greenness of fields and fallows. Somehow, she felt brave to-day—a sensation

new to her. When the children passed by to school and taunted her, crying, "Ho, Mouse-Lady!" she turned away her face, but stood her ground.

Perhaps the swallows had wrought the change, for the sky had lost its look of brooding antiquity and she knew, as never before, that he would surely come to her—this person whom she had so long awaited. Did a wood-

pecker tap against a tree, her heart stood still and her lips framed the words, "Come in, dear stranger." Did a wagoner halt at her gate to apply the skid before the descent, her throat came nigh to choking with strangling expectancy.

Yet she did not know for whom she waited. She was in love with love and with those ghost-children, who shivered in the black chaos, on the brink of creation, till he should call them into being that she might hush them on her breast.

Such despair as she had arose from fear lest Time, the sculptor, should grave lines round her eyes and mouth, chiseling old age from youth's first freshness, before her lover, the long-desired, had overtaken her. Should that happen, those little ghost-shadows would grope forever through the eternal night.

She was thinking of them now; with the thought came daring. Birds were building in the plain and the white road beckoned her. Who knew? he might be tramping across the sky-line to her rescue. His feet would be weary with so much travel; by going to meet him she would share his tiredness.

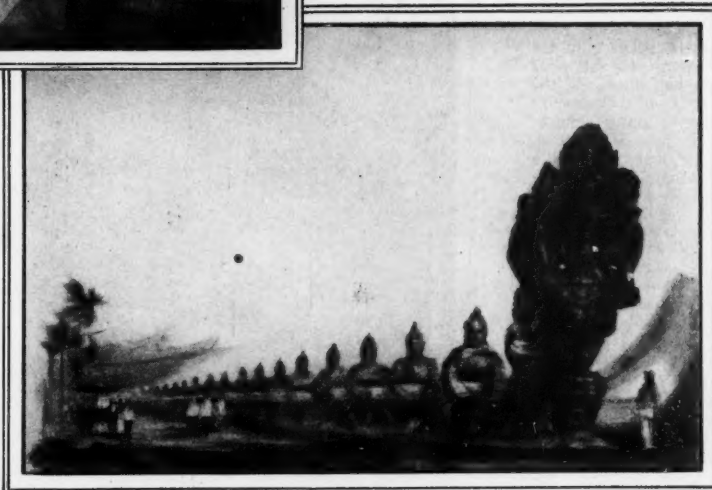
Without stopping to prepare herself, she slipped out from the garden and escaped through the town. No one saw her, though the sun splashed the street to gold, leaving scarce a shadow. The children were at school; the women busy and singing to themselves; the men, risen early, out in the fields at work. She cared not whither she went. Far out in the country a thrush was calling. She thought, "He is guiding me." She followed. Her eyes [Turn to page 98]



The sight, the sound, the very odor of the mysterious East—such is the spirit of Harry Hervey's account of his adventurous journey to Angkor in search of a lost city of fabulous beauty. A piece of writing so



colorful, so atmospheric, has not been published for a long time; and in this second installment Hervey describes vividly his emotions upon first glimpsing the city he had hoped to find.



TOP—A NATIVE HOME IN LAOS—BOTTOM, LEFT—NAGAS, THE SACRED SEVEN-HEADED SERPENTS OF THE EAST ON THE CAUSEWAY AT ANGKOR.—BOTTOM, RIGHT—THE MAGNIFICENT BALUSTRADE AT ANGKOR. THE FIGURES ARE THOSE OF ASURAS, THE ANGELS OF HINDU MYTHOLOGY.

DISCOVERING *a* LOST CITY

BY HARRY HERVEY

ILLUSTRATED BY HUGH FERRIS



GODS of the GREEN TWILIGHT



LES dieux de le crépuscule vert; they are the Gods that watch over Angkor-Thom."

Thus said Ong Kim Khouan, son of the Khmers. At Siem-reap, that tiny village pulsing in the dead shadow of Angkor, I met him. He spoke French with the perfect ease which he had acquired in the school at Siem-reap.

North from the bungalow at Angkor the road goes straight into a surf of jungle, where, like mighty foundered galleons, the palaces and temples of a vanished race lie desolate. Even the consoling sun which daily puts a flush upon their towers cannot give them more than a transitory semblance of life. Lizards make blue veins upon their haggard columns; cobras and other gliding things hold majesty in their courts.

We set out, my new friend and I, one early morning when the jungle was still wet and along the road spirals of foraging butterflies ascended like rockets. "Presently," announced Khouan, "you will see the Gate of Victory. But before we go into the city we will stop at Penom-Bakheng, an old pagoda."

Suddenly the palisade of jungle on the right seemed to dissolve in an indenture where a well-defined path ascended a hill, one of the very few in that vicinity. We dismounted, leaving our horses tethered at the foot of the steep incline. Two stone lions stood guard at the bottom of what was once a mighty staircase, but now is only a difficult footpath over dirt and conglomerate. At the top, in a clearing among tall trees, rose a small brick structure, obviously new, which served as a shrine for an immense "footprint of Buddha."



TOWER DEDICATED TO SHIVA AT PENOM—BAKHENG



Khouan waved it aside with fine disregard for superstition, and we moved on past the remains of two towers, to the foot of a tremendous terrace mounting in five tiers like a mammoth altar flung up to the very face of heaven.

The steps were narrow and difficult, and vines and rank weeds grew profusely over the terraces. On either side, crowning the two ends of each terrace, were piled stones that evidently had been towers. The usual stone lions were there, flanking the stairs. On the summit, rising from a broad esplanade, were the mournful masses of several towers, symmetrically placed, the central one, looming from the middle of the great platform, in a fair state of preservation although roofless, and ornamented with exquisite and delicate carving.

As we attained the top, breathless, nearly exhausted, a blue drone of sound flowed from the sanctuary. A moment later a Buddhist priest, or bonze, thrust his shaven head out of the doorway, and, as he saw us, ceased chanting. He then emerged, followed by another, their yellow robes livid and brilliant in the intense sunlight.

They did not appear cordial, even after Khouan spoke to them, and they watched us with somber curiosity as we moved about the terrace. From this elevation I could see that the main structure was built in the shape of a pyramid, rising in five many-towered tiers to the top platform where, surrounded by other smaller towers, the central obelisk thrust its sculptured height into the air. Inside this tower was the shrine; at one time, Khouan explained, it sheltered a golden Buddha. The encircling low walls and all the towers were ragged with foliage, beyond which, at the base of the pyramid, [Turn to page 113]



CONSUELO has quarreled violently with her husband, Laurence Endicott. Their marriage has remained on a platonic basis and has been kept secret even from Alan Chavillay, with whom Consuelo was in love as a young girl and whose charm and magnetism have again begun to exercise a spell over her.

ALTHOUGH Larry had not yet returned to his room, there was still fire in the grate. An angle of the room where the shadows were most deeply crimson enfolded the ebony cheval glass which had once held the image of Consuelo's mother. Many images had it held since then, and tonight, against a background of flame, it reflected the brooding figure of Germaine Raoul. Germaine was pleased with the turn events were taking.

Meanwhile Consuelo was standing at a window on the floor above, looking down upon the gay chain of lanterns, symbols of festivity that was no more. Was it only half an hour since she had left Larry . . . ?

She had been pondering upon her past behavior, starting with the scene when she had demanded from Larry a secret marriage, ending with the scene when she had stood up in an empty drawing room so valiantly for her rights. Viewed in the solitude of her bedroom, at the uncompromising hour of one, her attitude from beginning to end seemed not so much valiant ruthlessly selfish. She had begged Larry to meet her half way. Yet she had not taken so much as a single step in his direction. She had demanded an explanation of his conduct. Yet she had given no explanation of her own. The memory of Alan thrust itself forward, and with it came a kind of despair. She had been unjust, bitterly unjust. If indeed Larry had wronged her, was she herself blameless? What choice was there between them? But after all, she might be mistaken. Perhaps she had misjudged Larry. Perhaps she alone was to blame.

She paced up and down from dresser to window, from window to dresser one, two, three times . . . Larry was Galahad . . . She repeated the phrase to herself sadly. And the phrase reversed itself. Was Larry a Galahad? This was the crux of the matter. Then, resolved to satisfy herself on this point at least, Consuelo went swiftly down through the corridor, and, without knocking, into Larry's room.

"What you do here?" The words leaped from the throat of Germaine, who, motionless on her ottoman, sat staring at Consuelo.

Whatever tumult took place beneath the smooth surface of control, Consuelo's voice gave no sign. "Good evening, Made-moiselle," she said with an odd courtesy. "May I come in?"

It was an absurd question, for already she was moving toward the Frenchwoman. It was an absurd question, but it brought swift retort. "You got no business here," cried Germaine.

Consuelo took possession of Larry's armchair. The truth was that her knees had given way beneath her, but to Germaine it appeared only a piece of unparalleled insolence. "I say you must go," Germaine repeated in a rising tone. "I tell you I am the one he loves."

"And I," came slowly from Consuelo, "I am his wife."

"That I know." And the victory was Germaine's, as, with a sort of majesty, she crossed the room and went out. So Germaine went away, and though she passed Larry

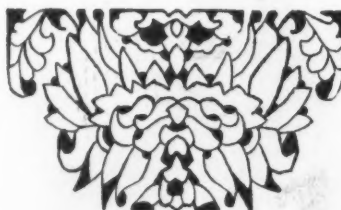


"THIS IS THE STRANGEST AND SWEETEST OF THEM ALL"

The SILVER SNAKES

BY RAYNER SEELIG

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. HEITLAND



in the hall she did not look once in his direction. But Larry, startled out of his own absorption by the anguish of those averted eyes, stood watching her until she disappeared. Then, stooping slightly, as if sorrow had put a material burden upon his shoulders, he entered his own bedroom, where his own wife waited . . .

She was facing the hearth when Larry entered, but she turned in time to see his face go blank. Her first sensation was one of relief. Larry had recognized her at once, and he stood motionless, bewildered, as though the blinding glare of a searchlight had flashed across his vision.

"I say—" stammered Consuelo's husband—"is this a jolly dream?"

"It may be a dream," replied Consuelo, "but—jolly?"

Larry made a perceptible effort to recover his composure. "I assure you it is priceless to me." His emotion accentuated the formality of his tone. As he came forward, a hint of the old whimsical smile hovered about his mouth. "I can't

guess the reason that brought you."

"Not the same one that made me stay." And Consuelo, abandoning what threatened to be a battle of evasions finished. "Sit down and I'll explain."

Larry sat down.

"I was foolish enough," Consuelo told him, "to attribute your behavior to a set of circumstances which I shan't trouble to explain. Now that I understand why honor forbids you—" She broke off, shrugging her shoulders. "You spoke of making a mistake, a mistake which you called irrevocable. We both made the mistake, Larry. We should never have married, and—"

"Consuelo—"

"And the only thing left to do is—get unmarried as soon as possible."

She rose abruptly and held out her hand. "It's been a bad bargain for both of us. We'll be better—free."

And that was all. Only, when she was gone Larry sat where Germaine had been, and he too thought of dreams that were shattered and illusions that were gone. Still as a corpse he was, surrounded by the shadow of a thing that had never been. That could never be. But one last mercy destiny accorded: that Larry in his thoughts saw Consuelo always alone, this night of Larry's last long vigil.

BUT Consuelo was not alone. From Larry's room she went downstairs, hoping to cool her anger in the coolness of the garden. And there she discovered Alan, Nicolette, and Miss Prim, rooting about mysteriously among the newly planted flowers.

Consuelo straightened her shoulders, set her face into a synthetic complacency, and called out in her most genial voice: "What's going on?"

"It's little Pansy."

Miss Prim straightened up and brushed some grass off her hands. "She's stole my keys again."

"And what you think the little Pansy say?" interrupted Nicolette. "She tell the Prim to hunt in the garden, and there she will find the key."

She was cut short by a loud shriek from Miss Prim, who had seen the light from the windows reflected on metal. "You see, you see," screamed Miss Prim, and falling on her knees, grasped that which had attracted her attention.

"Great Scott," ejaculated Alan, seeing her pick something up. "I'll bet you planted them yourself."

But Miss Prim was staring blankly at the thing she had retrieved from among the flowers. Some moments passed before she spoke. And then: "It ain't the keys," she said dramatically. "It's Miss Gage's bracelet."

Consuelo looked down; the silver snake was twined about her arm, above the elbow.

"My bracelet?" she said. "Nonsense. I have my bracelet on." She talked so softly they could hardly hear her. Walking cautiously, as though she skirted the edge of a precipice, she drew near Miss Prim. "May I see it?"

Alan and Nicolette had come close, excited and eager. Miss Prim held out the tarnished mud-clotted bracelet, which, for all its dark disguise, was plainly the duplicate of Consuelo's.

"It . . . it's the one that my . . . my mother had. It must be."

And with a sudden movement Consuelo almost snatched it from Miss Prim and bore it to the light. They were all very still, while Consuelo wiped the dirt away with her slim white fingers, and looked at the inside [Turn to page 76]



AN ITALIAN MONASTERY



THE LOVELY SPOT WHERE MUSSOLINI GOT HIS EARLY SCHOOLING



THE VENETIAN RIALTO

What do you think of Mussolini? Is he a blessing or a menace? In this last article of her brilliant series about "Il Duce," Miss Tarbell gives her answers to these questions as the result of her exhaustive study of Mussolini made in Italy during the past few months especially for the readers of McCall's. Her summing up is of immense interest and represents one of the really important contributions made to the true story of the world's greatest dictator.

THE GREATEST STORY IN THE WORLD TODAY

BY IDA M. TARBELL



It would be hard to find today, in all the world, a more active and versatile mind and a more sustained energy than in Benito Mussolini. His range of interests is as wide as his activities are keen and incessant. Analyze these interests and you find that they almost invariably are concerned with the betterment of the lives of everyday men, women and children. Nothing that touches the human masses is foreign to him, nor ever has been. To make life more tolerable for all has been the passion of his heart from boyhood. The tremendous power that he feels in himself, and seems always to have felt, has been turned continuously to this problem. It was that that made him a fighting Socialist from boyhood up to 1914. It is that that has colored all his acts since he came into power.

Never is Mussolini more eager, more eloquent and more positive than when some phase of his program for improving the living conditions of the poor is touched. Talking with him in Rome one day I spoke of my satisfaction in the "popular houses" as they call them, out on the sunny plains south of Rome. I could tell him that I thought that Italy was coming nearer to meeting the need of the very poor in what she was building than anything we so far had done in America, that with the best intentions our housing schemes nearly always turned out to be too expensive for the unskilled man and woman of small means.

Instantly the charming smile to which Mussolini had treated me up to this point in our talk, his interest in my plans and my impressions faded, his jaw set, his eye blazed, he began pounding his desk. "We must have little houses, cheap houses," he cried. "How can you expect people to be orderly or contented when they must live in dark, wretched, unsanitary homes? The housing in Naples for instance is a national humiliation. I want to see everybody with a comfortable roof over his head, and out in the country, as far as possible. That is why we are spending so much money here in Rome"—and he quoted figures "to get rid of these narrow, dark streets, to tear down these buildings centuries old, utterly unfit for human beings, to get the workers where they will have sun and a bit of land."

"But it is not for factory workers," he warned me. "I don't want Rome to become an industrial city. It would spoil these fine Roman people. They are sweet people, you will

see, and industries in a big city injure people. Look at the workers in our big northern towns—they are too often pale and bent. It is bad for the family. A woman working in a factory in a city often neglects her family, finds outside distraction. If she has a little home with a little garden, in a pleasant industrial community, it is different. She can have a healthy social life there. That is one of our problems, to get a healthy social life for the families of factory workers."

Mussolini believes in families—big families. Some time ago the advocates of birth control attempted to start their propaganda in Italy. "There are too many people for your land," they said. "It is dangerous for the peace of

Italy."—And instead of curtailing children, he believes they should be looked after better. To do that the mother must be looked after, helped through her ordeal, helped in the early days of nursing and care, given a house, if it is but two rooms, with air and sun. Taking care of the mothers has become one of his hobbies—like improved housing. Italy had a maternity law before he came on the scene, but it had not been vigorously administered. It was among the early things that he attacked. Today there is a maternity fund, built up by the joint contributions of the worker and the employer, helped out by the State. It is not a heavy drain. The woman worker must pay three lire, her employer four a year, and when her child is born she gets 100 lire—a sum which would look small in this country but not in Italy.

There are the strictest kind of regulations for the administering of this law, and the result is that they are giving in Italy a care of mothers and infants such as has never been given before. Moreover, the mother has attention when she goes back to work, which must not be too soon. The employer is expected under the new labor laws to establish a crèche where babies can be left under the care of skilled women, and some of the most beautiful arrangements of this sort that I have ever seen anywhere I found in Italy.

The extent to which Mussolini enters into the whole maternity problem is shown by the new regulations concerning the nursing of children. This is not merely for the workers. In Italy today there is no woman so high in the aristocracy that she is not required to nurse her baby for five months from birth. A bureau, officered mainly by aristocrats, looks after these aristocratic mothers!

Mussolini would have education of children begin early. The children of the poor, if he has his way, will soon be getting an education of a broader and more stimulating kind than even the children of the rich have had—and it will be given them in warm, sanitary, modernized school buildings. If they go early to work, as most Italian boys and girls do, the employer must give them time and opportunity to continue their education—that the new labor [Turn to page 92]

MUSSOLINI'S DAUGHTER AND HIS TWO SONS



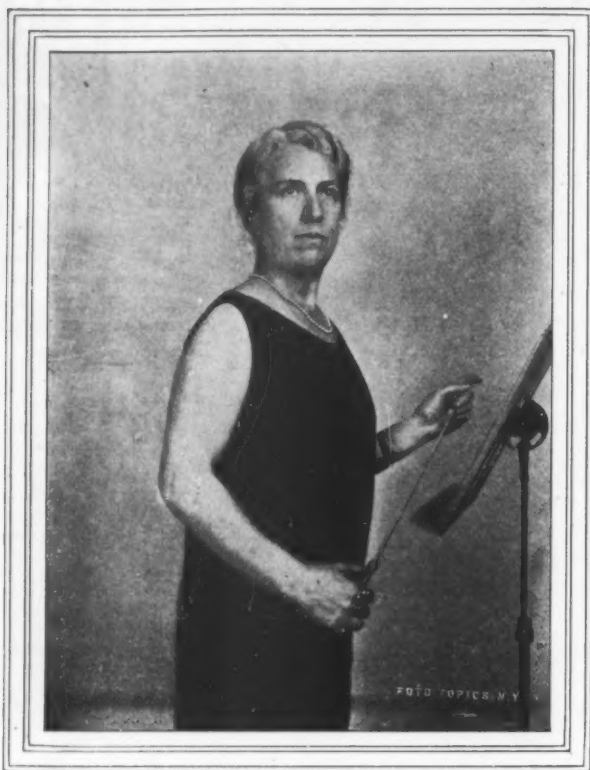
MUSSOLINI GIVING THE FASCIST SALUTE

MUSSOLINI'S BLACKSMITH FATHER AND HIS MOTHER



♦ WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD ♦

THE NEWS OF THE MONTH'S ACTIVITIES



NEW YORK HAD NEVER SEEN A WOMAN CHORAL CONDUCTOR UNTIL MISS DESOFF LED THE SCHOLA CANTORUM, A WORLD FAMOUS CHORAL ORGANIZATION, ON DECEMBER 29 OF LAST YEAR. FROM THE ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE IT WAS EVIDENT THAT THIS FEMININE INVASION HAD BEEN SUCCESSFUL. (PHOTOGRAPH BY PHOTO TOPICS)

THE MUSICAL EVENT OF THE MONTH

A WOMAN CONDUCTOR for a FAMOUS CHORUS

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

LOUD and long were the wails of the music lovers when Kurt Schindler listened once too often to the siren song of the movies and resigned last spring from the leadership of the Schola Cantorum of New York to take charge of the chorus work in the forthcoming Roxy Theatre. For the Schola, had, during the past decade, made its programs and its concerts notable events in the New York musical season and the question of selecting his successor was, consequently, one of more than local interest.

The problem proved so difficult, in fact, that the directors of the Schola were not able to solve it permanently, and intrusted the leadership of the organization for this season to two guest-conductors. One of these is Margarette Dessoff, who opened the season by conducting its Christmas concert in Carnegie Hall on December 29th last.

Conducting is a field of music in which women have in the past been conspicuously absent. This is curious, considering the magnitude of their contributions to other branches of interpretative art. I have never heard of a woman being permanent conductor of a major symphony orchestra. There are a few women choral conductors, but their activities are nearly always confined to



MISS MARGARETE DESOFF, A FEMININE PIONEER IN AN IMPORTANT FIELD



women's organizations. It is very seldom that a woman is called, as Miss Dessoff has been, to take charge of a large mixed chorus of the first rank.

She is a Viennese, whose name has been a familiar one in European musical circles for several years. Miss Dessoff began conducting choruses while still in her 'teens, and had her first pronounced success in Wiesbaden in 1912, where she conducted a women's chorus at the Brahms festival of that year.

The program she chose for the Schola concert was an absorbing, albeit a difficult one. It included two unfamiliar Bach cantatas, a group of Brahms motets, compositions by Schubert and the old Flemish master, Sweelinck, a Spanish hymn arranged by Kurt Schindler, and a group of old French carols. The difficulties it presented to the singers were formidable enough to have been a test for any conductor.

To say that Miss Dessoff passed the test is to praise her achievement very moderately.

There was no need for the listener to be polite, and call her an excellent woman conductor. She would be a notable conductor even if her first name were Herman or Johannes. Her interpretation of the music was always that of a sensitive and skilled musician who could

elaborate detail without sacrificing structure. In particular her handling of the elaborate inter-weaving of the voices in the Brahms and Bach works was impressive. She conducts with what can best be described inelegantly as pep; her gestures are vigorous and to the point, and will never earn her the reproachful adjective, "ladylike."

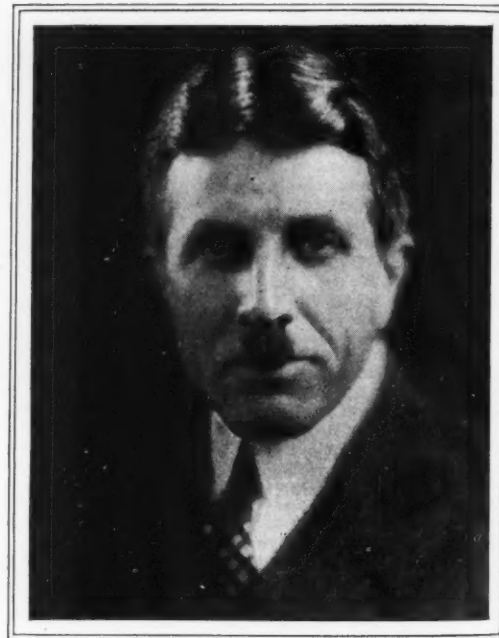
Under her leadership the chorus sang with freshness of tone and apparent enthusiasm, and kept well on the pitch. The clear diction of the singers, the crisp attacks and releases, the good rhythm and control of light and shade were an eloquent tribute not only to their conductor's musicianship but to her talents as a—does one say drillmistress? Whatever be the Schola's ultimate choice, the experiment of the Christmas concert may be set down as distinctly a successful one. Another masculine monopoly in the arts seems to have been broken; the hand that rocks the cradle can shake a stick as well.

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

THE VOICE OF ST. FRANCIS

BY REV. LYNN HAROLD HOUGH, D. D.

REVIEWED BY
REV. JOSEPH FORT NEWTON, D. D.



REV. LYNN HAROLD HOUGH, D. D.

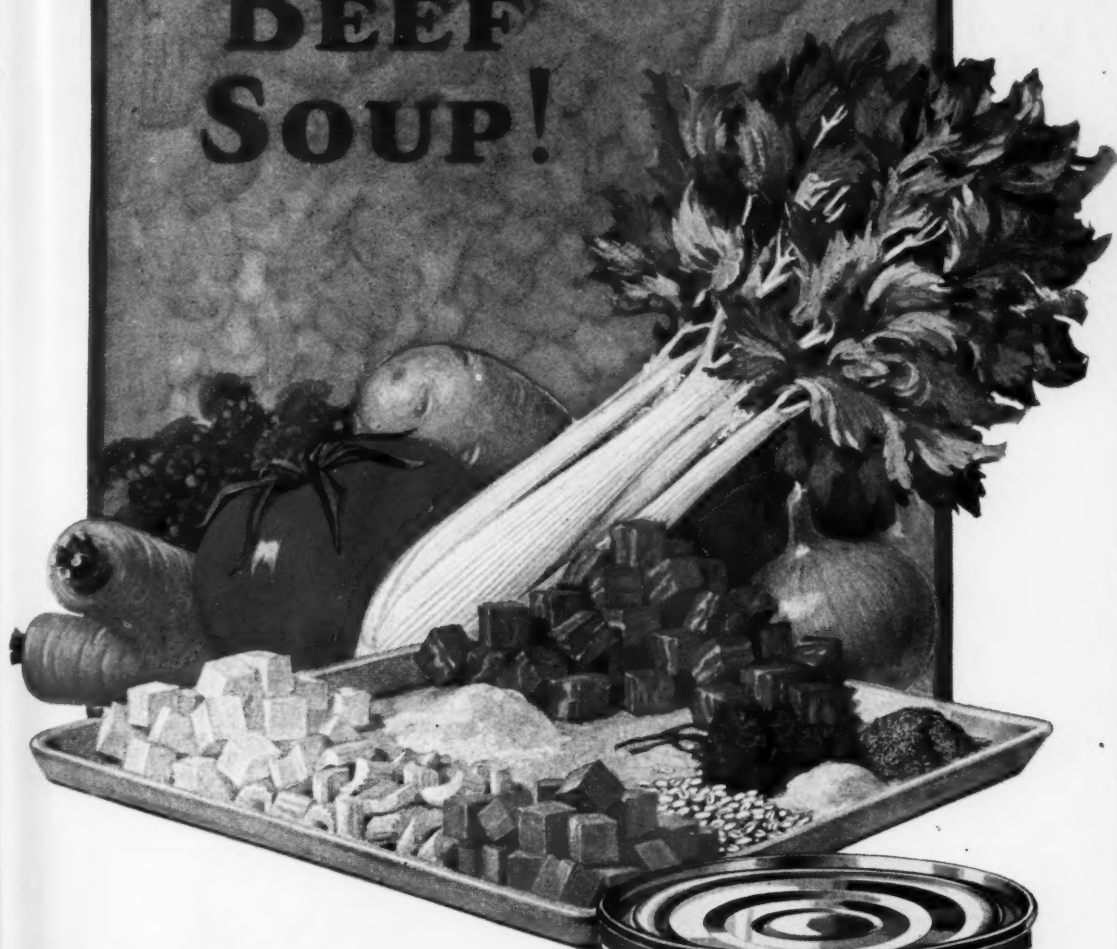
IT is remarkable how men of all faiths, and men of no faith—if such there be—have joined in celebrating the 700th anniversary of the death of St. Francis of Assisi. It is as it should be, because, as all agree, the Little Poor Man is the best known and best beloved figure since Jesus lodged with the fishermen by the sea. The tribute paid to him bespeaks a growing catholicity of spirit, and a deepening sense of appreciation and understanding.

The sermon here reviewed was preached in Carrs Lane Church, Birmingham, England, by the Rev. Lynn Harold Hough where he is a frequent visitor. The preacher interprets Francis as a Saint of the Order of Poets, a great artist in Christian living, taking for his text the words: "He being dead yet speaketh."

Dr. Hough sees St. Francis in the setting of his age, surrounded by the great figures of the Middle Ages: Abelard, with his warm and magnetic temperament; St. Thomas, with his vast learning and profound thought; Innocent III, who sought to make politics an instrument of the Kingdom of God; Dante, in whom thirteen silent centuries found voice. These faces are shown us against a background of Gothic architecture, with its pointed arch, its flying buttress, its cathedral poised as if it had come down from above instead of being built up from below—the expectant genius of Christianity wrought in stone.

With vivid touches Dr. Hough traces briefly the story of St. Francis. How he went singing through the world, "God's Troubadour"; how his Order grew; how his crusade was carried even into Mohammedan lands; how his kiss of a leper rang through the world, evoking a new pity; how his spirit of purity and joy, and his sense of the kinship of all breathing things, won its way; how, at last, in utter and lonely communion with God, he received [Turn to page 44]

BEEF SOUP!



*Hearty pieces
of nourishing meat
in every
spoonful!*

12 cents a can



EAT SOUP and KEEP WELL!

"SUCCESS is largely a matter of habit," wrote a very successful man. Just as truly he might have said that *health* is largely a matter of habit. For success, socially or in business life, goes hand in hand with health. Of course what this prominent man meant was that being successful and happy and prosperous depended on doing daily a few essential things which in a short time became matters of habit. After that, the desired rewards are reaped with surprising regularity.

Buoyant, rosy health seems so far off and difficult to attain, for many people. "If only I wouldn't tire so easily!" "If I only had the pep and go of Alice!" "If I had her good looks, wouldn't I make a fine impression!" "Nothing ever seems to get on Bob's nerves—wish I could say the same about myself!" Don't you hear remarks like these almost every day?

YET SCIENCE is teaching us as never before that good health depends mostly on a few simple fundamental rules, certain to bring the wished-for results, if only—and this is the all-important fact—if only these simple rules are followed habitually from day to day. Sleep, exercise, the open air, the right kind of food!

Eating soup and keeping well go hand in hand. Soup is one of the foods the experts tell us should be eaten every day. Soup appears in the daily menus for the family table as recommended by the leading dietitians and teachers of domestic science. Soup is a hot, liquid food which has a special place and usefulness in the daily diet, well recognized by the authorities. So do not think of soup as simply a delicious dish to be served or omitted as your fancy pleases. For soup *belongs* in the daily diet and should be eaten regularly, not just occasionally.

AND HERE are the reasons: Soup offers to your appetite a variety of tempting and delightful flavors you cannot get in any other food. Soup stimulates the appetite, arouses the desire for food, not only satisfies you but makes you keen for your other food as well. Soup causes the digestive juices to flow more freely. This has a favorable effect both on appetite and digestion. Not only is more food eaten but it is assimilated into the body tissues more thoroughly.

Let this be one of your daily habits that go so far toward the building of health and success. Let no day go by without its plateful of hot, nourishing, delicious soup. You will enjoy it so much and it will do you so much good. So easy and convenient, too, with all the charming soups to choose from at your store!



If I may speak, as man and sheik,
This secret I'll impart:
Each Campbell's kind will always find
A soft spot in my heart.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

Time-saving meals from "left-overs"

All recipes
on this page cooked
in five minutes or less



I MADE all the foods on this page from left-overs of meats and vegetables, deep fried in Crisco—the way the French chef does. Served with a well-seasoned sauce, these dishes will lend a French touch to your meals and at the same time help reduce your household expenses.

Put the Crisco into your cold kettle or saucepan and heat it slowly. There will be no smoke or unpleasant odor if your Crisco is heated right, as explained in each recipe. *Don't wait for Crisco to smoke.*

You can use the same Crisco for everything you fry—fish, meats, vegetables, even cauliflower and onions—and not one will ever taste of the other. Simply strain the Crisco back into the can after using and once in a while clear it by frying in it a few slices of raw potato.

I do not know how I could keep house without all the good things to eat Crisco gives me. Cakes that you simply cannot tell from those made with butter; the tenderest, flakiest pie crusts; fluffy, golden biscuits.

Winifred S. Foster



An Astonishing Blindfold Test

See if this doesn't give you the greatest surprise of your whole cooking experience!

Put a little Crisco on the tip of one spoon. On the tip of another place a little of the fat you are now using; have someone blindfold you, and give you first one, then the other to taste.

Now did you ever imagine there could be such a striking difference in the taste of cooking fats? Think what an improvement Crisco's own sweetness and freshness will make in your own cakes, pies, biscuits, and fried foods.

ALL MEASUREMENTS LEVEL
All recipes on this page tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

Crisco is the trade-mark for a superior shortening manufactured and guaranteed purely vegetable by The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A.



Meat Fritters

Bits of cold left-over meat make a delicious meal for four people and it takes only a few minutes to prepare and cook them.

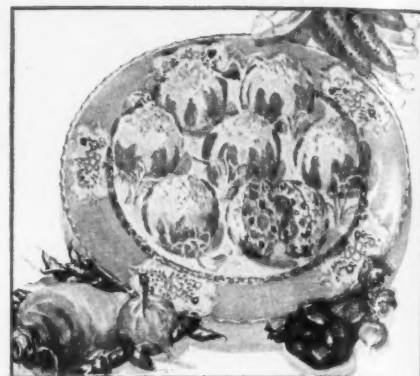
1 cup chopped cold meat
1 tablespoon chopped onion
1 tablespoon chopped parsley
1/4 teaspoon pepper
1/4 teaspoon salt

1 cup bread flour
1 egg beaten
2 teaspoons baking powder
1/2 cup milk

Beat egg, add milk, then flour and baking powder sifted together. Beat smooth. Add remaining ingredients. Mix well. Drop by spoonfuls into Crisco heated to 350° F. or when a small piece of bread browns in 60 seconds. Fry until brown and thoroughly cooked. Drain on brown paper. Serve with left-over gravy or cream sauce seasoned with a little Worcestershire sauce.

One cup left-over mashed potato may take the place of the flour, baking powder and milk. Simply mix in order given and fry at 375-385° F. or when bread browns in 40 seconds.

1/2 cup green pepper with lamb and potatoes is delicious but you need to roll this mixture in egg and crumbs, to hold it together.



Fried Vegetable Balls

A new and delicious way to make left-over vegetables go a long way: Cooked spinach, cabbage, parsnips, turnips; carrots plain or with green peas or chopped celery; uncooked green peppers. Serve with cold meat. Or serve with a cream sauce for the main luncheon dish. Prepare them any time, and fry in Crisco two minutes when ready to serve. Or reheat them in the oven a day or two later—they will taste as fresh and delicious as when first made.

2 cups cooked vegetable, chopped
2 tablespoons Crisco
2 tablespoons grated onion
3/4 cup dry bread crumbs
1 egg yolk
1/2 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons grated cheese
1/4 teaspoon allspice

More dry crumbs and 1 egg for "breading"
Combine ingredients and let stand 10 minutes to swell crumbs. Shape into balls. (If not stiff enough to handle add more bread crumbs.) Beat egg with 1/4 cup water until mixed. Roll balls in crumbs, then in egg and then in crumbs again. Drop in hot deep Crisco 350° F. or when a piece of bread browns in 20 seconds, until brown. Drain on soft paper and serve.



Croquettes Tropica

A delicious way to save bits of left-over chicken or other fowl.

1 1/2 cups minced cooked chicken
1/2 cup peeled ground Brazil nuts
1 egg yolk beaten
1/4 teaspoon curry powder
1 teaspoon lime juice (or lemon)
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 teaspoon paprika
1/2 teaspoon celery salt
*White sauce to mix (see below)

Dry bread crumbs and egg

Mix ingredients in order given. Form into shape. Roll in crumbs, then in egg, then again in crumbs. Arrange in wire basket and fry until brown in deep hot Crisco (395° F.) or when a small piece of bread browns in 20 seconds. Drain on soft paper. Serve with cream sauce.

Use the same white sauce to make croquettes from other left-overs (fish, beef, veal, combinations of vegetables). Season as you like. Use enough sauce to hold together and follow the same method. Always use dry bread crumbs when egg is used.

*WHITE SAUCE (for mixing): Blend together 4



Ham Fritters with Bananas

An unusually delicious and attractive way to serve left-over ham. Bananas are especially nice fried in deep Crisco.

2 cups chopped left-over ham
2 cups chopped onion if desired
3 tablespoons bread flour
2 tablespoons milk
2 eggs
Salt if needed

Beat eggs, add milk, seasoning and ham, then flour. Drop by spoonfuls into hot Crisco (395° F.) or when a small piece of bread browns in 20 seconds, until brown. Drain on soft paper. Arrange on center of platter and surround with bananas fried as follows:

FRIED BANANAS—Take 6 small bananas, peel, dip in lemon juice, roll in dry bread crumbs, and fry as above until brown. Garnish with parsley.

PROCTER & GAMBLE
Dept. of Home Economics Section L-2,
Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me free, the cook book entitled
"Sarah Field Splint's Selected Recipes."

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Free!
COOK BOOK

127 recipes originated and tested by Sarah Field Splint, Food and Household Management Editor, McCall's Magazine. New, delicious recipes for every class of cooking, never before published. To receive this cook book, free, simply fill in and mail coupon.



To test your cooking fat, taste it. Crisco's sweet flavor will astonish you.

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD

THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH THE CHINA OF TOMORROW

BY
COLONEL EDWARD M. HOUSE
COPYRIGHT BY McCALL'S MAGAZINE, 1927

THE aftermath of the Great War, with all the confusion in the economic, social and political affairs of Europe, has obscured the significance of the convulsion now rocking China. Our ties with Europe are close, and we have been so engrossed in the struggle there to regain the equilibrium destroyed by war that we have, to some extent, lost our sense of proportion regarding the world at large.

The East, and China in particular, cannot be judged by Western standards, therefore it is difficult for us to realize what influences are most potent in determining events in the Orient. What we may accept as true is that China is going through a period of travail, and the outcome of it all is of great importance not alone to her but to all the world. A striking characteristic of the new movement in China is the freedom of women. It is one of its outstanding features. Women go abroad for educational purposes in ever-increasing numbers; they lead in political and other organizations; sit as members of provincial legislatures, and are generally more forward looking than the men.

So new and recent is our civilization that it is impossible for us to comprehend the state of mind and purposes of the inhabitants of this ancient state. Public opinion in the West moves quickly like the current of a stream. In China it moves more like a glacier. Nevertheless it does move and is moving today and in one general direction—the direction of national self-consciousness. The day has gone when China will willingly permit her internal affairs and her foreign policy to be dominated by the powers.

Why she has submitted so long can be explained only by her lack of unity and by the fundamental aversion of the Chinese for war. Tang Shao-Yi, one of her most intelligent and forward looking statesmen, said in an interview with Edward Price Bell; "We are bodily and mentally fit for war; Chinese are not cowards; they are not afraid to die. Chinese have not learned war because they abominate it."

And then he says: "It is the peculiar and unpardonable sin of foreign persecution of China that it tends to deflect the most populous nation in Asia and in the world from the paths of peace to the paths of war. I am frankly astonished to see great peoples struggling toward world peace through a league of nations, and, at the same time, pursuing policies in the Orient calculated to drive into militarism the greatest and most peaceful division of humanity."

This is a terrible indictment, but can it honestly be denied? That the great powers are not consciously driving China into militarism is true, but the effect of their policy toward her will be to force her citizens to arms and to create a mighty instrument of defence against outside interference.

It is too early to predict the final outcome of China's present upheaval. Some observers believe that the trend is toward separate states, with perhaps a loose bond of confederation between them. This might be achieved more quickly than a general consolidation, but it would not satisfy ardent patriots. A China divided would still be a China to be exploited; a united China could defy the world. But that is a long road to travel. The exigencies of the World War loosened Germany's hold, only to tighten that of Japan and to leave Great Britain, France and Russia hanging on with grim determination. The extent of foreign control may be realized when we learn that the powers hold more than forty cities in China, lying along the coast and navigable rivers, in which they regulate and collect custom dues and control the revenues.

The United States long [Turn to page 44]



HELEN HAYES

THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS

By Sir James Barrie

REVIEWED BY STARK YOUNG

IT is a long time now, in the count of the theatre at least, since Maude Adams presented Barrie's *What Every Woman Knows* to her adoring public. And now that this comedy has been revived, and so successfully—after six months it still plays to crowded houses—it is only ungrateful to make comparisons. We can remember that lovely charm of Maude Adams, that wistful beauty, that voice that asked so little and asked so much. But we can remember too that Miss Helen Hayes plays the heroine's part very expertly, with charm, with variety and to a warm and delighted applause. We can be only too grateful for her courage in risking such a venture and for her success with it.

As for Sir James Barrie, it is plain that his work holds its own in the theatre. In London the revivals are constant and rarely fail; in our theatre every season or so brings us something of Barrie's, and still to devoted audiences.

It is customary to speak of Barrie as if his were a hit and miss talent. As a matter of fact, nothing could be greater critical nonsense than this. The technique of Barrie's plays rests on the soundest of foundations. He has not regular structure, strict dramatic convention or formal beauty. But he always knows exactly what is going [Turn to page 44]

THE EUROPEAN EVENT OF THE MONTH

STATESMEN AND SOLDIERS

BY
THE EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH, K. G.
COPYRIGHT BY McCALL'S MAGAZINE, 1927

THE remarkable book which Field Marshal Sir William Robertson has just published, under the title *Soldiers and Statesmen*, is a contribution of unusual interest and significance to the history of the Great War. The author had in a previous work (*From Private to Field Marshal*) drawn a picture, at once modest and vivid, of the successive stages in his own romantic career, in the course of which a soldier from the ranks rose through his own unaided merits to be Head of the Staff College, and in the war to be Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

There is, of necessity, a good deal of controversial matter in the book, but there is abundant evidence throughout of a determination to be just, and to realize the gravity and novelty of the political, no less than of the strategical, problems of the War. This indeed is the main question which will suggest itself to every reader of the book: What is the true relation in time of war between statesmanship and strategy? What are the respective functions of the soldier and the politician? No one will dispute the general proposition that strategy must be subordinate to policy. It is not for the general staff of the Army or Navy, or of both combined, to determine whether there is or is not a *casus belli*.

But when War has actually broken out, as history abundantly proves, quite a different set of problems arises. From the time Napoleon became First Consul to the end of his career, there could be no question of collision of opinion between ministers and generals, for the authority of both was concentrated in a single person. The same was true of Gustavus Adolphus and Frederick the Great. But when, as more often happens, the general in the field is subject to the orders of his government at home, the case is very difficult. Domestic politics and the fluctuations of party fortunes at Westminster were constantly hampering and embarrassing the greatest of English commanders, the Duke of Marlborough. In the early days of the Civil War in America, Lincoln constantly pressed upon his generals his own opinions on purely military matters. It was not until he had tried in turn McClellan, Burnside, Hooker, and Meade that he at last found in Grant the general that won the War. Grant seems to have stipulated from the first that he was to be absolutely free from all interference; Lincoln, after his appointment, contented himself with an occasional suggestion, and even declared that he did not know, or wish to know, the general's plan of campaign.

The Great War of 1914-1918 was upon an unprecedented scale both by land and sea. Policy and strategy being (as they were) so inextricably intermingled, it would have been impossible and indeed ridiculous to treat them as though they could be independent of one another. But there was one rule which was both safe and simple to follow. Once the governing objectives for the time had been decided, after the fullest consultation with their expert advisers, by the ultimate authority, the responsible ministers at home, the execution should always be left, as Lincoln discovered by experience, to the untrammelled discretion of the General Staff and the commanders on the spot.

If after fair and full trial of your Chief of the Staff, and of your commanders in the field, you are not satisfied of their competence for the task entrusted to them, recall and replace them. But so long as they are there, give them confidence and a free hand. Sir William Robertson's narrative affords some striking illustrations, both positive and negative, of the practical importance in war of this elementary maxim.



ABOVE—JOHN SHAND, MAGGIE'S HUMORLESS HUSBAND, IN AN ELECTIONEERING POSE

LEFT—MAGGIE SHAND REFUSES TO BE AWED BY THESE TITLED LADIES
RIGHT—HELEN HAYES, AS MAGGIE, RELINQUISHES JOHN TO HER ARISTOCRATIC RIVAL

(PHOTOS BY WHITE STUDIO)



♦ WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE WORLD ♦

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

SORROWS OF SATAN
DIRECTED BY D. W. GRIFFITH

REVIEWED BY
ROBERT E. SHERWOOD



ADOLPHE MENJOU AS A SOPHISTICATED SATAN

BEHIND that extremely uneven photoplay, "*The Sorrows of Satan*," is the story of David Wark Griffith's extremely uneven career—a career that has been of vital importance in the development of the motion picture both as an industry and as an art.

It was Griffith, seventeen years ago, who made the first really successful movie dramas and who, in 1914, produced "*The Birth of a Nation*" and thereby lifted the startled cinematograph from the class of nickelodeon entertainment and placed it in competition with the august speaking stage. It was Griffith who, with "*Broken Blossoms*," proved that a picture needs no tremendous mobs, no spectacular battle scenes, no colossal settings to be great.

It was Griffith who made America foremost in the production of movies, who established Hollywood as the film capital of the world, who discovered such stars as Mary Pickford, Lillian and Dorothy Gish, Norma and Constance Talmadge, Mae Marsh, Richard Barthelmess, Charles Ray and a great many others.

Griffith has made incalculable fortunes for other men and women—and today is practically penniless himself. Such is the case with many another pioneer; in the world of scientific or artistic exploration, the phrase "Better late than never," is usually rendered, "Better late than early." Those who arrive late in newly discovered fields usually manage to reap the harvest of wealth and glory that the pioneers had sown.

In Griffith's mind, [Turn to page 38]



The NEWS EVENT of the MONTH of INTEREST to WOMEN

AMERICA'S CRITICS

BY HELEN TAFT MANNING
COPYRIGHT BY McCALL'S MAGAZINE, 1927

WE Americans ought to be getting fairly thick skinned. It is hard to pick up a newspaper or magazine without coming across some sweeping criticism of our people and our national policies. Personally, I can read without flinching, and even with a certain satisfaction, some of our native critics who like Sinclair Lewis put their fingers on many of our pet weaknesses and show us those arid wastes in American life which they know so well. But I must confess to a sense of irritation when I come across an attack like the recent poetical remarks of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. At first one gathers that Mr. Kipling's criticism is based on the fact that we didn't go into the war early enough to suit his taste.

I can feel more sympathy for Mr. Kipling if he is but venting his spleen after reading American political speeches uttered for home consumption and filled with praise for ourselves at the expense of European nations. But the deeper criticism at which Kipling hints—

"So he swiftly made his own
Those lost spoils he had not won"—

this is an accusation which we find launched against us so often in these days that we cannot avoid asking ourselves whether we deserve it. We are materialists, it is said; our civilization is an orgy of money-chasing and we care for nothing but the accumulation of wealth. Uncle Sam appears in the cartoons of European papers looking out on the world through a pair of dollar signs instead of spectacles, or in the role of a Shylock demanding his pound of flesh.

We have put ourselves at a great disadvantage as far as world opinion is concerned by our policy with respect to the collection of debts from our former allies—there can be no question about that. Our statesmen seem prepared to haggle for the next century over the return of money which the American people would willingly have given outright for the prosecution of the war had it been asked. Indeed our national fault is that we enjoy spending our money rather than saving it. The very Europeans who brand us for national stinginess probably turn up their noses at the individual Americans who visit them for spending so lavishly and often unwisely.

Whatever our politicians may say, it is probable that most of us would rather write the war loans off the books as a bad job than take the trouble to think through the difficult questions of foreign policy which are involved in any just or even in any profitable solution of the problem. The state of mind which is expressed in the remark that a debt is a debt is born of ignorance and indifference rather than stinginess.

But we have some of the virtues that go with our faults, and in the past we have not been lacking in generous and even in quixotic response to appeals—as the extraordinary total of the war loans themselves may serve to reveal. There is a real irony in our present role before the nations of Europe.



ABOVE—IN THE GROUPING OF EACH SCENE ONE CAN DISCERN THE SUPERB CRAFTSMANSHIP OF D. W. GRIFFITH

LEFT—LYA DE PUTTI, EXPONENT EXTRAORDINARY OF FEMINE GUILT, HAS AN IMPORTANT ROLE IN "*SORROWS OF SATAN*"

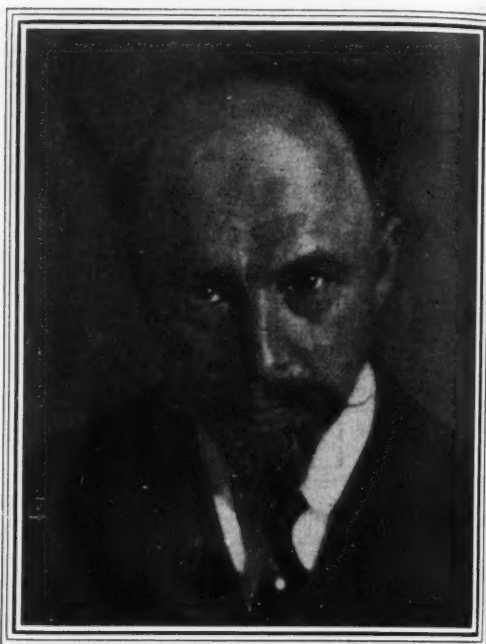
RIGHT—CAROL DEMPSTER PROVES A TYPICAL GRIFFITH HEROINE. THE SHELTERING ARM IS THAT OF RICARDO CORTEZ.



THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

THE BOOK OF MARRIAGE
EDITED BY COUNT HERMANN KEYSERLING

REVIEWED BY
LAURENCE STALLINGS



KEYSERLING EDITED "*THE BOOK OF MARRIAGE*"

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, of all living sages, seems to me the wisest and wittiest critic of marriage. Therefore, when it is announced that twenty-four leaders in the thought of the modern world have banded together to write "*The Book of Marriage*" under the guidance of Count Hermann Keyserling, one looks at once for Shaw's name among the contributors. It being lacking, its absence is explained (by Shaw himself) in the first paragraph of the foreword. "No man," writes Shaw to Keyserling, "dare write the truth about marriage while his wife still lives. Unless, that is, he hates her, like Strindberg; and I don't. I shall read the volume with interest, knowing that it will consist chiefly of evasions; but I will not contribute to it."

Well, Shaw may have his joke; but he has missed the most glittering sociological bandwagon of his time. "*The Book of Marriage*" is not characterized by evasions. It chronicles the sum of man's history and thought on his greatest human relationship. It discusses, with utter candour, and yet with a fine earnest purity, the way of marriage from the first rude ceremony of some forgotten tribe to the last divorce of some forgotten banker. Great names sprinkle its pages. There is Dr. C. G. Jung, a European psychoanalyst who created an epoch in humanistic science; Havelock Ellis, prince of English philosophers; Sir Rabindranath Tagore, Indian sage who commands the reverence of the western world; Thomas Mann, foremost of German novelists; Jakob [Turn to page 38]



AT THE COPLEY-PLAZA in Boston



Piquantly lovely with their Puritan profiles . . . graceful silhouettes . . .

153 Women Guests

*tell why they find this soap
best for their skin*

STIFF, stodgy, sedate—Boston?
Never!

It is one of the most romantic cities in the world.

Behind grim, forbidding gates somewhere along the Fenway—an Italian palace lies sleeping, filled with the opulent beauty of the Renaissance.

Back of those rows of heavy brown-stone fronts—there are lighted drawing-rooms brimming with life and laughter.

Within the dingy outer city there is an inner city, hidden away, known only to the initiate few

—brilliant, scintillating, ultra-modern.

And where are there women so piquantly lovely as those of Boston? With their Puritan profiles, contradicted by the flash of bright lips, bright eyes,—their aristocratic silhouettes, graceful as a drawing by Drian?

Among the exclusive inner set that gathers at the beautiful Copley-Plaza, for tea, for chatter, for dancing—we interviewed 186 women guests, to ask them their preference in the matter of toilet soap.

More than three-fourths answered, "*Woodbury's for my skin!*"

"Because of its purity," they said. "Because it's invigorating." "Because it's so wonderfully soothing."

A SKIN SPECIALIST worked out the formula by which Woodbury's is made. This formula not only calls for the purest and finest ingredients; it also demands greater refinement in the manufacturing process than is commercially possible with ordinary toilet soap.

A 25c cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap lasts a month or six weeks. Around each cake is wrapped the booklet of famous skin treatments. Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin tonight the treatment your skin needs!

YOUR WOODBURY TREATMENT for ten days
Now—the new large-size trial set!

The Andrew Jergens Co.,
1503 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

For the enclosed 10c please send me the large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, the Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Powder, and the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1503 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ont.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....



Science has important contributions to make to the home, but they are of little practical value until the spirit of the home has touched them

Our Laboratory, at the Eastern end of McCall Street, scientifically ministers to the well-being and happiness of the homes of our readers

INTRODUCE THESE AT YOUR NEXT PARTY

Recipes Prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen

SARAH FIELD SPLINT, DIRECTOR



THE DINNER YOUR FAMILY LIKES BEST

FROM East and West, from North and South, you wrote me, telling about the dinner your families like best. Brides and grandmothers, homemakers on ranches and farms, business and professional women, mothers in towns and cities—more than two thousand in all—contributed to make this the most impressive contest McCall's has ever had. Please accept my gratitude for EVERY letter. The prize winners will be announced on our Laboratory page next month, and we will print as many of the best letters as we have space for. Be sure to watch for them.

SARAH FIELD SPLINT.

JELLY ROLL SANDWICH

Remove crusts from four sides and ends of loaf of sandwich bread. Slice bread lengthwise, in as thin slices as possible, using a very sharp knife. Spread a slice with softened butter mixed with a little anchovy paste, or with butter which has been colored red or green with vegetable coloring. Roll as you would a jelly roll, making a tight, firm roll. Wrap rolls in a damp cloth and put in cold place until ready to serve. Then slice each roll in thin rounds. Other fillings may be used but they must be smooth so bread will not break as it is rolled.

ROLLED SANDWICHES

Remove crusts from loaf of bread. Slice thin with sharp knife. Spread each slice with softened butter or well-seasoned cheese creamed to smooth paste. Roll each slice of bread and fasten with toothpicks. Cover with damp cloth and keep in cool place until ready to serve. Remove toothpicks before serving and tie rolls with narrow ribbons, if desired.

MOSAIC SANDWICHES

Remove crusts from one loaf white and one loaf graham or other dark bread. Cut an equal number of 1/2-inch thick slices from each loaf. Make two butter sandwiches of 3 layers each, using a slice of dark bread between two slices of white. Make another butter sandwich using a slice of white bread between two slices of dark. Cut each of the three sandwiches in slices 1/2-inch thick. Then butter one slice from each sandwich and put the three slices together so that a strip of dark bread is [Turn to page 32]

IF there is one thing you homemakers are always on the lookout for, it is new ideas for party refreshments! So often you write us letters which end like this: "Every one in our town serves the same thing. Please give me some new ideas!" About this time of year when you are planning parties for Valentine's Day, Washington's Birthday and Lincoln's Birthday, your letters come thick and fast.

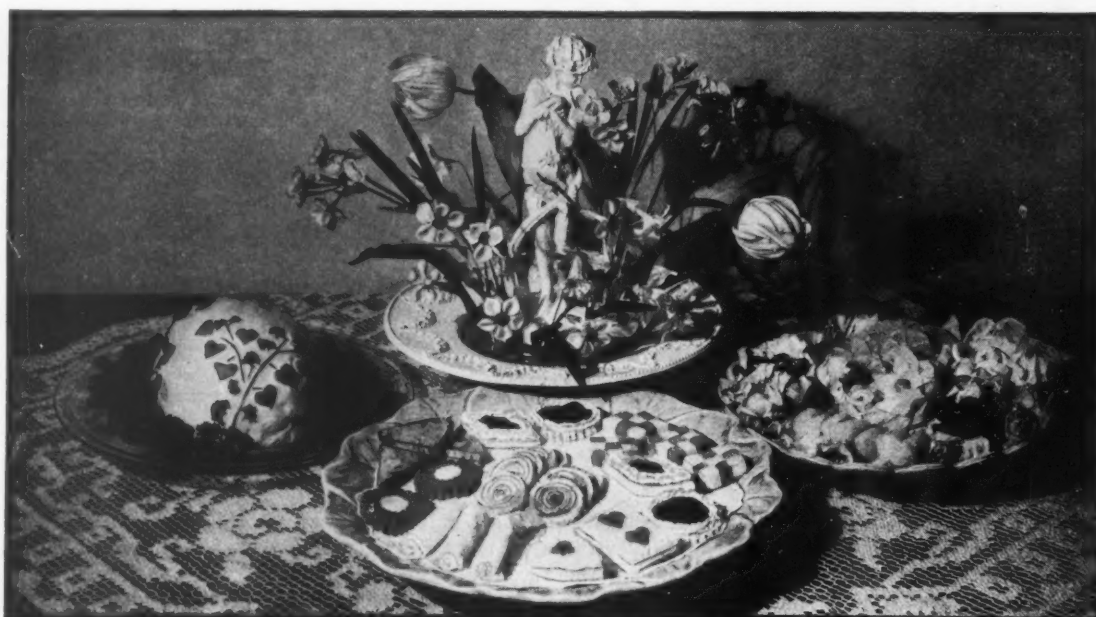
We just love to plan party dishes for you! We hope you will never hesitate to write to us for advice when you need it. Ask us, too, about other things that bother you in your homemaking—everyday menus and recipes as well as party ones, house-hold management and equipment, how to save time in your work—the kind of things you have been asking us right along!

We haven't planned entire parties for you this month, nor have we given you any menus or combinations of dishes. You can get menus of all kinds and some recipes in the McCall service booklet, "What to Serve at Parties." We have devoted all our space here to delicious recipes for party sandwiches and salads, hearty yet dainty meat dishes and some unusual desserts. You don't have to give a party to try them, though. Try them on your family.

SANDWICHES, OPEN AND OTHERWISE

We are putting sandwiches first because they are usually served at any and every kind of party. From our photograph on this page you can see just how ours looked and if you follow directions carefully you will find them easy to make. We would advise you to experiment a little on the rolled ones before the day of your party, so you can make them perfectly and not be disappointed with the results. The only other

sandwiches that may prove difficult are the Mosaic Sandwiches. Read the directions carefully before you start them.



Salmon a la Mayonnaise, seven delicious Sandwiches, and Fruit Salad served a new way with a novel Dressing are just a few of the party ideas we have for you

The Beautiful DUCHESS de GRAMONT

*on keeping a lovely skin
• Nature's gift to Youth*



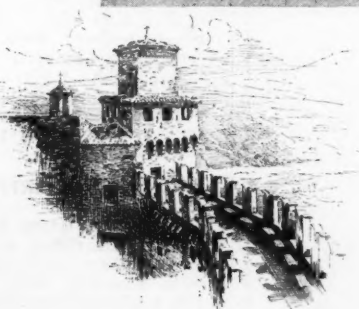
The Duchesse de Gramont, riding in the parc of an historic French chateau belonging to a prince of the old aristocracy



The DUCHESS de GRAMONT

is the acknowledged leader of Parisian society. Young, beautiful, distinguished, she is the widow of the late Antoine Alfred Agénor, Eleventh Duc de Gramont, head of an important French family which was granted a duchy in 1643. Before her marriage the Duchesse was Maria Ruspoli, of the Roman family of the Princes Ruspoli.

To left, an ancient Italian Castle belonging to the Duchesse, its towers and battlements overlooking Lake Maggiore.



BEAUTY now brilliant as crystal, now shadowy as a fugitive moonbeam; the bearing of a woman unconsciously proud of her distinguished lineage—this is Maria Ruspoli, Duchesse de Gramont, acknowledged leader of Parisian society.

She moves in that small exclusive circle which hunts and golfs in the *parcs* of the French *chateaux*, or which dines and dances in the gracious houses of the Champs Elysées or the Parc Monceau of Paris. But last year she visited America where she was queen of the season at Palm Beach, bringing with her a wardrobe so faultless in chic and taste that all the fashion journals promptly featured her.

The Duchesse de Gramont senses the importance of the thousand details that go to make up the perfect whole. Nothing too slight if it contributes to charm, to *cachet*, to distinction!

THE creams she chooses for her skin which is like "the waxen whiteness of some tropic flower"—does she select them, too, with this meticulous care? How has she kept the complexion of a girl though she is the mother of two sturdy boys? In her own words, let her tell you!

"A lovely skin and good colour are Nature's gift to youth but their possession must not be taken for granted. Rather they are to be protected and preserved by daily care. Pond's Two Creams afford an exquisite means of giving precisely the care a woman's skin requires today."

Thus another of the beautiful women of the social world offers tribute of praise to the Two famous Creams made by Pond's! Delicate, fragrant, compounded with scientific skill



These are the Two Creams distinguished women have chosen

from precious ingredients, these Creams should be used to cleanse, finish and protect your skin each day as follows:

Pond's Cold Cream affords a thorough cleansing. It should be used every night before retiring and during the day whenever the skin feels dusty and tired. Its fine oils penetrate the pores, bringing to the surface all dust and powder. If the skin is dry, more Cream, applied after the nightly cleansing, and left on, will restore suppleness.

Pond's Vanishing Cream affords an exquisitely soft finish; holds your powder long and so evenly; and keeps winds, dust and soot from chapping, and clogging your pores. It should be applied lightly after every Cold Cream cleansing except the bedtime one.

Free Offer: Mail coupon for free sample tubes of Pond's Two Creams and instructions for using.

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. P
111 Hudson Street, New York City.

Please send me your free tubes of Pond's Two Creams.

Name

Street

City State

"Broke"~but Worth \$79,100.00



© 1927 M. L. I. Co.

DAD earns \$50 a week. He has just paid the rent, the grocery bill and the milk bill. He says he is "broke but happy". He has his wife, his children and his comfortable little home. He feels far from rich, but in reality he and his family are worth a small fortune.

Because they have good health, this typical American family represents \$79,100 of the nation's wealth.

As a useful American, Dad, at 30, can figure himself as actually worth \$31,000 today—for that is the present value of his future earnings less his personal expenses. Dad is one of thousands who are earning \$50 a week—an average Dad with average health and average expectation of life. If Dad is frequently sick or if he dies young, he will be worth less than \$31,000. With better-than-average health and longer life, he should be worth a great deal more. His family will be better protected, better nourished and given a greater chance for future success if Dad keeps well.

Mother's contribution to the family wealth—her time and energy, to say nothing of her love and devotion, her care of the home and the children and her work in molding their characters—can never be measured in money. But at a very conservative estimate, the money value of her services must be at least half that of Dad's—\$15,500.

That rosy-cheeked, four-months-old baby boy is worth \$9,500 this minute, while big Brother, seven, and little Sister, five, are worth \$16,000 and \$7,100 each as future productive citizens.

But their fortunes are locked up in their own bodies. They will reach the full

measure of their wealth only by keeping healthy and fit for their daily work—otherwise their fortunes will shrink.

Let Dad—every dad from coast to coast—check up on his own health and the health of his family. Let him learn how to use the great discoveries of modern medical science to prevent disease and prolong the lives of his children, his wife and himself.

And if he thinks that he is "broke", let him find out what he really is worth in dollars and cents to himself, to his family, and to his country.

Contrasted with the total material wealth of the country in 1922—railroads, buildings, land, mines, etc.—which amounted to 321 billion dollars, the economic value of the lives of the entire population was 1500 billions. More than 6 billion dollars were lost last year because of needless deaths.

With these tremendous values in mind the importance of health and welfare work becomes apparent.

Seventeen years ago the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company instituted a health and nursing service for policyholders. More than 20 millions of dollars were expended in this campaign. During this period, the mortality rate of policyholders declined more than 30 per cent and the accumulated saving which can be ascribed to welfare work, has totalled the amazing sum of 43 millions of dollars—twice the total expended.

The Metropolitan will gladly mail, free, its booklet, "The Value of Human Life at all Ages". It tells what you are worth, also the potential worth of each member of your family. Send for it.

HALEY FISKE, President.



Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World. More Assets. More Policyholders. More Insurance in force. More new Insurance each year

INTRODUCE THESE AT YOUR NEXT PARTY

[Continued from page 30]

opposite a strip of white. Wrap in a damp cloth and place under a flat weight in a cool place until firm. When ready to serve, cut in 1/4-inch slices, beginning from end.



hot until ready to serve. Just before serving, stir in cream and egg yolk. This makes a very rich sauce. Omit cream if you wish it less rich. Serve on points of toast and garnish with parsley and dash of paprika. Makes 15 servings.

INLAY SANDWICHES

Slice Boston brown bread in 1/4-inch thick slices and cut in rounds with cookie cutter. From centers of half the slices cut out squares, hearts, diamonds or other fancy shapes, using small vegetable cutters. From 1/4-inch thick slices of white bread cut as many fancy shapes as you have holes in the brown bread. Put together one plain and one fancy brown-bread slice with any desired filling and insert white bread cut-outs in holes on top of sandwich. Well-seasoned cream cheese, cream cheese and chopped olives or nuts, or snappy cheese makes a good filling for Boston brown bread. Cover sandwiches with damp cloth and keep in cool place until served.

BRIDGE PARTY SANDWICHES

Remove crusts from white bread and slice about 1/4-inch thick. Cut in oblongs like playing-cards. From half the slices cut out small hearts or diamonds with fancy vegetable cutters, to represent ace, two, three or four of each suit. Cut as many similar pieces from canned pimiento. Put a plain and a fancy slice of bread together with well-seasoned cream cheese and insert pieces of pimiento in holes in top of sandwich. Cover sandwiches with damp cloth and set in cool place until ready to serve. To make similar sandwiches for other parties, use different cut-outs. Holes can be left open to show filling, if preferred, or green pepper can be used instead of pimiento.

OPEN SANDWICHES

Remove crusts from white bread, slice about 1/4-inch thick and cut into fancy shapes with cookie cutters. Spread each piece with softened butter. Put jelly or jam in center and make around it a fancy border of softened cream cheese put through pastry tube or bag. Other delicious spreads for open sandwiches are devilled ham with a border of chopped olives, anchovy paste garnished with chopped hard-cooked egg and caviar garnished with finely chopped pickled onions. Or spread with cream, snappy or pimiento cheese and decorate with strips or fancy cut-outs of pimiento or slices of stuffed olives.

DAINTY HEARTIER DISHES

In our next group are some creamed and molded dishes, as well as a hot meat for the parties at which you want to serve something more substantial than just sandwiches or salads. The first is not a novelty, but we have had so many requests for it that we are giving it here.

CHICKEN A LA KING

1/4 pound mushrooms	2 quarts cold chicken
4 tablespoons butter	cut in cubes
or shortening	1/4 cup chopped
1 quart chicken stock	pimiento
1/2 cup flour	1 1/2 tablespoons
1/2 tablespoon salt	chopped parsley
1/4 teaspoon pepper	1/4 cup cream
1/2 teaspoon paprika	1 egg yolk

Peel and slice mushrooms and cook slowly in melted butter. Heat chicken stock, stir in flour mixed to smooth paste with a little cold water and cook until thick and smooth, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Season with salt, pepper and paprika. Add chicken, pimiento, parsley and sautéed mushrooms. Heat thoroughly over boiling water and keep

SALMON A LA MAYONNAISE

6 cups flaked salmon	1 teaspoon gelatin
1 teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons cold
1/4 teaspoon pepper	water
1/2 teaspoon paprika	1/4 cup tarragon
2 tablespoons Worcestershire sauce	vinegar

Remove skin and bones from canned or freshly-cooked salmon. Separate into flakes and press through a sieve or potato ricer. Add salt, pepper, paprika and Worcestershire sauce. Soak gelatin in cold water, dissolve in hot vinegar and add to salmon. Pack firmly into slightly buttered mold and allow to chill. When firm, turn salmon out on serving platter and spread with the following:

GELATIN MAYONNAISE

Soak 1 teaspoon gelatin in 2 tablespoons cold water and dissolve over boiling water. Add 1 cup mayonnaise, a little at a time. Chill slightly and as it begins to thicken, spread quickly and smoothly over mold, as you would ice a cake. Decorate at once in any design preferred, pressing garnishes into gelatin mayonnaise. For a Valentine party, garnish with parsley stems and leaves and small hearts cut from pimiento with vegetable cutter, arranged as you see in our photograph. Surround mold with wreath of parsley. For Washington's Birthday, cut small rounds like cherries from pimiento and combine in bunches with parsley stems and cherry leaves cut from green pepper. For Lincoln's Birthday, cut small hatched heads from pimiento or green pepper and combine with stems of parsley. For St. Patrick's Day, groups of three hearts cut from green pepper with stems of parsley would make shamrocks for your garnish. Recipe for salmon mold makes 12 to 15 servings.

SWEETBREAD AND MUSHROOM PATTIES

3 pairs sweetbreads	1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
1/2 pound mushrooms	1 egg
4 tablespoons shortening	Chopped parsley
4 tablespoons flour	1 teaspoon salt
2 1/2 cups chicken stock or milk	1/2 teaspoon paprika

Wash sweetbreads and let stand in cold water one hour. Drain and put into boiling salted water to which 2 tablespoons vinegar or lemon juice have been added. Cook slowly 20 minutes. Drain again, cover with cold water and let stand until cold. This will keep sweetbreads white and firm. Remove all tissue and large tubes and cut sweetbreads into small pieces. Peel and slice mushrooms and sauté 10 minutes in a little butter. Make white sauce as follows: Melt shortening and stir in flour until well blended. Add stock or milk gradually and cook until thick and smooth, stirring constantly to prevent lumping. Place over hot water and add salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce, sweetbreads and mushrooms. Serve hot in patty shells or on triangular pieces of toast. Garnish with parsley and stuffed olives. Makes 12 to 15 servings.

FILLET MIGNON

A Fillet Mignon is a slice cut from beef tenderloin. Fillets should be cut an inch or more thick, shaped into rounds and served as individual portions. Buy as many slices as you have people to serve. Broil or pan-broil them 15 to 30 minutes, depending on thickness of fillet. When done, cover each fillet [Turn to page 37]

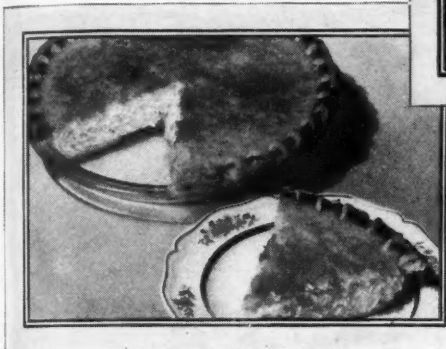
Use standard measuring cup and spoons. All measurements level.

(Cake mixture) $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 3 eggs, 2 cups pastry flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk. Cream butter and sugar well, add eggs beaten, then milk, last flour sifted with baking powder. Bake in moderate oven about 15 minutes. This makes 2 thick or 3 thin layers.

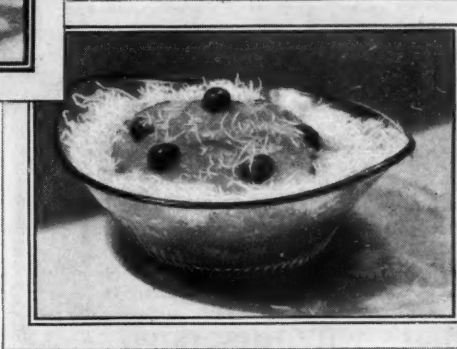


Walter's Famous Coconut Cream Cake

(Icing) Cook 2 cups sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water until it threads and beat whites of 3 eggs until very light. Pour sugar over egg whites slowly and beat until creamy. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon rose extract or vanilla if preferred. Spread over cake. Sprinkle Baker's Canned Coconut, Southern-Style, thickly between layers and over top and sides.



VANITY FAIR COCONUT CUSTARD PIE: (Filling) 2 cups milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Baker's Canned Coconut, Southern-Style, 3 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla, a pinch of salt. Beat eggs, add sugar, coconut, milk. Pour mixture into pastry shell and bake $\frac{1}{2}$ hour.



AMBROSIA — CAROLINA STYLE: Alternate layers of thinly sliced orange and Baker's Canned Coconut, Southern-Style. Sprinkle coconut lightly over top and garnish with maraschino cherries. Sliced bananas, pineapple or any other fresh fruit in season may be added as desired.

Why the COCONUT CAKES and PIES

*of a smart New York Tea Room have brought
fame to its Southern girl manager*

THOSE expert judges of good eating in New York who know just where to find the best of everything are telling of a new find—"a place, my dear, where you can get real coconut cake, covered all over with fresh coconut—and pie and ambrosia such as you've rarely seen north of the Mason-Dixon Line."

The Vanity Fair Tea Room is the place—just off Fifth Avenue in the fashionable shopping

district. Its manager—Miss Jean Carson—comes from South Carolina, and she brought North with her that special knack with coconut dishes that all Southerners seem to have.

Furthermore, its chef, Walter Mack, got his earliest cooking lessons from a grandmother, who in her day was one of the famous cooks of North Carolina.

"The secret of our special success with coconut cakes, pies and other dishes," Miss Carson explains, "is simply that we use fresh coconut, as most Southern cooks do. Not out of the shell, but out of a can, Baker's Fresh Moist Coconut, Southern-Style."

"This fresh-canned coconut isn't a bit like dried coconut. It is as tender, moist and full of flavor as fresh coconut just from the shell."

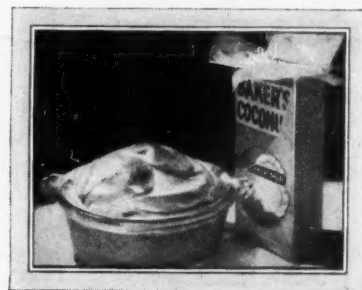
"Coconut dishes made with it have the same delicious taste of fresh coconut, and really look better because it is so much more attractively shredded than home-grated coconut."

"This is the reason that people are so crazy about our coconut dishes. With this coconut anybody can have just the same success."

Order Baker's Canned Coconut, Southern-Style, from your grocer today, and with your own favorite recipes, or with

the recipes in the Baker Recipe Book, make cakes, pies and desserts as delicious as any made by the best Southern cooks. These new coconut dishes will become the most popular of all your desserts.

The old familiar kind, too



THE old-fashioned shredded kind, sugar-cured, made from the meat of the same fine coconut as Southern Style. Baker's Old-Fashioned Shred Coconut is more daintily and finely cut, more carefully prepared than any dry shredded coconut you have used before, and packed in a double-wrapped stay-fresh package.

Trial Can and Free Recipe Book:—Our new recipe book, illustrated in color, will be sent free on request. If you cannot get Baker's Canned Coconut, Southern-Style, at your grocer's, we will send a trial (half size) can and new recipe book, illustrated in color, for ten cents (stamps or coin) to cover cost of packing and mailing. ADDRESS: Dept. C-2, Franklin Baker Company, Hoboken, New Jersey.

Please write name and address plainly

BAKER'S Canned



COCONUT Southern-Style

MISS JEAN CARSON

manager of the Vanity Fair Tea Room says:

"All I know about cooking I learned in my home in South Carolina from our old Aunt Caroline. She used only freshly grated coconut for her famous cakes and pies—and I always felt that I had to also until I found this fresh-canned coconut."



health is
their fortune
-that's why they ought
to have this health-help
in the winter-day diet

Winter days are strenuous days for youngsters. They need all the strength they can get from the foods they eat.

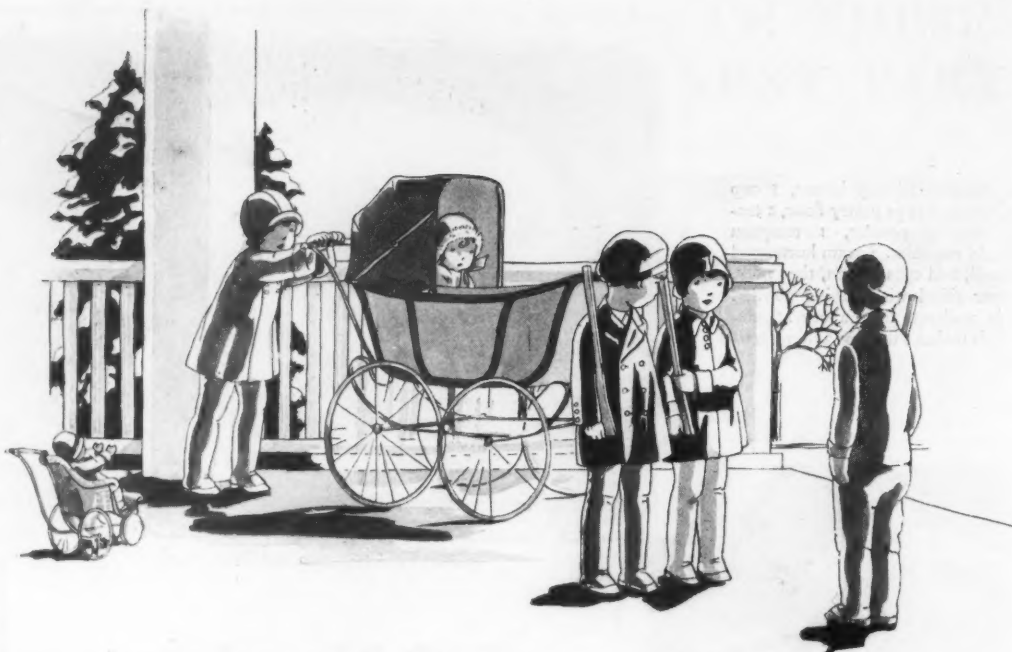
But heavy foods alone are often not enough. Nature demands the balance that only leafy greens can give. That's why dietitians stress spinach—for all of us. It gives bulk—supplies vitamins. It's rich in iron and other mineral salts.

Fortunately it's easy to serve even now. And spinach at its very best! DEL MONTE is the finest fresh spinach grown—expertly cooked—its goodness sealed in. Convenient and economical, too. No grit, no waste, nor extra preparation.

Just remember, for quality—



[FREE—Specially selected spinach recipes. Send for copy. Address Department 611, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco, California.]



Sunlight is far more important for the health of the child than it was believed to be a few years ago

IS YOUR CHILD STARVING FOR SUNLIGHT?

BY E. V. McCOLLUM AND NINA SIMMONDS

School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

ILLUSTRATION BY KATHARINE H. SHANE

ONE of the most remarkable discoveries of the twentieth century is the importance of certain kinds of light in promoting physical development and more perfect nutrition in growing children. Although it has generally been accepted for hundreds of years that good hygienic surroundings include fresh air and sunlight, experimental studies during the last few years have demonstrated that sunlight is far more important for the health of the child than it had hitherto been believed to be.

These remarkable discoveries were made during the study of the cause and nature of rickets. Rickets is a very serious nutritional disease which occurs in children whose diet is not properly constituted. It causes a condition in which the bones grow but do not become hardened. The results are weakness of the muscles, discomfort and especially a tendency of the bones to become bent. Bow-legs, knock-knees, sunken chest, and so forth, are some of the evidences of the disease.

Artificially fed babies are especially likely to develop rickets. Many babies also who are properly fed have rickets, because they have a poor physical inheritance and cannot assimilate the elements in their food which are necessary for bone development. Rickets is extremely common in North America and most of middle Europe. It is rare in the tropics and almost unknown in the Arctic regions.

American physicians have realized within recent years that children born in late summer or fall develop rickets when a few months old, almost without exception, while children born in late winter or spring are not so likely to develop the disease. The reason, we now know, is that those children who spend the first months of their lives indoors where they get little sunlight, as they do in winter, are deprived of something which they would have if the sun could shine on them. This something they lack is the vitamin D, which is so important in regulating bone development.

This vitamin from all indications seems to be formed in the skin, and in the superficial blood capillaries of the body when the

right kind of light falls on the skin.

Doctor Huldshinsky, a prominent physician in Europe, had for years before this asserted that sunlight and especially mountain sunlight was very beneficial in the cure of rickets. He called attention to the marked contrast between cities in Switzerland at high altitudes where rickets was absent or nearly so and those at low altitudes where it was common. This he attributed to the difference in the amount and character of the sunlight which the children received in the two locations.

He did not gain much of a hearing, however, until the number of cases of rickets among European children increased because of privations resulting from the world war until it became their greatest health problem. It was soon proven beyond doubt that children suffering from this bone disease were greatly benefited by being exposed to the sunlight, especially high in the mountains. Mountain sunshine is extremely rich in light of very short wave lengths, which is known as ultra-violet light. It is these short wave rays which are beneficial in rickets.

There is a chemical substance known as cholesterol which has been familiar to chemists and physiologists for more than a century, and which is present in every living cell of the human and animal body. It is this substance which appears to be converted under the influence of ultra-violet light into vitamin D. Ordinary visible light will not transform cholesterol into what may be called an "active" form which is believed to be the vitamin D. Only ultra-violet light can do it.

For a long time investigators could not see this relation of light to the prevention of faulty bone development because children in the far north, who for six months in the year have almost no sunlight, escape the disease. One would suppose that this would prove the absence of any relation between the disease and the amount of sunlight which children receive. It is now clear that the reason why Eskimo

children in the Arctic regions escape rickets is that they and their mothers get the vitamin D in the fish oils which form so large a part of their diet.

Where fish is not eaten, the fat of animals such as the seal and whale, which feed upon marine forms of life, take its place. The fats of marine animals appear to contain far more of the vitamin D than do the fats of land animals or the fats of any plants.

Under these conditions, sunlight is not necessary for the normal growth or for the maintenance of health. In the tropics, on the other hand, the great abundance of light and the constant exposure of most of the body to the sun's rays forms sufficient amounts of the vitamin D in the body to fully protect the child of that part of the world against rickets.

Nothing can be more striking than to see the effects of sunlight on two groups of chickens whose age, food and conditions of life are alike from hatching time, except that one group is kept indoors in an airy room without direct illumination, while the other group is kept out-of-doors in the sun each day. The chickens kept indoors will remain stunted and infantile in appearance, while the other group will develop into perfectly normal birds with the normal characteristics of the adult.

The condition of the chickens kept indoors is little more of a handicap to development than the conditions to which babies in the temperate regions are subjected when they are born in the fall. They are kept indoors in heated houses, heavily clothed because of draughts, and bundled so effectively in wraps when taken out of doors that scarcely any sunlight can reach them. Under these conditions cod-liver oil should be given to the infant in small doses at suitable intervals to protect it against faulty bone growth.

Cod-liver oil is a specific remedy for the cure of rickets and if it is taken before the disease develops, it is a safeguard against it. This property of cod-liver oil we now know to be due to the fact that it contains vitamin D. This vitamin, like all the others, is a chemical substance which is not easily destroyed by heat or by chemical agents. [Turn to page 48]

Distinguished travelers

spread its fame



*First through all Dixie,
then to all parts of the
country the news of this
coffee was carried*

White haired old gentlemen they are today—the southerners who love to tell you of the old Maxwell House in Nashville. Even to these men whose homes were on the great estates of the South, it is a place of magic memories.

Here, in the words of an old history book, "Celebrated men from all over the country made their headquarters." Here the great folk of Dixie gathered for their most brilliant balls and banquets. Long ago the news of the wonderful food and coffee at the Maxwell House spread throughout the South. Long ago it became the

most famous hotel in all that land of good living.

In its stately dining room, victorious generals and admirals, statesmen and presidents were received and entertained. Over its coffee were made the greatest speeches the old South ever heard—over that special coffee which has now won lasting and nation-wide fame.

*They remembered it
long afterward*

How many of the guests of this fine, old hotel understood and appreciated the good things of life! How many praised its food and especially its coffee!

For years a blend of fine coffees was served at the Maxwell House—so full-bodied, so mellow that those who once tasted it remembered it long afterward. Gradually the news of this blend was carried to all the cities of the South. In home after home, critical families

took steps to secure it for their own tables.

Today that touch of extra richness in Maxwell House Coffee has won the entire country. From New York to Los Angeles, it is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale.

The same blend, with the same rare flavor that delighted the old South, is on sale in sealed tins from coast to coast. And the same firm of coffee merchants who perfected it years ago down in Nashville, Tennessee, still blend and roast it today.

A new adventure awaits you—the rich smoothness, the alluring fragrance which brought new pleasure to the distinguished guests of the old Maxwell House. The shade of difference in this coffee will rouse a new interest in your family at breakfast and at dinner. Your grocer has Maxwell House Coffee in the famous blue tins. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles.



*"Good to the
last drop"*

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE
TODAY — America's largest selling high grade coffee

Add a handful of health to the recipe!

FLUFFY muffins, griddle cakes, puddings—all take on new *healthful properties* when you add a handful of ALL-BRAN to the recipe.

Doctors stress the need of plenty of bran or "bulk" in the diet. ALL-BRAN supplies this bulk in generous quantity—because it is 100% bran. It is guaranteed to *prevent* and correct constipation. To produce results no part-bran product can equal!

Kellogg's is far better to use in cooking than ordinary, tasteless brans. Its own delicious flavor improves any dish. And it is just as healthful in cooking as served as a breakfast cereal—because it is *all bran*!

Try ALL-BRAN in waffles, breads, dressings. Cook it in with hot cereals. Serve it with milk or cream, and add fruits or honey. Comes ready to eat.

Order a package from your grocer. Ask for Kellogg's—the original ALL-BRAN. Then see that the family eats ALL-BRAN in some form every day. You'll find you've solved the vital problem of healthful elimination.

Made in the famous Kellogg Kitchens at Battle Creek by the Kellogg Company—world's largest producers of ready-to-eat cereals. Makers of Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Pep, Krumbles and New Oats. Other plants at Davenport, Iowa; London, Canada; Sydney, Australia. Distributed in the United Kingdom by the Kellogg Company of Great Britain. Sold by Kellogg agencies throughout the world.



—as a cereal
Serve ALL-BRAN with milk or cream—and add fruit if desired. Let it soak a few moments in the milk to bring out all its nut-like flavor. Sprinkle it over other cereals. Two tablespoonfuls of ALL-BRAN eaten daily—in chronic cases, with every meal—are guaranteed to correct constipation.



—with soups
Sprinkling ALL-BRAN into soups is another appetizing way of insuring plenty of healthful "bulk" in the diet. Keep a bowl of ALL-BRAN on the table. Delicious—and so good for everybody.

—bran muffins
2 tablespoonfuls shortening, ¼ cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup Kellogg's ALL-BRAN, 1 cup flour, ½ teaspoon soda, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 cup sour milk.

Cream shortening and sugar, add egg. Sift flour, soda, baking powder and salt. To creamed mixture add ALL-BRAN, then milk, alternately, with dry ingredients. Pour into greased muffin tins. Bake in moderate oven (375 degrees) for 20 minutes. Yield: 12 large muffins. If sweet milk is used instead of sour, omit soda and use 3 teaspoons baking powder. Raisins or dates may be added if desired.



C O U P O N
KELLOGG COMPANY
Home Economics Dept.
Battle Creek, Mich.
Please send me free ALL-BRAN recipes and other health suggestions.
Name.....
Address.....

MC-2

Kellogg's

ALL-BRAN

INTRODUCE THESE AT YOUR NEXT PARTY

[Continued from page 32]

with softened butter to which chopped parsley, chopped chives and lemon juice have been added. Allow 1 teaspoon parsley, 1 teaspoon chives and 1 teaspoon lemon juice to 1 tablespoon butter. If preferred, filets can be served with sautéed mushrooms and mushroom sauce.

SALADS OF SEVERAL KINDS

The first salad in our group isn't a new one, but we serve it in a new way. Our photograph doesn't do it justice, for it really looked lovely and colorful on a rose-colored pottery plate with each kind of fruit arranged separately in nests of lettuce and a delicious fluffy dressing in a cup of lettuce in the center.

FRUIT SALAD

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 grapefruit | 2 bananas |
| 2 oranges | 6 slices canned pineapple |
| 1/2 pound Malaga grapes | |

Peel grapefruit and oranges. Remove all white inner skin, separate into sections. Discard membrane and seeds, taking care not to break sections. Cut grapes in halves and remove seeds. Cut slices of pineapple in 4 or 6 pieces. Just before serving, peel and slice bananas. Place crisp lettuce on large serving plate and arrange fruit in nests of lettuce leaves. In center of plate, making cup of heart leaves of lettuce and fill with following:

FRUIT SALAD DRESSING

- | | |
|----------------------|---|
| 4 tablespoons flour | 1 1/2 cups pineapple or other fruit juice |
| 3 tablespoons sugar | 2 eggs |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | 2 eggs |
| 1 cup cream, whipped | |

Mix together flour, sugar and salt. Add enough fruit juice to make smooth paste. Heat remaining juice and stir in flour mixture. Cook, stirring constantly, until mixture begins to thicken. Remove from fire and add well-beaten eggs. Place over hot water and cook until thick and smooth. Chill until very cold. Just before serving, fold in stiffly-beaten cream.

FROZEN CREAM CHEESE SALAD

- | | |
|---------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 2 cakes cream cheese | 1/2 teaspoon paprika |
| 1/4 teaspoon salt | 1 cup cream, whipped |
| 1/4 teaspoon pepper | 1/2 teaspoon gelatin |
| 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce | 1 tablespoon cold water |

Mash cream cheese to smooth paste. Add salt, pepper, Worcestershire sauce and paprika. Fold in stiffly-beaten cream and add gelatin which has been soaked in cold water and dissolved over hot water. Turn into covered mold which has been dipped in cold water. Cover tightly and pack in 3 parts ice and 1 part salt. Let stand at least 2 hours. To freeze in electric refrigerator, fill ice tray with cheese mixture and allow to freeze 4 to 5 hours. When ready to serve, turn out of mold or tray, slice and serve on individual plates on crisp lettuce with spoonful currant jelly or bar le duc jam. Or serve on slices of ripe tomato and cover with French dressing.

ICE-CREAM DE LUXE AND OTHER DESSERTS

There are times when you may have to prepare a "Party" dessert in a hurry or when you may want something especially festive for a dinner party. At these times bought ice-cream comes to the rescue. Here are some ways of serving either home-made or bought ice-cream which you may not know.

BAKED ALASKA

Bake a thin sheet of sponge cake or buy a sponge cake and split it to make a slice one inch thick and slightly larger than the brick or mold of ice-cream is to be. Ice-cream should be very hard and

firm. Have ready a meringue mixture made by beating whites of 2 eggs until stiff, adding 2 tablespoons powdered sugar for each egg. Just before you are ready to serve it, light oven and set regulator at 400° F (hot). Cover small wooden board (a bread board would do) with a piece of heavy brown paper. Lay cake on this and place brick or mold of ice-cream in center of cake. Cover quickly with meringue and place in hot oven just long enough to brown meringue slightly. Slip from board and serve at once on large plate. Because wooden board, paper, sponge cake and beaten egg whites are all non-conductors of heat, ice-cream will not melt in the short time it is in the oven.

MELBAS

Lay very thin squares of white cake on individual dessert plates. Place on each a slice of hard ice-cream and lay on each slice of ice-cream half of a canned peach or canned pear. Pour over this a raspberry or "Melba" sauce made by adding 1/4 cup water to 1 cup raspberry jam. Bring to boiling point and cook slowly 15 to 20 minutes. Strain through fine sieve and add few drops of lemon juice before serving.

ICE-CREAM CAKE

Serve slices of vanilla ice-cream between two thin slices of sponge cake. Pour chocolate or caramel sauce over all and sprinkle with chopped almonds or pecans. This may be varied by using chocolate cake with vanilla ice-cream and marshmallow sauce, or with chocolate sauce topped with a spoonful of whipped cream.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

- | | |
|---------------------|----------------------|
| 1 square chocolate | 1 cup sugar |
| 1 tablespoon butter | 1/3 cup water |
| 1 tablespoon flour | 1/2 teaspoon vanilla |

Melt chocolate and butter together, add flour and mix until smooth. Add sugar and water. Stir and cook slowly until slightly thickened. Add vanilla last. Place over hot water until ready to serve to prevent sugaring.

PASTRY FOR FRUIT TARTS

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 2 cups flour | 3/4 cup shortening |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | 2 eggs |
| 1 tablespoon sugar | Ice water |

Mix and sift flour, salt and sugar. Cut in shortening with knife or pastry blender or work in quickly with tips of fingers. Add slightly-beaten eggs, then water if needed to make stiff dough. Pat and roll out on floured board. Fold over and roll out again. Repeat process several times. If dough becomes too soft to handle, chill between rollings. Roll out last time to 1/4-inch thickness. Cut in squares or rounds and cover backs of individual fancy cake pans or line tart pans. Prick pastry all over with fork. Bake in hot oven (400° F) 10 to 15 minutes. When crust is done but not too brown, brush inside with egg white and fill with following fruit filling. Return to oven and bake 15 to 20 minutes longer.

FRUIT FILLING FOR TARTS

- | | |
|----------------|-------------|
| 1 can apricots | 1 cup sugar |
|----------------|-------------|

Cook apricots slowly 5 to 10 minutes in own juice to which sugar has been added. Then remove fruit and boil syrup down until thick. Fill tart shells with drained fruit and pour over it enough thickened syrup to cover. Cook as directed above. This syrup will give glazed appearance to top of tart. Other canned fruits, such as peaches, cherries or plums can be used this way. If preferred, fruit can be pressed through a sieve and tart shells filled with fruit puree. Serve plain or with whipped cream or top with a meringue.

Five-Ways to use Ham Left-overs



EVERY delicious morsel of "Star" Ham is useable! There is no waste. Try these five ways for pleasing variety. They suggest a few of the many appetizing dishes that can be prepared after the first serving of a whole or half "Star" Ham.

Have you received a copy of our helpful little book, "Sixty Ways to Serve"? It shows three-score delightful ways of preparing and serving ham. The coupon will bring it free.

You'll favor "Star" flavor; to be sure of getting it see that the label on the ham you buy reads Armour's "Star."



Armour's
**STAR
HAM**

Dept. 26, Div. Food Economics, Armour and Company, Chicago, U. S. A.
Please send me Free Recipe Book "60 Ways to Serve" Armour's "Star" Ham.

Name.....

Address.....

If you would like to have a copy of "What to Serve at Parties," send ten cents and address The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Send for
Free Booklet



BAKING POWDER
By Preference
to Her Majesty the
American
Home-maker



FORTY-NINE years of better baking results have made DAVIS, by preference, the Baking Powder of the American Household, because

- its double-rising action, once in the cold dough, and later in the oven, insures lighter, fluffier bakings.
- it never varies—your baking always comes out right.
- it is absolutely pure—every ingredient approved by leading food authorities.
- it is economical—it not only costs less, but it goes further because you can use less.

TEST DAVIS YOURSELF!

OK
for 49 years

Bake it BEST with

DAVIS
BAKING POWDER

Get this set of
Cookie Cutters

Party-cookies, cut with this set, delight the youngsters and the grown-ups, too. Just mail the coupon, and 25 cents, to cover cost and mailing charges. Or stamps will do. The Davis Cook-book will be included in this package, without charge.

R. B. DAVIS CO.
Dept. P-2
Hoboken, N. J.

I enclose 25 cents. Please send me party-cookie cutter set, and Davis Cook-book, too.

Name.....

Address.....

Print name and address carefully

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 28]

Wassermann of "The World's Illusion." These men are known to the average reader of books anywhere.

But "The Book of Marriage" is much greater than a symposium made up from literary names with sales appeal. There are great names from the rare world of science, such as Nieuwenhuis, anthropologist of Leyden; Frobenius, historian of Frankfurt; Adler, Austrian psychologist whose weight may some day be felt wherever children gather in classrooms; and others of the fraternity of pure science.

Count Keyserling, who has arranged and edited the work, leads the galaxy with an essay on "The Correct Statement of the Marriage Problem." This cogent and remarkable paper is the core of the book; the others, accepting in the main its principles, clarify and enlarge upon the special fields of humanistic thought. Curiously enough, all the wisdom and all the learning of the book seem to merge into the reader's mind as one vast and splendid counsel on the difficulties of marriage. The sum total of its wisdom, too, is not far from the advice a grandchild might gain from his grandmother. That is: that marriage is best when two persons of equal breeding and background, not blinded by the heat of a momentary passion, and understanding that life is not all beer and skittles anyway, unite to make their lives each individually richer by a rational human companionship.

Keyserling in one paragraph propounds a question for his authors to follow. It is this: "Marriage, apart from all its advantages, demands daily and hourly self-sacrifice, renunciation, and the shouldering of responsibility and blame. It requires this at every stage, but the difficulties are proportional to the degree of development attained. Why should man in his present undeveloped state desire to accomplish this difficult art? Is the risk not too great?" He concludes that "it is just this hazardous venture" which challenges the instinct for adventure in all life, and that the whole of marriage anyway is "a tragic state of tension."

Nieuwenhuis, the anthropologist, goes back to the primitive peoples of the earth, and upsets the popular belief that savages are naturally polygamous. "From the earliest times," he says of marriage, "it is found to exist among all peoples," and the monogamous union has always "constituted the legal bond between man and woman." Tagore, writing from Bengal, gives a point of view that is the most romantic of all the writers in "The Book of Marriage." For all the talk of chivalry in the western world, and the belief that the woman of the East is the most despised of creatures, it is the Indian sage who says that "of all the higher achievements of civilization—the devotion of the toiler, the valor of the brave, the creations of the artist—the secret spring is to be found in woman's influence."

Nowhere in "The Book of Marriage" will love at first-sight be found a factor in sound advice to marry. And there is no paragraph to support the marriage solely because of mutual attraction. "If people marry, as is usually the case," says Keyserling, "only for erotic purposes," then that marriage will fail unless the partners are neither subject to the higher aims and ideals of civilization. "No matter how great or enduring the love," he states as one of the principles on which all contributors to "The Book of Marriage" will agree, "the sex element of marriage soon assumes a secondary role."

The modernist thinkers of the work attack romantic marriage vigorously. Thomas Mann, one of the best of living novelists, is the most savage and furious of the twenty-four. Anything for the future of marriage but a harking back to the old standards. Jakob Wassermann, another novelist represented, is the only contributor who will have no belief in marriage as an institution.

Havelock Ellis was assigned to write upon love as an art. He writes best for me of all living men, and the sheer kindness and charm of his great, wind-swept mind pervades all ensuing chapters of "The Book of Marriage." He writes with utter candour and straightforwardness. "The primary end of marriage," he begins, "is to beget and bear offspring, and to rear them until they are able to take care of themselves." He has lived long and wisely, and yet he says that the longer he lives he realizes "the immense importance" for the individual and for society to acquire the art of love.

"Marriage in the New World" is the subject for an American woman in this world galaxy, Beatrice M. Hinkle, of New York, who, says Count Keyserling, has written by far the best introduction to the science of psycho-synthesis in her "The Re-Creation of the Individual."

"It is too late," says this American woman to those who would "stem the tide of disaffection and disruption" against the old ideals of marriage. "The will of youth, together with the forces of social and economic change, are in full possession of the situation . . . the disrespect and careless attitude of children toward their parents is not a new phenomenon, but the disregard and neglect of parents, who pursue their own pleasures with little consideration of their duties to their children, is one of recent development."

It is remarkable that so few writers champion divorce. The novelists are for more elasticity in slipping the marriage yoke, Thomas Mann protesting that divorces are not common enough. All agree, however, that divorce is better than continual friction, but Tagore sneers at the American woman with "her twenty-fourth husband," and Keyserling in his key paper calls divorce the most serious of attacks upon marriage.

Keyserling's volume has, except for Tagore's essay, only one leaning to the accepted standards of morality. One voice among the twenty-four is raised in a scriptural cry, and that one the Catholic Joseph Bernhart's in "Marriage as a Sacrament." And yet no book of our time so cogently presents the case for marriage, and fastens the belief that despite transitions and relapses, marriage is the only great relationship of human society which must be continually maintained, developed, perfected, if "the fulfilment of life" will conform to "a cosmic order ruled by the spirit of goodness."

The Keyserling volume is par excellence one for discussion at the woman's club. In it are a thousand age old controversies to be threshed out anew. If Mr. Shaw has refused to leaven the mass with his wit, the curious may discover his point of view in a novel he wrote forty years ago, called "The Irrational Knot" and in which he anticipates (as usual) the modern thought of this book.

"THE BOOK OF MARRIAGE" Arranged and Edited by Count Hermann Keyserling, Harcourt Brace and Co., New York. \$5.00.

THE FILM OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 28]

therefore, has grown a cynicism which, to those who study his past record, is readily understandable. That cynicism is appallingly evident in "The Sorrows of Satan," it serves to enfeeble an extraordinarily powerful picture.

His cast is an excellent one, with Adolphe Menjou making an exceedingly suave, ingratiating and appealing figure of His Satanic Majesty. As the two young lovers, Ricardo Cortez and Carol

Dempster are more than satisfactory. Most of the scenes are beautifully composed, and the photography, by Harry Fishbeck, is startlingly effective.

Also recommended: "The Big Parade," "The Strong Man," "Beau Geste," "The Scarlet Letter," "Bardleys the Magnificent," "Ben Hur," "Variety" and "Kid Boots."

There's a
BOTTLER
in your town!



Tingling Tang— you'll find it in these drinks and they're in tune with the times

WHAT JOY these modern-day bottled carbonated* beverages bring! They have a tingling tang that's right in tune with the times. No muss. No fuss. No troublesome preparation. There's always a case on hand, a few bottles in the refrigerator, ready for any occasion.

Just put them out—and watch the folks, young and old, put them down!

And the best of it is that bottled carbonated drinks are just as wholesome as they are refreshing. The principal food basis of these bracing beverages is their sugar content, which becomes what scientists term "invert sugar"—a highly nourishing *pre-digested* food. It is this instantly assimilated sugar which brings that "go-get-'em" feeling you know so well.

THESE DRINKS contain pure water, finest sugar and wholesome taste-tempting flavors. Carbonation provides the sparkling tang, and prevents germs that may lurk even in the purest water. This, you know, is the reason many doctors prescribe bottled carbonated beverages and hospitals serve them regularly.

As Miss Vera Kendrick, of Springfield, Mass., noted hospital dietitian, said recently:

"Bottled carbonated beverages are not merely 'sweetened-water'. They contain more calories than many foods in common use, and the process of carbonation is very beneficial to health."

YOU MAY KNOW these beverages as "soft drinks", "soda water", "soda pop", "charged water", "tonics" or ginger ales—and the list of brand names is endless. But if the drink is *carbonated* and *bottled* you may be sure it's *good* and good for you.

The bottlers maintain standards of purity more exacting than the State and Federal pure food laws. The bottles are thoroughly sterilized, and hermetically sealed.

The interesting process of carbonation is simply a matter of charging your drink with health-insuring carbon-dioxide.



SPONSORED BY



Send for this
Helpful Book!

A. B. C. B.
823 Bond Bldg.
Washington, D. C.

Enclosed find 10c. Send me your helpful illustrated book "Recipes for Housewife and Hostess."

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

Bottled Carbonated Beverages

These taste-tempting drinks also are known by less formal names... *tonics* in New England... *soda water* in Dixie... *soda pop* in the Mid West... *soft drinks* in the Far West and we all know the *ginger ales*. Call them what you will, but drink your fill—they're good and good for you!

Human beings simply *are* this way— that's all—

MAYBE it isn't just laziness. Maybe it's simply human nature. But unless you are very unusual, you are like the majority of us.

You forget to change the oil in your car every 500 miles, as you should; you neglect to water your radiator and you forget to watch the inflation of your tires.

And how often you are tempted to wear a shirt the second day because the buttons are already in it.

Even when it comes to small daily tasks that have a very direct bearing on our own personal well-being, we are often inclined to be remiss.

Tooth brushing, for example. Despite the fact that after you have brushed your teeth, you feel wonderfully refreshed, tooth brushing is just another one of those irksome early morning jobs that have to be done.

Realizing the truth of this, the makers of Listerine set out deliberately to formulate a dentifrice that would furnish the *easiest, quickest way* to clean teeth.

In short, a tooth paste efficient even in the hands of lazy people—for in tooth brushing,

at least, the word *lazy* applies to so many of us.

Listerine Tooth Paste is really very *easy to use*. It works fast. With just a minimum of brushing your teeth feel clean—and actually *are* clean.

You have the job done almost before you know it.

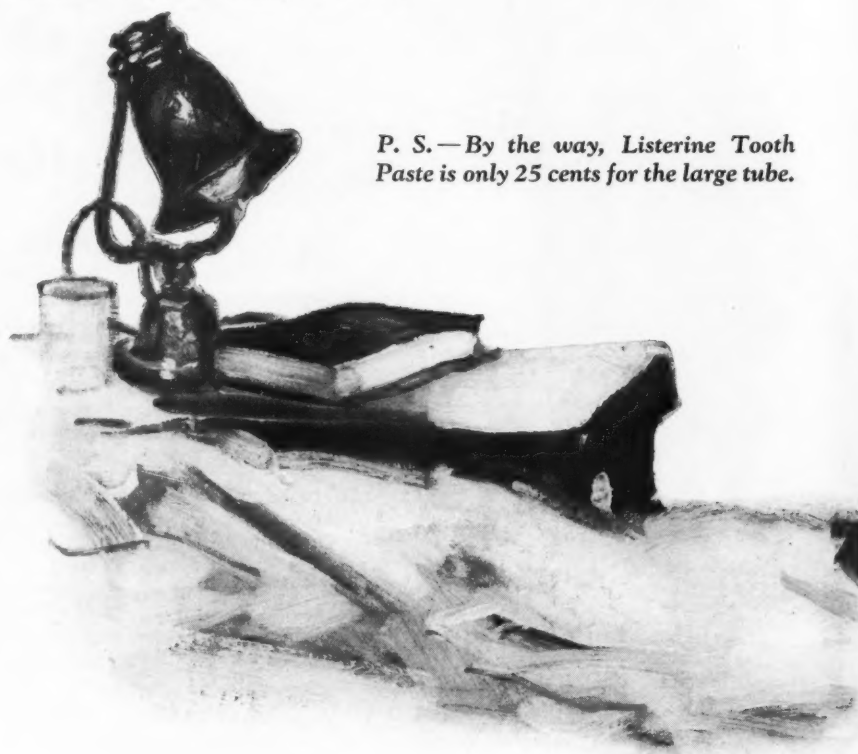
This is on account of the way Listerine Tooth Paste is made. It contains a specially prepared cleansing ingredient—entirely harmless to enamel*—plus the antiseptic essential oils that have made Listerine famous.

And how fine your mouth feels after this kind of a brushing! Then, besides, you *know* your teeth are really clean—and therefore safe from decay—Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, U. S. A.

P. S.—By the way, Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25 cents for the large tube.

*This specially prepared cleansing medium (according to tests based upon the scale of hardness scientists employ in studying mineral substances) is much softer than tooth enamel. Therefore, it cannot scratch or injure the enamel.

At the same time it is harder than the tartar which accumulates and starts pyorrhea and tooth decay.



LISTERINE

"—even for lazy people"



E TOOTH · PASTE
-- easy to use

An interesting experiment conducted in schools that concerns your child at home



LAST YEAR, through one of the educational magazines, teachers were offered a new plan for installing a hot lunch in their schools. The success of this plan was remarkable. You will want to utilize it in connection with your child's diet at home.

It was called to the attention of teachers that just one hot dish—a nourishing, steaming hot drink—alters the whole character of the lunch which children bring from home. The hot drink presented in the plan was Instant Postum made with milk. It fits the need ideally. Postum is made of whole wheat and bran, roasted. To these wholesome ingredients, hot (not boiled) milk is added, and a little sugar. The result is a delicious, supremely wholesome drink which provides needed nourishment and warmth, and makes the meal more appetizing.

The response to the Postum Plan was tremendous. Recently a number of teachers who had received it were asked, by letter, about their experiences. So far, 357 teachers who tried the plan have been heard from. Of these 338 report success in glowing, enthusiastic terms.

Here are some of the things the teachers said: "The children who were underweight picked up rapidly" . . . "The pupils return to their lessons with less fatigue" . . . "The children have more energy and appear happier. They do not seem to feel the cold weather as much" . . . "I would not be without the lunch. I find it a great help to the children and the parents say the same" . . . "Postum is so quickly prepared and it provides for the use of milk in a form all our children like" . . . "Our gain in

school work, as a result of the hot lunch, amounted to at least 50%" . . . And so on and on, in hundreds of letters!

Important to mothers—for two reasons

If your child is in a school where no hot lunch is served, you can bring the Postum Plan to the attention of the Principal, and with a little helpful co-operation you will probably be successful in getting the hot lunch started. Your child, and every other child in the school, will benefit.

In the second place, doesn't it seem to you that a drink which has won such praise from the teachers, should be included in your child's diet at home? All the advantages which appeal to the teachers—the convenience and economy of Postum made with milk, as well as its body-building nourishment and delicious flavor—will appeal to you, also, as a busy mother.

We will send you, free, the Postum Hot Lunch Plan

This is a special offer to mothers, that will not be made again . . . We will send you, free, the booklet describing in full the Postum Hot Lunch Plan. In addition, we will send a booklet on Instant Postum made with milk, for home use, and one week's supply of Instant Postum, free.

Accept this generous offer. Fill out and mail the coupon.

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

POSTUM CEREAL Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich. P.-McC-2-27

Please send me, without cost or obligation the Postum Hot Lunch Plan, together with the booklet on Instant Postum made with milk, and one week's supply of Instant Postum.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL Co., Ltd.
45 Front St. East, Toronto 2, Ontario

Postum is one of the Postum Cereal Company products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran Chocolate, Jell-O and Swans Down Cake Flour. Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the easiest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.



Buy a leg of lamb and have your butcher cut steaks from it

CUTTING DOWN YOUR MEAT BILL

By MAY B. VAN ARSDALE, *Professor of Household Arts*, and
BERTHA E. SHAPLEIGH, *Lecturer in Household Arts*
Teachers College, Columbia University

EVERY woman who does her own marketing, especially if it is for a small family of two or three, realizes how very hard it is to get as good a piece of meat in small quantity as when she buys a roast or a steak of greater weight. She often hesitates to make the larger purchase because she knows so few ways of using it that the question of disposing of it becomes a serious one.

Many of you will say, for example, that you cannot buy a leg of lamb because the family is too small to use it up. Why not buy the leg and have your butcher cut several steaks from it? It is impossible to buy lamb steaks at most markets and so one seldom sees them served. These steaks can be broiled and served with a good sauce or gravy. They make a very agreeable change from lamb chops and are possible when buying the leg rather than the ribs.

The remainder of the leg will make only a small roast which will serve for one or possibly two meals, first as a hot dish and then as cold meat. For variation, the leg can be boned, stuffed and roasted. This offers a change from plain roast lamb. If you serve gravy and a little tart jelly, preferably currant jelly, with this you will find it very appetizing.

Have the bones which were removed sent home with the meat. They will make enough good lamb broth for a small family. Never present the butcher with any of the trimmings, as you can find a use for all of them in your own home. The fat, if carefully tried out and strained, can be mixed with a softer fat and used for frying.

When you want a cheaper cut of meat than the leg, buy a shoulder and have the butcher bone and roll it. After being roasted, it can be cut in almost as good slices as the leg. The bones from the shoulder also make good broth, especially when any trimmings from the roast or leftover pieces which are not desirable to serve in any other way, are added to it. When buying a shoulder, sometimes, for a change, have part of it cut off to make into a casserole of lamb, the remainder to be rolled and stuffed, as suggested above. Here is a good recipe for:

CASSEROLE OF LAMB

Cut lamb in small pieces and remove fat. Roll in flour to which salt, pepper and possibly paprika have been added. Fry

the pieces of floured lamb in two tablespoons of fat until brown. Place the pieces of meat in the casserole. Put bones and

trimmings into a kettle, add 3 cups cold water, bring to the boil and cook until ready to use in making the following sauce.

BROWN SAUCE

To fat left in pan after frying lamb, add enough additional fat to make 3 tablespoons. To this add 3 tablespoons flour and brown. Add 2 cups of the liquid in which the bones have cooked, and cook until smooth and thick. Season with $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoons salt, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper and 1 teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce. Pour sauce over lamb in casserole, adding $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced carrots, which have been parboiled 10 minutes. Cover casserole, place in moderate oven (350°F) and cook from 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Half an hour before serving add 12 very small onions which have been cooked until tender and then browned in a little butter and sugar.

STEAK FOR THE SMALL FAMILY

It is a mistaken idea that it is cheaper to buy a steak less than an inch thick. It is much better to buy a thick steak and to serve smaller pieces than to purchase such a thin steak that it becomes dried up in cooking and requires a large piece for a satisfying serving. Then, too, it is very difficult to buy a good steak when only a small one is needed. A large one can be bought and divided up in various ways before cooking. Buy, for instance, a flat bone sirloin steak which, if cut from good beef, will weigh from four to five pounds. This may cost you an average of fifty to sixty cents a pound. Not all portions of it are particularly good when broiled and served as a steak usually is served.

Remove the bone, trim off the fat around it and remove the tenderloin which lies on one side of the bone. This tenderloin always will make an excellent steak for broiling and will be sufficient to serve two or three persons. The small part lying above the bone will also give another good steak, as well as meat to be used in various other ways.

Put the toughest end of it through a meat chopper and make it into Hamburger steaks or meat balls. [Turn to page 44]

Speeding Life's Action

Mental and Physical
Through RIGHT EATING

1~ At Breakfast
2~ At Luncheon



Grain foods with the enticement of confections to prove food that's "good" for you can be wonderfully delicious too

HERE are active afternoons and bright mornings due, as millions know, to unique foods that delight the appetite, supply dynamic energy elements, and yet leave no "heavy" feeling.

Quaker Puffed Wheat is whole wheat steam exploded to 8 times its natural size, then oven toasted. It tastes like toasted nutmeats. Almost 20% is bran, but you would never guess it.

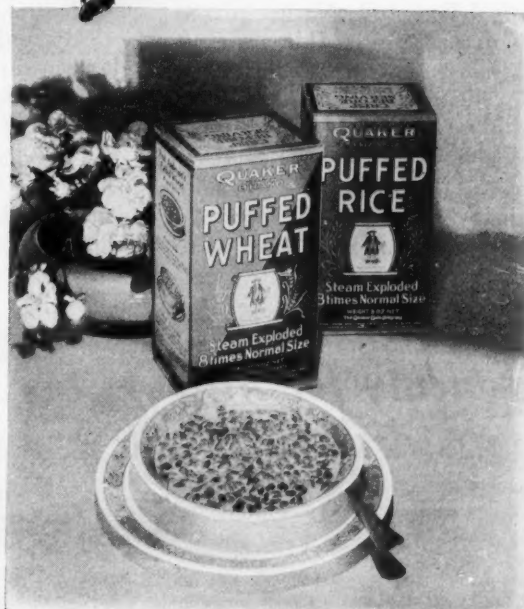
Quaker Puffed Rice are grains of selected rice puffed like the wheat. The great energy

elements of carbohydrate food are embodied. They are as tempting as confections.

They are different in every way from any other cereal known. Thus taste good when no other food attracts. Digest easily, are quickly assimilated, apply quick nutrition without imposing on the digestion.

Get Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice at your grocer's. Enjoy the delight of a great change at breakfast. Order at luncheon at any restaurant for brighter, less loggy afternoons.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY





"You know how red they used to get"

"My hands . . . they don't say 'Dishpan' now"

WHEN you wash dishes your hands are exposed to the soap nearly half an hour, three times a day.

The free alkali in most soaps—regardless of whether they are flakes, chips or cakes—dries up the delicate oils Nature placed under the outer skin of your hands to protect their smooth loveliness. Lux diamonds contain no free alkali. They cannot redden or roughen the skin.

Women, themselves, washing their fine things in Lux, discovered how kind Lux is to

hands. Quickly they began to use it for dishwashing and freed their hands of that tell-tale "in the dishpan look."

One teaspoonful whips quickly into all the foamy suds you need for a whole panful of dishes. The light Lux suds rinse off so quickly and leave your dishes, glassware and silver so sparkling that Lux actually makes dishwashing easier and quicker.

Save your hands. Keep a package of Lux always on your pantry shelf. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

One teaspoonful
is plenty for all
the dishes



THE PLAY OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 27]

on. The trait that strikes me most when I think over the technical side of a Barrie play is his canny method. Barrie's Scotch thrift not only takes care of every point but ties it in securely; often he repeats it the traditional three times that will make it sure to go over the footlights.

The faults of Barrie's plays come largely from this repetition and forcing. Sometimes he pushes his archness too far; sometimes he repeats till the effect is too sentimentally sweet, too anxious to please. But all that is largely absent from this present play; in Barrie it is always easily forgiven, and drops quickly out of mind.

The grave, the high, the moral or caustic, Shakespeare, Ibsen, Euripides, Shaw, may frighten or steady or exalt us as the

case may be. But we like to hide in gentler places. Barrie stirs our pet follies and dreams, our evasions of harsh fact, our shy hopes. He is our secret angel in the theatre. His quality brings to us the fragrance of sentiment, gossip, gruff laughter, of old flower paintings, knitting, open fires and tea on rainy afternoons, old ties and dear memories. You watch *What Every Woman Knows*, with Miss Helen Hayes and Mr. Kenneth McKenna playing so agreeably. It is Barrie and a rest from Broadway, from everything in the noisier world; you sit there—it is like being a dreamer, a child and a grandfather both at a Christmas tree, a Christmas tree yourself, a candy heart, a humorous philosopher, all rolled into one.

THE SERMON OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 24]

the marks of Calvary upon his hands and feet and side—all this the preacher tells with a sense of wonder and reverent joy. "Even the birds gathered about him; if they did not understand his words, they did understand his love."

What has the voice of St. Francis to tell us in our noisy, rushing, modern world, with its whirling industrialism, its strident nationalism, its materialistic science, its clashing of races and classes? Why is it, asks Dr. Hough, that these modern voices leave us wistful and lonely? Is it not because something high and fine and precious has been lost, a sublime secret forgotten? The preacher touches swiftly

but surely upon the source of our present day restless discontent, when men are physically so comfortable but spiritually so unhappy.

"So we turn again to St. Francis, who knew the wonder of appreciation without possession."

"And as he comes we seem to see beyond him another Figure, infinitely loving and compassionate and strong. Come into the world again, Little Brother of Long Ago. We need—ah! how sorely and deeply—to hear your voice. And we need, beyond the power of telling, to meet the Master who will walk with you when you come."

THE WORLD EVENT OF THE MONTH

[Continued from page 27]

has been considered more sympathetic toward China's aspirations than the other powers, but in the acute crisis now existing she has not found our attitude entirely satisfactory, and a marked cooling of enthusiasm for us is noticeable.

The situation is pregnant with possibilities for disaster. What is needed is wisdom and tolerance. China may be in-

capable of righting herself alone, but help should be given without further exploitation. John Hay once said that the precepts of America's foreign policy were the Monroe Doctrine and the Golden Rule. Let us apply the Golden Rule to the China of today so that there may sooner be another mighty factor for peace and civilization in the China of tomorrow.

CUTTING DOWN YOUR MEAT BILL

[Continued from page 42]

Or use the Hamburger, nicely seasoned, as a stuffing for cabbage leaves. The larger leaves may be filled with the seasoned meat, rolled up and tied, then sautéed in some of the fat from the meat. Then, with the addition of water, they may be simmered until tender and served with a gravy made from the liquid in the pan.

Thus, from one steak there may be served three meals of meat for a small family.

The bone which was removed from the steak, combined with any trimmings from the meat, will make a foundation for a soup. Add to these water, onion, cabbage and carrots and cook for an hour or two to make a very palatable vegetable soup.

The fat which you removed should be tried out, being careful that it does not at any time reach too high a temperature. If it burns, it is neither satisfactory for shortening nor wholesome for eating. Strain the fat and use it for frying potatoes or other vegetables or meats or as a shortening for gingerbread or cookies.

GETTING THE MOST OUT OF A CHICKEN

For the sake of economy and convenience, one might wish that chicken could be bought in this country in separate small pieces, as it is in the markets of Paris. When one is obliged to buy a whole chicken or fowl at a time, one must consider the several meals it may yield for a small family and ways of serving it, in order to make it a reasonable rather than an extravagant purchase.



First, the legs and wings may be removed and used for a Casserole of Chicken,

for which we gave you a recipe in our article in the December McCall's.

The breast meat, which is always the most desirable part, can be removed from the bone and separated into four parts. These parts, cooked until tender and dipped in egg and crumbs, can be baked or fried and when served with a cream sauce, make a very delicate dish. If you prefer, the breasts can be put into a pan, covered with pieces of bacon and baked in the oven. Served with a cream sauce and corn fritters, we have the famous Maryland Chicken.

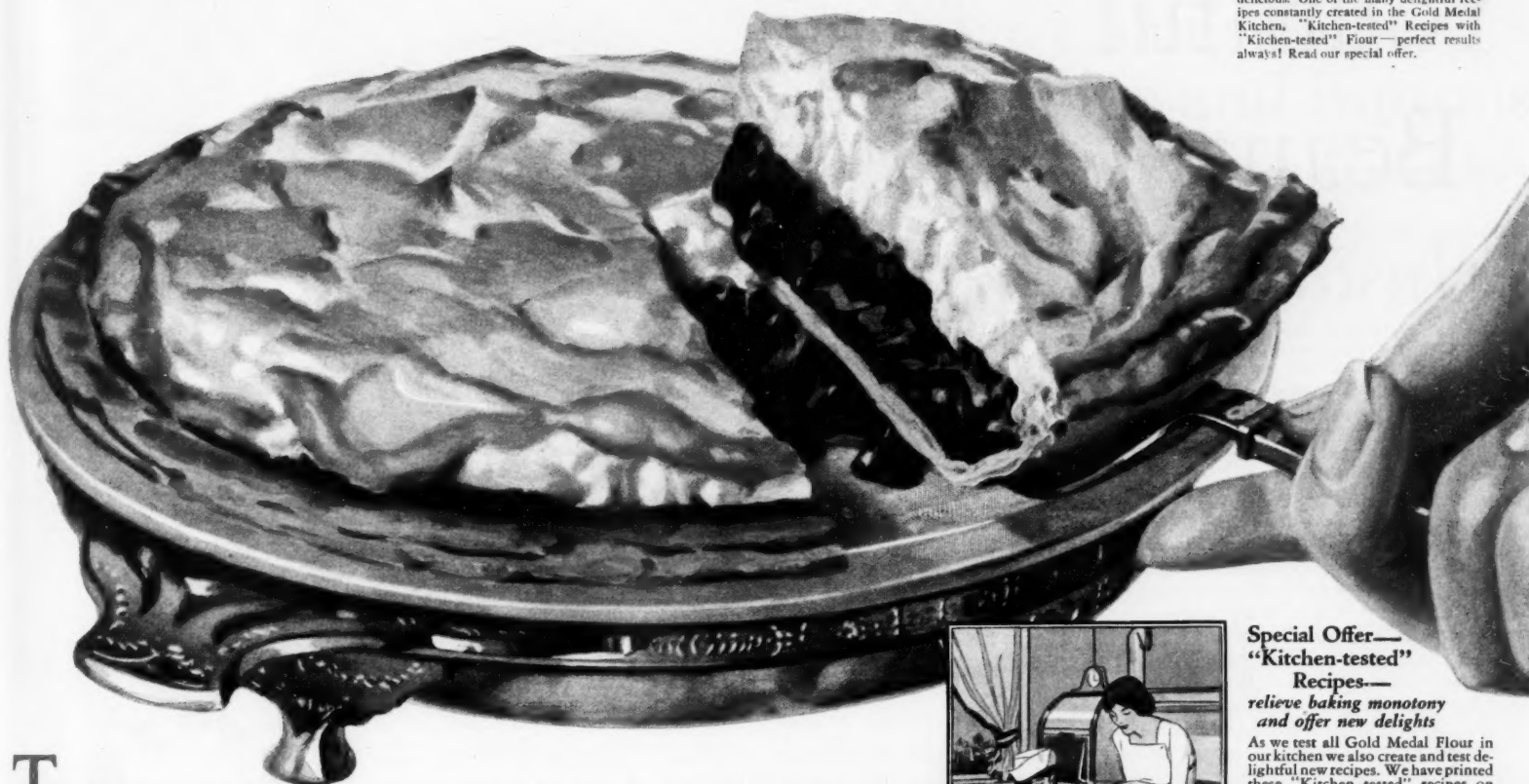
From the back, feet and neck of the chicken can be made a delicious soup to which may be added any vegetable desired or it may be served as plain chicken soup or broth with rice.

With meat, as with all foods, it is the way you use it after it comes into the home that makes it an extravagant or an economical purchase. If every little particle of fat is carefully saved (not until it becomes old) and tried out while it is fresh; if every piece of bone is put into the soup pot; if the meat is cooked in several different ways, one can have more desirable meals at far less cost. Nothing adds so much to the flavor of soup as bones from a roasted or broiled piece of meat and there is no better fat than that which one tries out herself, especially chicken fat.

The high cost of meat is due not alone to what we eat but to what we waste. A study of the complete utilization of a cut of meat is an experiment in family economy which will amply repay you.

This unusual "Kitchen-test" now takes guesswork out of baking

*Experienced cooks test this flour
for every kind of baking—the only
real proof of how a flour will act
in your oven*



Gold Medal Chocolate Pie—Unusually delicious. One of the many delightful recipes constantly created in the Gold Medal Kitchen. "Kitchen-tested" Flour—perfect results always! Read our special offer.

THOSE "near-failures" and "half-failures"! When your cakes or pastries come out slightly heavy or soggy. Apparently without reason. So irritating. Yet so common. Why?

Half your baking "luck" depends upon how your flour acts in the oven. Two batches of the same brand of flour may seem identical by every possible scientific test. Yet—in your baking—they often give different results. This is half the cause of all baking failures.

Countless experiments have proved to us that there is only one positive way to tell how a flour will act for you. That is, to bake with samples of every batch ourselves.

That is the famous "Kitchen-test" all Gold Medal Flour must pass. Before it can go to you, every batch must prove—by actual baking results—that it will act the same perfect way in your oven.

This rigid baking test of ours now does away with half the cause of all baking failures. It is your assurance of perfect results. Read our guarantee.

The final proof

Each morning the Gold Medal Kitchen (a kitchen just like yours) receives samples from every batch of Gold Medal Flour milled the day before. All day long Miss Betty Crocker and other experienced women bake with them—breads, pastries, cakes—everything.

Last year we held back more than 5 million pounds of Gold Medal Flour. Chemically, it was perfect. But our "Kitchen-test" proved it varied slightly in the way it acted in the oven. It could not carry the Gold Medal label.

So, at last, in Gold Medal you have a flour that you

know will always act the same way in your oven.

Tested for every kind of recipe. This means one flour for all your baking. There is no better flour for cakes or pastries. Why pay more?

Money-back guarantee

If at any time Gold Medal Flour does not give you most uniformly good results of any flour you have ever tried—you may return the unused portion of your sack of flour to your grocer. He'll pay you back full purchase price. We'll repay him. So make this trial. Order a sack from your grocer today.

Special—for the South. Gold Medal Flour (plain or self-rising) for our Southern trade is milled in the South at our Louisville mill. Every batch is "Kitchen-tested" before it goes to you.



Listen in on Betty Crocker Radio Cooking School—10:15 A. M., Tues., Wed., and Fri. Delightful, new "Kitchen-tested" recipes.



Special Offer—"Kitchen-tested" Recipes—

relieve baking monotony and offer new delights

As we test all Gold Medal Flour in our kitchen we also create and test delightful new recipes. We have printed these "Kitchen-tested" recipes on cards and filed them in neat wooden boxes, handy for your kitchen.

We will be glad to send you one of the new Gold Medal Home Service Recipe Boxes, complete with recipes, for only \$1.00 (less than this service actually costs us). Twice as many recipes as in original box. Just send coupon with check, money order, or plain dollar bill.

If you prefer to see first what the recipes are like, we will be glad to send you selected samples for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Check and mail the coupon for whichever you desire.



Send coupon now. A new delight awaits you

MISS BETTY CROCKER

Gold Medal Flour Home Service Dept.
Dept. 208, Minneapolis, Minn.

Enclosed find \$1.00 for your new box of "Kitchen-tested" Gold Medal Flour recipes. (It is understood I may send for new recipes free.)

Enclosed find 10 cents for selected samples of "Kitchen-tested" recipes.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Copyr. 1926, Washburn Crosby Co.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

WASHBURN CROSBY COMPANY: GENERAL OFFICES, MINNEAPOLIS. MILLS AT MINNEAPOLIS, BUFFALO, KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO, LOUISVILLE, GREAT FALLS, KALISPELL

Kitchen-tested

From
LAKE PLACID
to
PALM BEACH

I have told it to hundreds
of women in the smart
circles of Fashion
and I want you, too, to
know how to have

Youthful Beauty Instantly

By Madame Jeannette de Cordet
Famous Beauty Specialist

YOU need not fear the sun of the south,
the snows of the north, or the variable
seasons in between. I can help you look as
young as the newest debutante.

Your skin can always look fresh and young
with my special twin treatment for beauty.
You can have the white brow and delicately
colored cheeks that give every woman the
effect of natural, youthful loveliness.

There seems to be actual magic in the
manner in which Pompeian Beauty Powder
and Pompeian Bloom go on your skin, trans-
forming its dull tone to quick, young beauty.

Pompeian Beauty Powder comes in a selec-
tion of shades that are tone-perfect to bring
youthful beauty to every typical skin, from
the most romantic of brunettes to the most
delicate of golden blondes.

And Pompeian Bloom is a perfect compan-
ion for this powder, as it too has a range of
marvelously natural colors for all women. Used
together, this powder and this rouge make an
already-smooth skin dazzlingly beautiful.

My way to "Youthful Beauty"

First, cover the skin evenly with Pompeian
Beauty Powder. It imparts the rose-petal soft-
ness of youth.

Pompeian Beauty Powder and Bloom

SHADE CHARTS

POMPEIAN BEAUTY POWDER comes in: *Flesh*—
a definite pink for fresh, youthful skins; *Peach*
(formerly called *Naturelle*)—a delicate creamy
pink shade, with a rosy suggestion of youth;
Rachel—the creamy tan shade for the brunette
type; and *White*—the pure white powder shade.

POMPEIAN BLOOM, a perfect rouge, comes in
Medium—a soft warm rose that gives natural
color to the average skin; *Oriental*—a more bril-
liant tone similar to poppy-red; *Orange*—the
correct tint for sun-kissed types; *Light* and *Dark*
shades are two other tones of *Medium* Bloom.

Jeannette de Cordet
SPECIALISTE EN BEAUTÉ



FROM the delightful resorts
of the south to the sporting
gaeties in the north, one sees such
smart-looking women! They all
have an exquisite beauty of skin.



Get Panel and Samples

Generous samples of Pompeian Powder
and Bloom will be sent with the beautiful
new Art Panel for only 10c. This picture,
entitled "The Bride," by the famous ar-
tist, Rolf Armstrong, is reproduced in
colors. Actual size 27 x 7 inches, art store
value easily 75c. Madame Jeannette's
booklet of beauty suggestions also sent.

TEAR OFF NOW!

YOU MAY FORGET!

Madame Jeannette de Cordet
POMPEIAN, 2200 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio
Madame: I enclose 10c (a dime, coin pre-
ferred) for 1927 Panel and samples of Powder
and Bloom.
Name.....
Street.....
Address.....
City.....State.....
Powder shade.....
Medium rouge sent unless another shade requested.





Are you a martyr over your housework or do you push it through so you will have time for other things?

LEISURE GAINED OR TIME WASTED - WHICH?

BY GLADYS BECKETT JONES

Head of Home Economics Work, Garland School of Homemaking

ILLUSTRATION BY CORNELIA BROWNLEE

If you had one free hour a day given to you, what would you do with it?

Perhaps your answer will be like the old English recipe for hare pie which began: "First catch the hare," and you will say: "Show me how to get the hare. I have plenty of ways of using it!"

So many of us have not considered ourselves as candidates for leisure that we will have to sell ourselves the idea. We snatch an hour here and a day there, but we do not realize that we need leisure as regularly as we do food. I have just been looking over a preliminary report of a survey of living conditions in farm homes in an Eastern State, which gives the homemaker's average working day as thirteen and one fifth hours. It also shows that women on moderate incomes are working just as long hours as women managing on low incomes. This proves that those homemakers who have more money to spend are not getting correspondingly more leisure. Is it because there has been so much talk about women's work never being done that we have accepted this as a fact? Or is it because we haven't a definite plan for getting leisure and using it when we get it?

If you are the kind of housekeeper who martyrs over your housework and feel proud that you work all day long and never have time to do anything but work, this article won't do you a bit of good! It is intended for the woman who has a keen desire to do her housework, not shirking or slighting it, but pushing it through so that she will have time and opportunity for other things.

There are two factors to be considered in getting leisure. One is to plan your life so that you can have leisure and the other is to use the leisure that you have wrested from a busy day so it will rest and recreate you. Probably you and I won't agree on what we mean by leisure. To you it means a morning's work in your garden or an hour's rest and reading after lunch or a visit with a friend or an opportunity to work and add to the family income. To me it may mean an hour at my typewriter or time to attend a committee meeting. But whatever it is, the thing we want to do and enjoy doing is the thing that sends us back to the routine of our job rested and happy.

In making your plans for leisure, how much do you want and what else are



you willing to give up to get it? So often it is merely a matter of choice. Do you want leisure more than you want a new hat, and are you willing to spend money for leisure instead of for a new hat?

If you are the kind of worker who has always dawdled over dish-washing, are you willing to hustle and set a time limit on yourself and get it done within the limit? A charming friend of mine who delights in reading while she washes dishes has bits of poetry slipped into the ledge over the sink. This sounds as if she were taking the drudgery out of dish-washing, but what really happens is that it slows up her work and divides her attention to such an extent that she spends most of her day doing housework. She is never willing to entertain her friends at dinner because it takes such an endless time to wash up after them.

If you are really going to make leisure, it means doing your work with all that is in you and getting on to other things. You can't waste time and have leisure. Perhaps, in addition, you will need actually to modify certain phases of your living, serve less elaborate Sunday dinners and simpler desserts or do less housecleaning. Or you may even have to change the habits of the family, establish family routine and demand observance of it.

I know that if there are children, it makes the problem more difficult, but none the less necessary. A rested mother ought to be the right of every little child.

You can't just add a job to the other activities of life and not do some eliminating, and it is purely a personal problem as to the adjustment you can make. No matter whether you want leisure for work or for play you must work out a flexible plan and endeavor to abide by it.

First, set down on paper all of the "must-be-dones-every-day," and for the average homemaker this is a formidable list. Can you dovetail any of these tasks into each other and save thirty precious minutes? Or are there certain jobs that you could pass on to other members of the family?

Next, make a list of the special things to be done each week and see if you can't, by a small expenditure of money, have one or more of them struck from the list.

You who must have leisure in order to add to the family [Turn to page 48]



Don't hurt him, Mother, with pins and buttons

How to dress your baby in a human way



Vanta Vest

The shirt without a fault. Sizes 1 to 6. Double over the chest and abdomen where constant protection is needed. Will not gape at the neck or "work up." Fastenings are of Vanta Twistless Tape. Endorsed by physicians everywhere. Quality of materials and workmanship always the finest.

Vanta "K" Band
—the perfect summer garment

Doctors and nurses agree that babies should not wear wool over the chest and back in warm weather, yet they need that "touch of wool" over the abdomen. The Vanta "K" Band meets this need, the upper part being of fine wool and the part covering the abdomen is of fine wool and lisle. The two materials are joined in the knitting without a seam.



Vanta Knit Knit
—cannot bind under arms

The ideal sleeping garment. Closes at the bottom like a bag, keeps feet and hands covered, prevents thumb-sucking and infection of the eyes, often caused by rubbing with the tiny fists. Note the roominess that permits Baby to stretch and kick to his heart's content.

Baby's Outfit Book

"Baby's Outfit" contains practical information on what Mother should know before and after Baby's arrival. Endorsed by doctors everywhere.

If a Baby could only tell you! It is not colic or "temper" that makes him cry so often as pricking pins and bruising buttons. And now there's a way to dress Baby without any pricking pins or bruising buttons. It's the Vanta way.

Instead of pins and buttons you fasten the little garments by cute little bows of twistless tape. These dainty fastenings make each Vanta garment instantly adjustable, fitting Baby comfortably, without once turning him over.

Vanta Baby Garments are always of highest quality, non-shrinkable, guaranteed. All are twice sterilized in the making, once just before packing, so they come antiseptically clean.

For Your Baby

In justice to your little one, dress him the first two years the Vanta way. It's much simpler and cuter than the old way. But, most important, Baby is more comfortable and happy—and safe!

Almost all good stores carry Vanta Baby Garments in their Infant's Department. If your store does not, write direct to us. We'll see that you're supplied.

Vanta Garments come in all fabrics. Each fabric is plainly numbered. So if you start with fabric No. 3, for example, be sure all his garments are No. 3. Changing fabrics brings on colds, and colds are the beginning of most of Baby's ills.

For children over two years, we make a complete line of buttoned garments. They come in the same fabrics.

Vanta Twistless Tape

Note—Vanta Twistless Tape, patented, is different from any other tape. It will not kink, twist, curl or ravel. If tape had not been improved this way, this method of dressing Baby would not have been practical.

Vanta Abdominal Binders

No Pins—No Sewing. Holds the naval dressing in place perfectly. A knit fabric, sufficiently elastic to permit the little "tummy" to expand after feeding. Fastens on the side with three dainty bows of Vanta Twistless Tape.

A FREE GIFT—to Mothers

Vanta Diaper Pattern and Twistless Tape

No cost to you whatever. Nothing to pay now or later. Just fill out and mail the coupon below and we will send you postpaid and free of charge—

1. Pattern for making the Vanta Pinless Diaper.
2. Enough Vanta Twistless Tape for one Diaper.
3. "Baby's Outfit," 56-page Book, illustrated in colors.

Write today while this free gift offer holds good. Earnshaw Sales Co., Inc., Dept. 92, 325 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Vanta

Baby Garments



Earnshaw Sales Co., Dept. 92
325 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation to me, please send me, in plain envelope, your free gift to mothers—Pinless and Twistless Tape for making Pinless and Buttonless Diaper. Also your book, "Baby's Outfit."

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



DE MEYER

A naturally clear fine skin is lovelier than cosmetics or art can make it

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S TREATMENTS *normalize every function of the skin—supply every need of the tissues—so that the skin is vigorously healthy—lovely without need of artifice*

SO MANY WOMEN come to Elizabeth Arden for expert advice on make-up! And they are surprised when Miss Arden says, "Make your cheeks *naturally* pink, your eyes *naturally* clear, make your blood help to purify and brighten your skin." That is the basis of the Elizabeth Arden method.

This same scientific purpose is behind every step in the Elizabeth Arden Treatments for the skin. Miss Arden is never content to conceal blemishes. She will teach you how to remove them. How to cleanse the skin properly, to cor-

rect blackheads. How to restore the elastic vitality of muscles that have begun to go flabby. How to nourish a skin that is falling into wrinkles and furrows.

You can follow the Elizabeth Arden method with wonderful results at home, using the very same Preparations which form a part of the Treatments given in Miss Arden's Salon. If you would like Miss Arden's advice on the correct care of your skin, write her, describing its characteristics and faults. She will outline for you a complete course of home treatments.

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S *Venetian Toilet Preparations* are on sale at smart shops everywhere

Venetian Cleansing Cream. Removes all impurities from the pores, leaves the skin soft and receptive. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic. Tones, firms and clarifies the skin. 85c, \$2, \$3, \$7.50.

Venetian Orange Skin Food. Rounds out wrinkles and lines. Excellent for a thin, lined or aging face, and as a preventive of fading and lines. \$1, \$1.75, \$2.75, \$4.25.

Venetian Velva Cream. A delicate skin food for sensitive skins. Recommended also for a full face, as it nourishes without fattening. \$1, \$2, \$3, \$6.

Venetian Muscle Oil. Restores sunken tissues or flabby muscles. \$1, \$2.50, \$4.

Venetian Pore Cream. Closes open pores, refines the coarsest skin. \$1, \$2, \$5.

Venetian Special Astringent. Lifts and firms the tissues, smooths the contour. \$2.25, \$4.

Poudre d'Illusion. Powder of superb quality, fine, pure, adherent. *Illusion* (a peach blend), *Rachel*, *Ore*, *Minerva*, *White* and *Banan*. \$3.

Venetian June Geranium Bathodomes. Finest imported bath soap, leaves the skin soft and white. 50c a cake. \$3 a box of 6.

Savon Kenott. Tooth Paste, cleansing, refreshing, remedial. In box, 75c. In tube, 60c.

Write for a copy of "THE QUEST OF THE BEAUTIFUL," Elizabeth Arden's book on the correct care of the skin according to her scientific method.

ELIZABETH ARDEN

NEW YORK: 673 FIFTH AVENUE

© Elizabeth Arden, 1927

LONDON: 25 Old Bond St.
PARIS: 2 rue de la Paix
BIARRITZ: 2 rue Gambetta
CANNES: 3 Galeries Fleuries
PALM BEACH: 2 Via Parigi

CHICAGO: 70 E. Walton Place
BOSTON: 24 Newbury St.
DETROIT: 318 Book Building
PHILADELPHIA: 133 S. 18th St.

WASHINGTON: 1147 Connecticut Ave.
ATLANTIC CITY: Ritz-Carlton Block
SAN FRANCISCO: 233 Grant Ave.
LOS ANGELES: 600 W. 7th St.

LEISURE GAINED OR TIME WASTED—WHICH?

[Continued from page 47]

income have the most difficult problem of all, for you must plan your time so that you can have consecutive hours in which to do it. This means reducing personal and family living to essentials, and yet no one of us who is responsible for a home can afford to lower our standards of living or do away with the niceties of life.

A young woman—we will call her Mrs. Brown—came to me last year and said: "We are deeply in debt. It is beginning to worry me dreadfully. Do you think it would be right for me to get a job and go to work?"

No one but Mrs. Brown and her husband could really decide that question, but often the point of view of an outsider bolsters up our own decisions. I knew what anxiety she was going through, so I suggested that we talk over her problem.

"There are just my husband and myself," she said, "and my mother as a third member of the family in the summer-time. Our home is a six-room cottage in the suburb of L—with excellent train service to the city. I have no desire to work toward a profession or to take a position indefinitely, just to earn something to help pay off our indebtedness. Do you think I can do it?"

I asked her these questions, which you must ask yourself if your problem is similar to hers:

"Are you willing to give up teas, bridge, luncheons—all of your day-time social life?"

"Are you willing to simplify your living and do it cheerfully?"

"Can you live by the clock, not just go to work by it?"

"What part-time help can you get that would not be too expensive for you to hire?" She could not afford to entirely replace herself at home, as the salary of a good domestic worker would probably be as much as two-thirds of her own earnings her first year.

"Are you willing to keep your expenses down so that the money you earn really will go toward reducing the debt and not into expensive clothing and luxuries?" Getting a job does not always mean money saved, for carfares, lunches, extra clothing and help eat into the weekly pay envelope.

"In the first place," I told her, after she had answered my questions satisfactorily, "you will have to have the cooperation of your husband, for if he is continually to grumble because you serve fruit instead of home-made apple pie for dessert, if he is going to be a stumbling-block in the way of a well-ordered routine, your efforts to use your

leisure profitably will be hopeless. Once he has been converted to the new order of things, it will be necessary for him to take over certain home responsibilities.

Briefly, the schedule we worked out for her was this:

Their day begins at six-thirty. Then a simple breakfast of fruit, cereal, toast and coffee is on the table at seven-thirty. After breakfast, Mrs. Brown washes the silver, stacks the breakfast dishes neatly in a dish-pan and covers them with water, runs the carpet-sweeper around the dining-room, straightens and dusts the living-room, makes the beds and puts in the grocery order. She prefers this particular arrangement because she likes to come home to an orderly house. You might like some other plan better.

At twenty-five minutes of nine she takes off her gingham cover-all and leaves the house for her train. At five-thirty she is back at the house and just as soon as she has changed into a house-dress she goes to the kitchen and finishes the preparations for dinner. By the time Mr. Brown, reaches home at six, dinner is ready.

While dinner is cooking the breakfast dishes have to be washed. A faucet dish-washing device, a drainer and plenty of hot water make short work of it, for she does not dry them. Cooking ahead for the next day's dinner must be done. Being fore-handed, she cooks potatoes enough for two or three meals at a time. The flank end of yesterday's steak is made into meat pie and left-over spinach into Eggs Florentine.

She takes Monday evening to plan meals for the week. Then she lives closely by the plan. The clearing up and putting away after dinner is a cooperative job, and is accomplished by eight o'clock.

The laundry is sent out of the house and one of the changes Mrs. Brown has found necessary to make is to invest in serviceable personal garments which can be sent to the laundry. Her schedule does not allow for any laundry work in the evenings or on Saturday. On alternate Fridays the house is thoroughly cleaned by a day worker. The cost of the laundry and of the day worker are the only increase in expenditures. Saturday afternoons Mrs. Brown does necessary shopping.

Mrs. Brown decided that early Sunday evening suppers should be their chief form of entertaining and I suggested that Mr. Brown should help with getting this ready as well as the clearing up.

Full days, you will say. Yes, but not necessarily heavy ones, for Mrs. Brown is meeting interesting people and she comes home to her homemaking at night with renewed interest.

IS YOUR CHILD STARVING FOR SUNLIGHT?

[Continued from page 34]

Nor does it seem to disappear from the oil when it is kept, even for a long time, under the careful conditions which are now the rule.

There is now good experimental evidence to show that sunlight is of great importance to the nursing mother and to the infant which she is breast-feeding. An experiment has just been reported with two groups of cows which were kept in a dark stable for several weeks during the experiment. They were fed and cared for exactly alike, except that one group was irradiated daily with the rays of a quartz-mercury lamp which gives rays rich in ultra-violet light, and the other group was not. Two groups of chickens were so fed and kept away from light that they developed a mild grade of rickets. One group was then fed the milk from the irradiated cows and the other group the milk from the cows kept indoors and not irradiated. The former were cured of their rickets and the latter group developed a severe grade of the disease.

Not only were the cows themselves benefited by ultra-violet light when kept indoors, but they produced under the in-

fluence of the light so much vitamin D that they were able to secrete into their milk an amount sufficient to protect the chicks which drank the milk. This proves that illumination of a mother may greatly improve the quality of her milk as a preventive of rickets in her baby.

It has become a common practice to expose children and sometimes adults to the rays of certain kinds of lamps which give off large amounts of ultra-violet light. This is undoubtedly beneficial in some cases, but there is great danger in over-exposing the body to these rays which are chemically very active. Such treatment should be taken only under the direction and careful supervision of a competent medical adviser.

During the warm months of the year, children should be permitted to play in the sunshine with little clothing. A thorough bronzing of the skin during summer would prove of great benefit to any child, whether strong or delicate. Exposure should be gradual so the skin will tan without becoming sunburned. Sunburn is very injurious and should be carefully guarded against in children and adults.

Supremely happy because yours is *The smiling* **MOUTH of YOUTH**

MOST IMPORTANT are the six little glands in your mouth!

As long as they are active, vigorously supplying the natural fluids that prevent decay, your white teeth stay sound, your gums remain hard and healthy-pink.

But this protection of the mouth glands is all too easily lost.

For the exercise that keeps them active, youthful, is not given by our modern diet. The soft foods we eat need too little chewing. Soon the mouth glands cease producing their natural fluids. Then decay begins.

Especially to correct this—to renew the vigor of the mouth glands as well as to polish the teeth—Pebeco was prepared. As you brush your teeth with Pebeco you can taste an important salty ingredient. You can feel its soft crystals dissolve.

This important substance in Pebeco restores for you each day the healthy, smiling Mouth of Youth. A tingling after-feeling tells you that the tiny mouth glands are refreshed, revived.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole distributors Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.



In our teens these six mouth glands begin to slow up

From our earliest years, soft foods are gradually robbing our teeth and gums of their protection. The numbers show where the real guardians of the mouth are located, three on each side. They should be working day and night, producing the fluids that neutralize the acids of decay. Pebeco contains the important ingredient that restores the youthful vigor of the tiny mouth glands and keeps them always active.

All the Loveliness and Charm of Joyous Youth are Yours

How thrilling to be popular, admired—even envied—for your gaily flashing smiles, your piquant, adorable mouth! No matter how close to others you speak and laugh, you know your breath is sweet as a child's.

"I like the sharp clean tang of Pebeco", writes one enthusiast, "because I love to feel happily confident that my teeth show shining white, my whole mouth pure and wholesome. I feel so free to laugh when I have used Pebeco each day."



Free Offer: Send coupon today for generous tube

PEBECO
keeps the Mouth Glands Young

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. U-11, Bloomfield, N. J.
Send me free your new large-size tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.
PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL
Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
This coupon not good after February, 1928



THE STORY OF LITTLE CHARITY

Told by the Radio Fairy

BY HELEN MORRIS

ILLUSTRATION BY SHIRLEY KITE

CAROLINE sat in the library waiting for Tempa, the Radio Fairy, to come to her. Suddenly she heard a burst of music coming right out of the radio loud speaker—a marching tune that set her feet to keeping time gaily. It made her see flags and soldiers and great gray warships. She thought she heard a horn and she knew she heard a drum, and the music kept coming nearer and nearer until it stopped with a bang just the way music does in the theatre before the big singer comes on the stage. She looked up in surprise—and there tiptoe on the loud speaker was Tempa, looking somehow rather warlike. She stopped dancing and smiled. "I have a story," she announced, "that goes right with the tune you just heard—about little Charity and her faithfulness and loyalty."

Caroline shut her eyes happily and waited. Oh, what a picture she saw. Dozens and hundreds of soldiers in red, red coats and horses and guns on wagons, all going—a stream of them that didn't seem to have any beginning or any end. Then Tempa began to talk.

MORE than two hundred years ago, there was war, red war in the land;

On one side American colonists, a brave and valiant band;
On the other, the English redcoats, armies from over the sea,
Who laughed at the colonists' efforts to throw off the king and be free.

Bravely they went on fighting, year after bitter year;
Saw friends in battle fallen, saw loss of all things dear;
Still seeing one duty only, to fight till they won or died,
From summer to blazing autumn, from winter to sweet spring tide."

CAROLINE saw the soldiers disappearing in the distance and another picture came before her. A farm lay smiling in the sun of summer. A big carriage with two prancing horses was drawn up at the front door of a big white house, and into it were climbing a lady with nodding plumed hat, several children, and a tall gentleman in colonial dress. He turned to give last directions to a servant and they rode away, the other servants waving and waving. Then they all went back into the house—all but one girl, not a big girl—in fact, she didn't seem much older than Caroline. She waved her apron long after the carriage was out of sight, and then she went back to the house.

CHARITY, the little bond-girl, watched them ride away, Wished for a fleeting moment her life was not work, but play.

Then with a tune on her lips, her heart again content,
With strong and willing little hands, back to her work she went.

She wished she might go to the city, as the carriage rolled away,

But Colonel Ashforth had asked them surely, each one, to stay,
To watch the house and the larder, the cattle and snowy sheep,

And every servant had promised a faithful watch to keep.
While the Ashforths sought distraction in town, still grieving sore,

Their hearts still mourning always for their son killed in the war.

Charity wept when they brought him home in his uniform dead,
And her tears were as deep as the Colonel's over the still young head.

Loyal she was to the family who had saved her from bitter need,

She, a motherless unloved child, the victim of a father's greed.

The Ashforths took her as a bond-girl—they to pay for her keep,

To see she had food and shelter and a proper place to sleep,
And she to work for them in return till she was a woman grown,

Until they found her a husband and a hearth and a home of her own.

Pleasant her work and her home here, kindly they were and just,

And the little bond-girl vowed that she would be true to her trust.

THE picture changed suddenly to a view of horsemen galloping, galloping along a country road. Then it switched back again to the house. The horses had come to a stop in front of it, and their wild-eyed riders were leaning over the smoking flanks talking to the servants who rushed out to meet them, panic on every face.

"Hurry, the redcoats are coming," was the fearful message they brought,

"Back of the hills we saw them—a terrible battle is fought.
Ours is the loss—and they're coming—as fast as ever they can—"

They will pillage and kill you, run quickly, save yourselves, woman and man."

Then on they galloped again, each on his weary horse

To bear the news of their danger to all they met in their course.

From the house the servants went tumbling, with bundles and babes in their arms.

Woe and fear on each face at this bitter war's alarms.

They called little Charity, "Hurry," but she shook her curly head,

"I promised the Colonel I'd stay here—oh, I couldn't go," she said.

They tried in vain to persuade her, but every demand was in vain,

And finally they left her to scurry down through the sunlit lane.

MORE neighbors came riding pell-mell, and tried to make her go,

Though her heart with fear was thumping, her answer was always no.

When the last of them had gone, she turned and went

back to the house,
So silent, so empty and lonely, not even the sound of a mouse.

All day she polished and scoured, all day she cleaned and swept,

Looking often out of the window, a timorous watch she kept.

In the well she hid all the silver, gave the stock their evening meal,

Then watched the shadows of evening around the big house steal.

She heard the horseman coming, and bravely went to the door,

And there stood a single redcoat, one soldier—and no one more.

"Come, give me food to stay me till I reach my journey's goal,

And tell me the way to Ipswich, maid, say quick or your life the toll."

So Charity hurried and brought him slabs of her new-baked bread,

With her fresh-churned butter thick and yellow 'twas spread,

A big warm hunk of corncake on a dainty willow plate,
And a glass of milk all foaming, and she watched him while he ate.

Then Charity curtsied gravely and pointed him on his way,
And swift he leaped to the saddle, not even for thanks did he stay.

The picture changed to the inside of the house. Caroline saw Charity cover over the fire in the big keeping room.

She watched her put the settles and benches in place round the hearth. Then, just as she was winding the tall grandfather clock, the door burst open and the face of Colonel Ashforth peered in full of fear.

Then Caroline saw his look of relief when Charity, turning round at the opening door, her hand caught to her heart, recognized her employer and swept him a polite little curtsy. Then Tempa went on:

WILL and the rest overtook me and told me how you had stayed.

Swiftly I rode home to save you, my faithful, my brave little maid.

Has none of the enemy come here, was it all a false alarm.
That you are here so peaceful, with never a bit of harm?"

"A redcoat came here riding, sir, not more than an hour ago,
Demanding I give him food, and a good trencherman he, I trow.

I gave him bread and fresh butter, and when he rode away,
He asked me the road to Ipswich and how to reach there today."

The Colonel started in terror, "Our men we'll ne'er see alive,

For at Ipswich they are hiding until reinforcements arrive.
They will be cut off by the British, to leave they never will dare,

And the bitterest part of the tale is that Washington is there."

But Charity only curtsied, and then with a smile she said,
"I had to feed my foeman, or he said he would shoot me dead;

But I told him go left at the crossroads, [Turn to page 106]

"It was washable . . . but NOT the way I did it"



An unfortunate experience in washing a new chiffon dress

126 East 59th Street,
New York City

"WHEN I BOUGHT IT they told me it was washable. And it was washable, but not the way I did it. It was a printed chiffon—a lovely dress, green and white, one of the newest designs. I washed it myself—not in Lux, I must confess. It faded badly—so badly that I wouldn't have worn it again.

"I took it back to the store and reminded them that they had sold it to me as washable. They said of course they assumed I would wash such a delicate thing in Lux,

"The design and style of the dress pleased me so much that I bought another exactly like the first to take with me on a trip to Bermuda. I've always washed it in Lux and will wear the dress again this summer. It still looks like new."

—Janet Taylor.

(A recent investigation shows that 71% of the women interviewed in New York City use Lux for washing their silks and printed chiffons, their sensitive woollens and other fine things)

These three interesting letters
were selected from the 475,000
received this year by Lever
Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

782 Dudley Street, Dorchester, Mass.

"I WAS INVITED UP NORTH to enjoy the winter sports, only to find that my favorite skiingsweater—a brilliant all-over design—looked dingy and unattractive. And there wasn't time to send it to the cleaner's! My sister told me I was a goose not to wash it myself in Lux. So I did and I wish you could see it! The colors are just as bright as they were originally and it didn't shrink a particle, thanks to Lux. Everyone at the house party admired my sweater—they thought it was a new one."

—Miss Dorothy E. Casey.

(76% of the women interviewed in Boston use Lux for washing their fine things, including woollens)



623 Lake Ave.
Wilmette (suburb of Chicago)

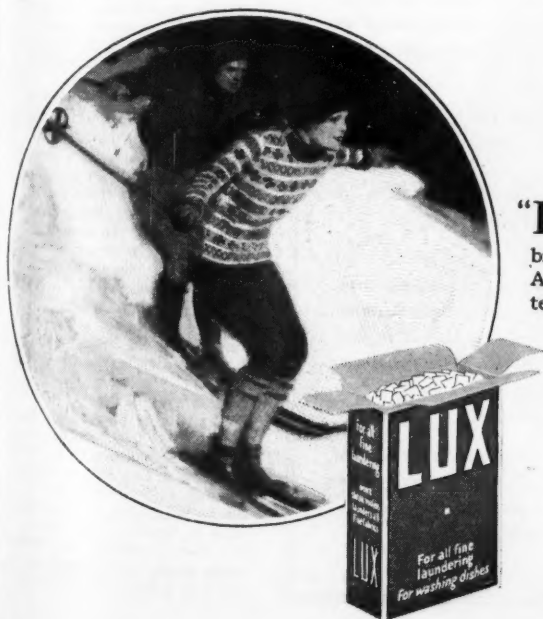
"HAND-MADE FRENCH UNDERTHINGS are not exactly common possessions of mine! So when I brought two lovely crepe de chine slips from Paris I resolved then and there that no laundress would ever touch them.

"But, as luck would have it, one slip did get into my laundress' hands and she washed it in the good old-fashioned way. Its charm vanished—it became just an ordinary, washed-out looking undergarment.

"Yesterday I washed the other slip in Lux. Really it looked prettier than the day I bought it. I was so delighted I had to sit down and write you a note of thanks for Lux."

—Mary C. Jarvis

(78% of the women interviewed in Chicago used Lux)



If it's safe in water . . . it's safe in Lux



See Different Sights

—this summer in Southern California—Vacation Land Supreme.



A Desert
Tucca—San
Bernardino
County.

MOST of all, you need complete change—of environment—of thought—of activities—fresh interests—and the vital, keen enjoyment of the things you love most to do, whatever they may be.

You will find these here in Southern California. And here, with alluring settings of mountains and sea, orange, palm and pepper trees, Old Spanish Missions, lovely vistas of valleys and hillsides, you can play golf or tennis, swim, dance, hike, motor, sail, at any time of year. Delightful days with cool nights (spent under blankets), even in summer, give you a keener edge for living. For, climatically, this is one of the World's finest summer lands. The average mean temperature in a central city (U. S. Weather Bureau records for the past fifty years) is 66 degrees for June; 70 for July; 71 for August; and 69 for September—a grand average of 69 for fifty summers. Humidity is always low.

Attractive little bungalows, half-hidden under clambering roses, can be had at moderate rentals. Or stay in hotels, apartments and boarding houses at very low costs.

Come via Los Angeles and San Diego, return by way of Santa Barbara, San Francisco, Oakland, Portland, Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane. See the Great Pacific Coast in one memorable trip.

Reduced rates are in effect on all railroads from May 15th to October 31st.

We have issued probably the most complete book on vacations ever printed, 52 pages, illustrated. Just send coupon below and get a copy free.



The city of Los Angeles, with a population of well over a million, is the largest city on the Pacific Coast and is the hub of one of the country's richest agricultural communities. The growth, wealth and marvelous resources of Southern California are indicated by the following facts and figures pertaining to the County of Los Angeles alone:
Value of Agricultural and Live Stock Products (1925), \$85,912,744; Value of Citrus Products (1925), \$23,241,503; Oil Production (1925), 140,000,000 bbls.; Harbor Imports (1925), 4,156,177 tons; Harbor Exports (1925), 16,114,568 tons; Total Harbor Tonnage 20,310,745.
A producing season of 365 days a year permitting year 'round crops.

Southern California

All - Year Vacation Land Supreme

ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA,
Dept. 2-S Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,
Los Angeles, California.

Please send me your free booklet about Southern California vacations. Also booklets telling especially of the attractions and opportunities in the counties which I have checked:

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ Riverside
☐ San Bernardino ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ Ventura
☐ San Diego

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....



Exposure to cold air and playing in the snow does not necessarily mean danger to a child's health

Photographs by Ruth Alexander Nichols



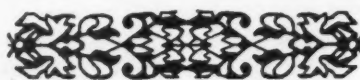
PREVENTING and TREATING COLDS

BY CHARLES GILMORE KERLEY, M.D.

BY an infection is meant that the parts referred to in the title have been invaded by bacteria in sufficient number and virulence to produce a reaction of a catarrhal nature on the part of the tissues involved. This reaction may be local entirely with little constitutional involvement in which event the child will not appear ill but is made uncomfortable by an interference with the normal function of the parts. Thus in many cases of so-called "head cold" there is no sign of actual illness, on the other hand in tonsillitis there is always pronounced systemic disturbance as well as the localized involvement of the tonsils.

There is no such thing as "catching cold," a term that was applied to catarrhal respiratory conditions before bacteriology was thought of. The term still holds, however, and conveys to the reader a familiar and definite fact and for that reason it will be used in this article. Cold in the head, congested throat, tonsillitis and spasmodic croup (non-diphtheritic) are of microbic origin and the nature of the infection, the bacteria that caused the disorder, may be easily determined by laboratory methods. Various types and combinations of bacterial invasion will be found operative. Inasmuch as the acute respiratory infections are due to the action of micro-organisms, they may be prevented in large measure by protecting the child from exposure to those who are ill.

Small children should be prevented from coming in contact with adults or children with colds. Infants have poor resistance to bacteria, and an infection that may be of little consequence to an adult or a runabout child may be decidedly serious in a three months old baby. The factor of exposure is much exaggerated. The exposure to cold air or prolonged cold may make the mucous membranes less resistant, but without the presence of bacteria there will be but little trouble. Among the ailments of humanity so-called "com-



mon cold" is the most prevalent of all. In the ordinary case the procedure is usually as follows:

Beginning at the nose with an acute congestion of the mucous membrane of the parts, the inflammation extends in-

volving the naso-pharynx and the throat structures generally which includes the faucial pillars and the tonsils. On inspection the mucous membrane of the throat presents a reddened swollen appearance. This does not necessarily mean tonsillitis as that is quite another disorder. Tonsillitis may, however, be a part of the picture, but in most colds the tonsils escape with but a slight involvement of the mucous surfaces. In infants and in young children there are at first signs of nasal obstruction due to swelling and congestion of the mucous membrane lining the nasal passages, which in children are always narrow in the normal state.

In small babies nursing and bottle feeding is interfered with and there may be a slight rise in the body temperature but this is not apt to be high. What the mother needs most at this time is something that will make the nasal breathing easier for the child. Any of the mineral oil preparations may be used as lubricants. Much relief will be afforded by instilling with a medicine dropper eight drops of the oil in each nostril every three hours. Soon a secretion is poured out of the congested mucous membrane and the child's "nose runs" and handkerchiefs are in demand.

A helpful remedy at this time is to drop into the nostrils a solution of warm salt water (one half teaspoonful of salt to a glass of warm water) from ten to fifteen drops at about three hour intervals. Inasmuch as there might be a slight rise in the body temperature it is best for the child to remain in-doors when the weather is cold or inclement, and he should be protected from needless exposure.

Every mother should possess a clinical thermometer and know how to use it. If the child has fever above 100° F., it is a good plan to give one or two teaspoonfuls of milk of magnesia, and if he is bottle-fed it may be wise to remove two ounces of the prepared formula from each feeding and replace it [Turn to page 80]

ANGELO PATRI SAYS:

*F*EARs of many sorts oppress childhood. Some of them rise out of the mysterious depths of the child's unconscious mind; some appear after misunderstood or shocking experience. Some of them, and this is the saddest of all causes, grow under the oppression of teachers and parents.

A dominant personality wakens fear in a child. I know a mother who paralyzed the intelligence of her son by her powerful dramatics. "Close the door. Stand here before your mother and confess your misconduct," said she, in tones that made the boy grow pale and tremble. She never struck him. Just numbed him.

Impatient, erratic control cultivates fear in the child who lives under its shadow. He never knows whether he will receive a kiss or a blow. Such wavering brings on doubt and its consequent fear of self-direction. All initiative is destroyed.

Mysterious threatenings create dreadful fear. A humorous teacher roared at a little child who was in disorder, "You stop that or I'll raise my voice in expostulation and cause you to desist." The man meant no harm but the child fell into hysterics and was afraid to return to school.

Fear is a most dangerous force to use in child training. It stunts growth. It takes the laughter out of childhood. It ruins the afflicted child's faith in people and in himself. It breeds the ghosts that rise to stalk the full-grown man's aspiring soul on the very verge of its high achievement.

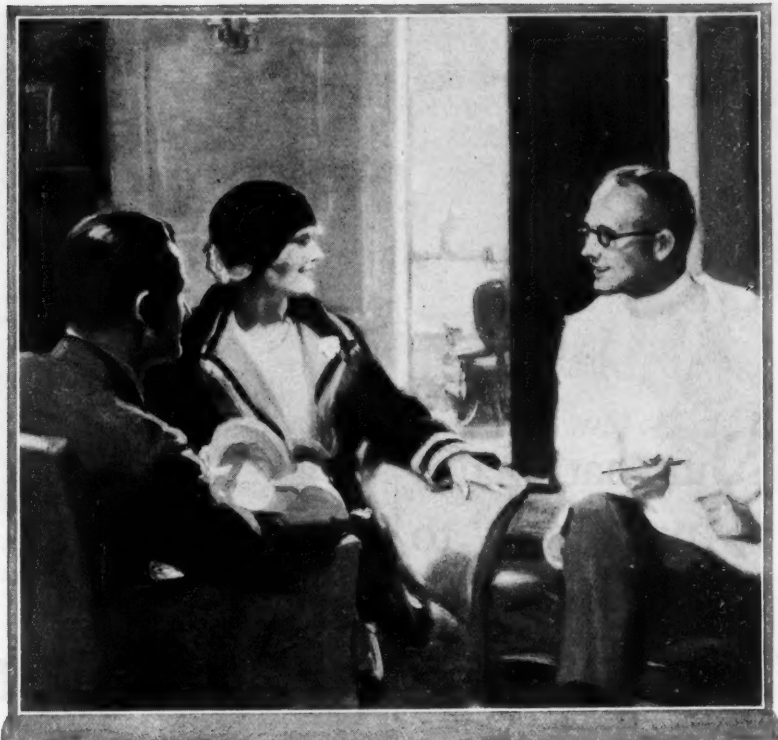
I can offer no better guiding principle than the old, old, "Perfect love casteth out fear." The child reared in love is a free triumphant spirit, master of his place and circumstance.

Keep FILM Off Your Teeth

—The Supreme Dental Urge of Today in
Combating Tooth and Gum Troubles, and
in Correcting Dull, "Off-Color" Teeth

*The price of teeth like pearls, gums like coral
to contrast them, according to authorities, is
regular film removal in this way*

SEND COUPON FOR 10-DAY TUBE



The habit of removing film twice daily from the teeth by Pepsodent is widely urged by dental authorities because of its unique therapeutic and prophylactic qualities.



A method dentists now
are widely urging

NOW dental authorities point to a viscous film that forms on teeth as the chief enemy of healthy teeth and gums. To a stubborn film ordinary brushing will not successfully combat.

As a result, on dental advice, the tooth cleansing habits of people everywhere are largely being changed.

Methods considered right yesterday are judged inadequate today. Modern dental science has made important new advancements. Findings that mean much in dental prophylaxis.

FILM—FEEL IT NOW BY RUNNING YOUR TONGUE ACROSS YOUR TEETH

For years dental science sought ways to fight film. Clear teeth and healthy gums come only when film is constantly combated—removed every day from the teeth.

Film was found to cling to teeth; to get into crevices and stay; to hold in contact with teeth food substances which fermented and fostered the acids of decay. Film was found to be the basis of tartar. Germs by the millions breed in it. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea and most gum disorders.

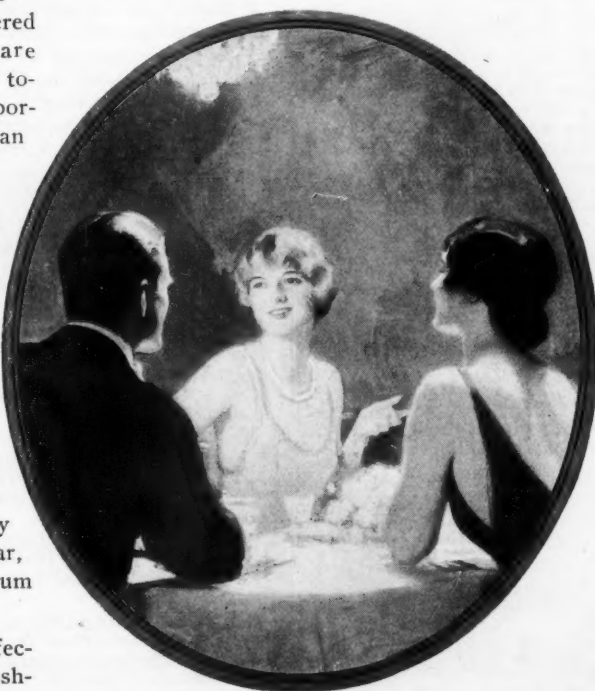
Thus there was a universal call for an effective film-removing method. Ordinary brushing was found ineffective. Now two effective combatants have been found, approved by

high dental authority and embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

CURDLES AND REMOVES FILM— FIRMS THE GUMS

Pepsodent acts first to curdle the film. Then it thoroughly removes the film in gentle safety to enamel.

At the same time it acts to firm the gums—Pepsodent provides, for this purpose, the most recent dental findings in gum protection science knows today. Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. And thus aids in neutralizing mouth acids as they form.



The art of smiling charmingly is the art of caring properly
for one's teeth, for upon teeth smiles depend.

It multiplies the starch digestant of the saliva. Thus combats starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acids.

No other method known to present-day science embodies protective agents like those in Pepsodent.

PLEASE ACCEPT PEPSODENT TEST

Send the coupon for a 10-day tube. Brush teeth this way for 10 days. Note how thoroughly film is removed. The teeth gradually lighten as film coats go. Then for 10 nights massage the gums with Pepsodent, using your finger tips; the gums then should start to firm and harden.

At the end of that time, we believe you will agree, that next to regular dental care, Pepsodent, the quality dentifrice, provides the utmost science has discovered for better tooth and gum protection.

FREE—10-DAY TUBE



FREE—Mail coupon for 10-day tube to The Pepsodent Company, Dept. 1011, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A. Only one tube to a family.

Name

Address

Canadian Office and Laboratories: 191 George St., Toronto, Canada. London Office: 42 Southwark Bridge Rd., London, S. E. 1. The Pepsodent Co. (Australia), Ltd., 137 Clarence St., Sydney, N. S. W. 2335

PEPSODENT

The Quality Dentifrice—Removes Film from Teeth



Our national propensity to Colds

This common trouble can be traced, quite often, to the susceptibility induced by Auto-Intoxication.

OF all diseases to which the flesh is heir, colds are the most costly in lost time and in impaired health. And yet taken care of in time, a cold is not a trouble difficult to defeat.

A good rule with colds is to get at the source of the trouble, and get at it promptly. For unless a cold is quickly shaken off, it often develops into a more serious ailment.

Usually the real cause of a cold can be traced to stoppage of waste products in the intestines. When waste products are not promptly eliminated they start to ferment and to set up poisons which are spread through the body by the blood—producing an encraving form of self-poisoning popularly called Auto-Intoxication.

Auto-Intoxication weakens our bodily powers of resistance—it makes us easy prey for the germs of cold—it takes some part of health, some portion of vitality from nearly everyone.

Don't take a chance with colds. At the first sign of a "stuffed up," congested condition—correct the stoppage—clear out the intestines of poison-producing wastes.

For this, there is no better helper than Sal Hepatica. Sal Hepatica, a palatable, prompt-acting, effervescent saline, attacks a cold at its source. It rids the system quickly of waste products and bathes away the intestinal poisons that lower resistance to disease.

Sal Hepatica aids in keeping the blood stream pure and in condition to destroy the germs of colds. You may take Sal Hepatica on arising or, if you prefer, half an hour before any meal.

To learn more about self-poisoning and its relation to colds and to other common ills, send for our new booklet on Auto-Intoxication.

For booklet please address

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. F 27, 71 West Street
New York City

Sal Hepatica



© 1927



Japan's gift of cherry blossoms skirting the simple shaft of the Monument form a scene of surpassing beauty

OUR CAPITAL CITY

Fourth in the Series on Town and Country Planning

BY MARCIA MEAD, *McCall's Architectural Adviser*
Collaborating with GEORGE B. FORD, Director
City Planning Department, Technical
Advisory Corporation, New York City

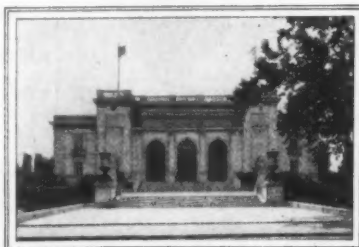
THE whole story of civilization can be reconstructed from fragments of building materials. Buildings are still the key to civilization the world over. What we recall about a community is chiefly its buildings, a railroad station, a city hall, a theatre, an avenue of homes, or some other outstanding feature.

Most of us are proud of our home towns and concerned about their conditions. Should we not be equally concerned about conditions in the First City of our Land, the nation's "home town?" As most of us know, it does not belong alone to the people who live there, but to the people of the United States who can control its destinies through their representatives in Congress.

What does our Federal City mean to us directly? It is the Capital City of the richest nation in the world, and some say of the greatest; it is the logical demonstration center of any feature or principle which our nation represents or stands for; it is a place where international affairs are conducted and it houses the Embassies of the world. It is a national place of conference and convention; it is the retiring residence place of many of our older statesmen and others who have been prominent in affairs of state. For every reason it should represent the best of what our country can produce.

To know Washington as it is and as it might be, go first of all to the National Museum, where, on the ground floor under the central dome, are two models in relief.

The Pan-American Building, housing the Union of twenty-one republics, is a sample of the buildings which will frame the Mall



One shows Washington as it was in 1900. The other represents the scheme that the McMillan Commission, appointed that year, laid out in accordance with the spirit of the original plan by Major L'Enfant made in the time of Washington. The plan for the future Washington was designed to meet its needs for many years to come. Based upon the original

It was the good fortune of McCall's in assembling this material to have the assistance of the following people who are devoted to our Capital City. They have expressed themselves as most appreciative of the interest of the readers on McCall Street in making Washington the great city visioned by its founders

Major ULYSSES S. GRANT, 3rd, Director of Public Buildings and Public Parks and Executive Officer of the National Capital Park and Planning Commission

Mr. H. P. CAMERER, Secretary of the Commission of Fine Arts

Mr. FREDERIC A. DELANO, President of the American Civic Association and of the Federated Societies of Planning and Parks

Miss HARLEAN JAMES, Secretary of the American Civic Association and of the Federated Societies of Planning and Parks

Mr. JOHN IHLDER, Manager of the Department of Civic Development, National Chamber of Commerce

Mr. HORACE W. PEASLEE, Chairman of the Committee on Plan of Washington and Environs, of the American Institute of Architects

City plan the excellence of which has never been disputed, its layout is simple, logical and dignified and fitting for the Capital City of such a nation as ours.

The City of Washington was carefully laid out for a Capital City, conceived preeminently as a seat of Government to which all other activities were to be subordinate. The only other city so created is Canberra, the new Capital City of Australia, the site for which is now being developed in the same manner.

In the beginning, Congress authorized George Washington to lay out the Capital. He was assisted by Thomas Jefferson and Pierre Charles L'Enfant, a French engineer whom he commissioned to draft the plan.

The District of Columbia as originally planned, straddled the Potomac in the form of a square ten miles on each side, the diagonals of the square lying in the direction of the cardinal points. Both sides of the river were included with a purpose, for even at that time there was some factional feeling between the North and the South with the river as a natural dividing line. The Capital was intended to unite the two, both geographically and symbolically.

After studying the models, go directly to the Washington Monument nearby—go even to the topmost part and look at the city as it exists today.

To the East is the magnificent dome of the Capitol with the sweep of the Mall leading up to it—but, alas, in the Mall where one would [Turn to page 57]

Union Square, when finished, will be a dignified frame for the Ulysses S. Grant Memorial, standing guard at the head of the Mall



"Chipso does the clothes and dishes while I straighten up the house"

IT was about eleven o'clock on a Monday morning in a New Jersey suburb—washday! A most inconvenient time to call—

But wait—here was Mrs. B. smiling and looking very youthful in a gaily-colored smock—not a sign of washday about her.

I introduced myself by saying her grocer had told me she was one of the best housekeepers in the neighborhood and I was hoping she would tell me how she came by that reputation.

She laughed, saying, "There is nothing unusual about me. Like every woman I want to keep young and have my home attractive, so my family will enjoy spending their evenings with me, and I have learned that by using a simple system and taking advantage of everything which promises to make work easier and quicker I accomplish all this without getting tired."

*"System," plus modern materials,
makes her work easier—*

"For instance, I wouldn't think of wearing myself out and my clothes too, rubbing over a washboard. I use Chipso and *soak* my clothes clean.

"Chipso is one of those modern materials which make my work so much easier that I am no longer tired out at the end of the day. Chipso is the reason you see the house in order and the washing all done at this hour of the morning."

This is how Mrs. B. accomplishes so much with so little effort, as she explained it to me:—

Chipso SOAKS her clothes clean

For her clothes washing, she makes instant suds by putting dry Chipso flakes in the tub and turning on the hot water. She puts the cleanest pieces in one tub of suds, the dirtier pieces in another. While the clothes are soaking, sometimes 20 minutes, perhaps an hour, she clears up her breakfast table, puts her dishes to soak in Chipso suds, then straightens up the front of the house.

The Dishes—

By the time this is done, the Chipso suds have practically washed the dishes. It takes only a few minutes to finish. The suds have soaked off the grease and food particles. By the time the dishes are put away, the Chipso suds have practically done the washing too. A soft sudsing with the hands, two or three rinsings and the clothes are ready for the line, sweet, clean and white.

About the only things Mrs. B. needs to rub are the wrist- and neck-bands of her three boys' shirts and cuffs. A little rubbing between the hands removes the ground-in streaks. (Sometimes it is

Chipso-hot water-
suds instantly-
for soaking clothes
clean, for making
all cleaning easier.



more convenient to soak overnight but with Chipso a short soaking is just as effective.)

What Chipso is and why it is so safe and economical

Chipso is an all-purpose flaked soap—not just a soap for special purposes. It makes suds the instant hot water touches it—foamy, lasting, quick-cleansing suds. No more chipping or shaving and melting cake soap, that is so messy and takes so much time.

Chipso, even with its speed in cleansing, is *safe*, because it is a really fine quality soap, not a *harsh* soap.

And finally, Chipso costs no more to use than other soaps which have none of its advantages. It is made by America's largest soap-makers, in enormous quantities. A glance at the big blue-and-orange packages in any grocery store quickly shows what a surprising amount of Chipso you get for very little money.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

Some practical hints for quick, safe results

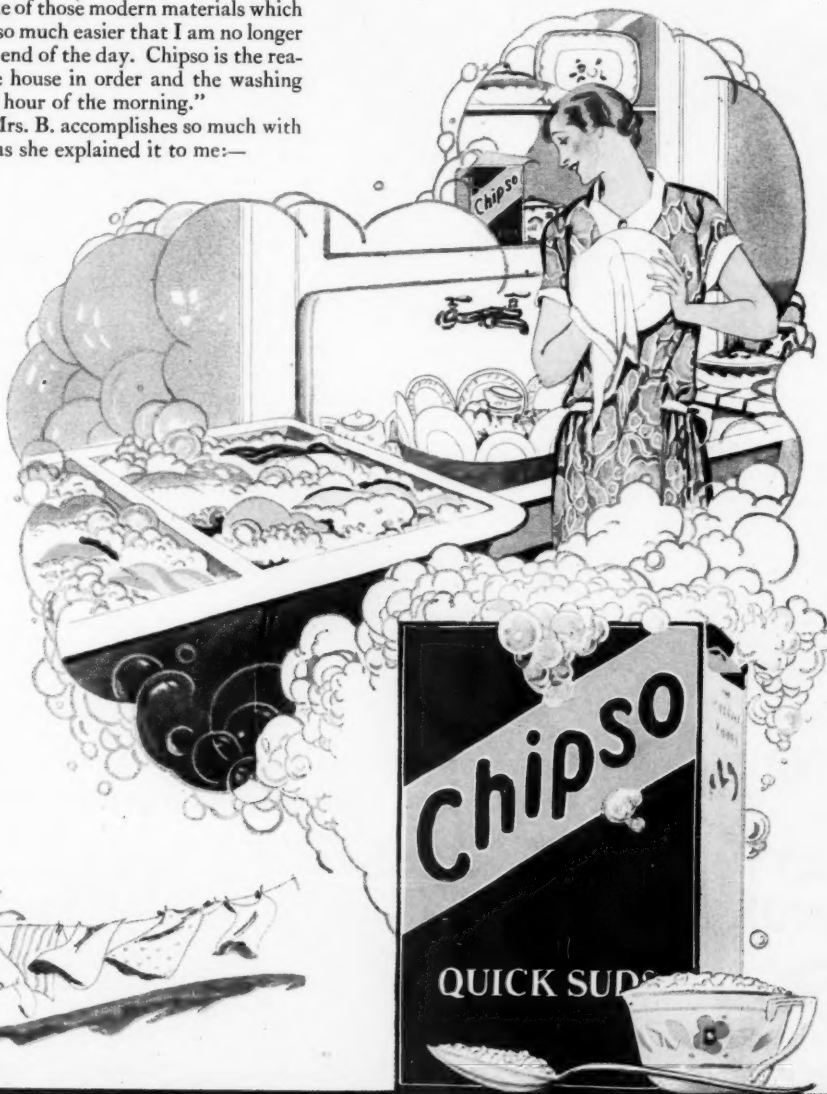
To make instant suds, run hot water over Chipso flakes.

If you use a washing machine: Make suds. Put in clothes and proceed as usual. Chipso's quick suds and quick cleansing save much time in machine washing.

A quick boiler method: Put dry clothes in lukewarm sudsy water and bring to a boil. Chipso suds loosen the dirt. The clothes are practically clean except possibly for a little rubbing between the hands on badly soiled places.

Colored clothes (unless known to be fast) should be washed in lukewarm Chipso suds by squeezing and light hand-rubbing. Fast-colored materials may be soaked like white clothes.

Colored pieces or white pieces trimmed with colors should first be rolled in a towel to prevent streaking, and then dried in the shade. Never roll damp colored things and let them stand.



The most amazing success in the history of household soap

© H. J. H. Co. 27

THE SECRET OF HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP



If you possessed the time-proven recipe, and followed to the letter the many minute directions, there still would be one thing lacking — *the 57 years' experience that belongs only to Heinz.*

Heinz develops the seed, raises the seedlings, supervises the growing of the tomatoes—every step is a Heinz step—every bottle of this world-known condiment is truly "Heinz" *from the ground up.*

That is why it is so good and *always* so good, and why it gives to even the best of foods that *added* zest which says "*it's best*".

When in Pittsburgh, visit the Heinz Kitchens · H. J. HEINZ COMPANY



Here one unconsciously pauses
alone in the presence of the Great,
Statue of Lincoln by Dantel
Chester French

OUR CAPITAL CITY

[Continued from page 54]

expect to find a dignified treatment, there are many little patchwork gardens and some temporary wooden war buildings which are an eyesore and a menace.

To the North is the White House shining through the trees. In the flanking wings of the White House are the Executive Offices. Beyond is the beautiful Lafayette Square, around which it was intended to group various public buildings.

The Executive Mansion is directly connected with the Capitol by Pennsylvania Avenue, the Avenue of Inaugural Processions, which runs diagonally across the city.

To the west is the Lincoln Memorial in memory of the man whose shrine deserves to be so splendidly and imposingly placed. Its approach is unfortunately marred by the vast "temporary" concrete war buildings which never should have been allowed there. To make room for them, trees and planting were destroyed that can never be replaced to balance those on the other side.

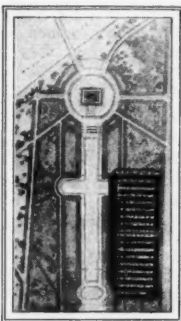
Across the Potomac is the magnificent view toward the heights of Arlington in Virginia.

Beyond the Lincoln Memorial at the end of the Mall a beautiful memorial bridge is to be built. Farther down the river are the highway and railroad bridges on a line with the Washington Monument. These might well be built into one to form an imposing gateway to the South.

The far-sighted founders of the city believed that the United States of America would be a prosperous nation and looked forward a hundred years in the planning



The Lincoln Memorial. Its precincts are marred by the war emergency buildings shown below



of its Capital. They laid out the streets, built certain government buildings, including the President's House, as it was then called, and in 1800 they were ready to move the seat of Government from Philadelphia to the new city.

The development of the plan became the life work of Major L'Enfant but indifference and greed crept in and he met with many obstacles and disappointments. On its hundredth anniversary the city plan was practically a dead letter.

The American Institute of Architects, deploring the situation which was a case of "everybody's business being nobody's business," began an agitation which resulted in the appointment of the "McMillan Commission," a Senate movement, unfortunately not supported by the House, and therefore without

definite authority. This commission returned to the original L'Enfant plan as a base and developed it to take care of future growth and set aside additional needed park areas numbering fifty-three. Only six of these have as yet been acquired.

The extension of the Mall and the location of the Lincoln Memorial were two of their finest achievements. Their efforts also brought about the construction of the new Union Station, and the removal of the railroad tracks, sheds, and passenger station from the Mall where they had, in some way, secured a sort of squatter's right.

Through the interest and influence of Presidents Roosevelt and Taft, the next step was taken and the [Turn to page 60]

This unusual picture of the Capitol—The Dawn of Peace—was taken from the steps of the Library of Congress during the Disarmament Peace Conference



Start them on whole wheat during the first year

—Eminent child specialists



Growing children need the hearty unrobbed nourishment of Wheatena

Doctors recommend Wheatena among the first solid foods for infants, because it contains in an easily digestible, most delicious form, whole wheat nutrients so essential to growth and health.

Health authorities advise hot whole wheat as a definite part of the child's daily diet because it contains valuable mineral salts, vitamins and the other vital nutrients nature provides in golden wheat.

Give your child the benefit of the unrobbed, whole wheat nourishment of Wheatena. No more coaxing—when you serve Wheatena for breakfast. Children love its delicious flavor and welcome it eagerly day after day.

Wheatena is whole wheat at its delicious best—chock full of nature's health-building nutrients: Protein for strength; Carbohydrates for energy; Mineral Salts for bone and tissue; Vitamins B and E for growth and protection, Bran for safe regulation.

Ask your grocer today for Wheatena, in the yellow and blue package. Treat every member of your family at breakfast tomorrow.

Wheatena

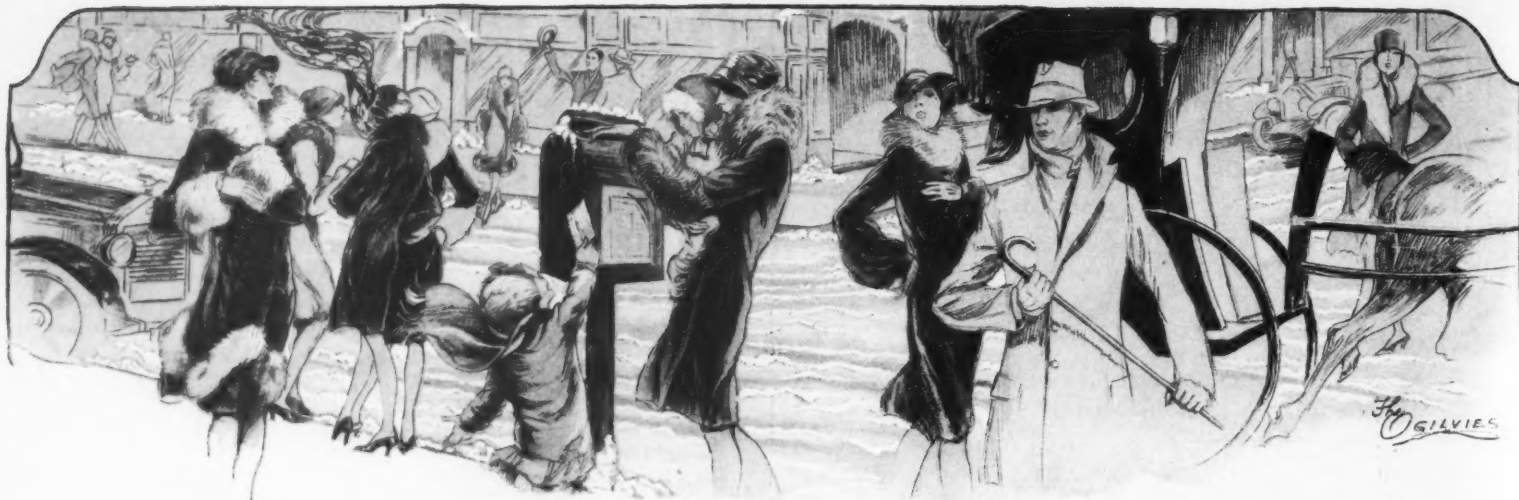
The delicious whole wheat cereal

Recipe for infants—

Pour half cup of Wheatena into four cups actively boiling water. Cook three minutes over flame, then place in double boiler and cook slowly for two hours. Strain and serve.

Cut out and mail this coupon to The Wheatena Company, Wheatonville, Rahway, N. J., for free sample package of Wheatena and recipe book.

Name
Address



THE first question seems something of an undertaking to answer. It comes from Chicago.

My Dear Mrs. Post:

I am so self-conscious, I feel if I should make one single error I would be criticized severely. So would you please explain in detail a bridge party, I have accepted the invitation to. Please begin at the beginning and tell me everything from the time the hostess telephones to the conclusion of the entertainment. I play a fair game of bridge. I am not afraid of that. But I wonder if I said the right thing on the telephone and I am frightened to death for fear I won't know how to choose my table or partners, or say or do the thing that is proper.

The details of a bridge or any other party are nothing to be frightened about. When invited you answer, "I'll come with pleasure" or "Thank you, I'd love to come." When you arrive at the party it is the HOSTESS'S duty to LOOK AFTER YOU. You merely do what she indicates. She usually motions you to a chair or you stand near her if you do not happen to know any of the company. Otherwise you join some one you know. As soon as the tables are ready you are TOLD at which one you are to sit. You stand beside it and cut for partners. The two highest play together and the two lowest. Then you sit down and play. You don't have to say anything except to answer politely when spoken to, and you need do nothing except the things indicated for you. In other words, let others take the lead and do as they do. If you don't know which place to take at table wait until the three others have made the motion to sit down and take the chair that is left over!

When the game is over you accept tea or any refreshment that is offered, and when the others leave, you leave also. In saying good-by, you shake hands with your hostess and say "Thank you very much." Or "Thank you for a delightful afternoon."

The following is from Pittsburgh:

1. When going to a hotel as guest for dinner, should one register, and then upon leaving pay at the desk in the office the same as when renting a room? 2. What is the difference between American and European plan? 3. What is meant by "Table d'Hôte" and "A la Carte"?

The best way to answer is to start with question No. 2. "American plan" means you pay so much a day for rooms and meals included. "European plan," you pay so much for your rooms and you pay only for whatever you choose to order in the restaurant. "Table d'Hôte" is a meal at a set price. A dollar for dinner or whatever the set price may be for a meal, or regular meals at so much a day or by the week. "A la Carte" means "According to the card," and you pay for each item separately. "Family" hotels and country hotels and inns are usually on the American plan, New York and other large city hotels of the highest class are usually on the European plan. Restaurants are usually on the European plan. In very small hotels, and sometimes in the American plan hotels you pay at the hotel desk and register. In large hotels and in restaurants you pay the waiter at the table, or else the cashier on going out. You do not register.

Here are two letters from husbands that speak for themselves, and which I want to answer together. The first:

My idea of hospitality is to have your friends come in and take pot-luck, I like to have neighbors stop in for supper, or for dinner. I like them just to feel at home and have what we have. But my wife can't stand it. She wants to ask them on a set evening and she wants to get all togged out, and she wants to make no end of preparation and fuss. Now what I want to know is, are we going to be criticized by the RIGHT or the WRONG sort of people, just because the table isn't decked out with fripperies, and I'm not in a dress

THE POST BOX

BY EMILY POST

ILLUSTRATED BY THE OGILVIES



suit. I'd like to put it up to you, Mrs. Post. Can't a man who gives his wife a good house-allowance, expect to be able to bring a friend home for dinner without having to invite him to "dine on the eighteenth" and have everything so brought in for the occasion that he hardly knows his own table and certainly doesn't know the hired waiters walking around it?

The Second:

My wife and I do not agree on the way my wife should speak of me. She always speaks of me as "Mr. B—" and I know this is not the right way. I have seen cultured men and women smile when she speaks of me in this way. All other women in our circle speak of their husbands by their first names. I have seen in an etiquette book, which I think was your's, that a wife should not speak of her husband as "Mr. B—."

The wives of these two men are, it seems to me, something of the same sort. The first may however be everything that is well-bred and perhaps the second is merely—unknowing, but both are equally self-conscious and lacking in assurance. Their self-consciousness is not because they think themselves unapproachable socially, but because they are afraid of the belittling opinion of their neighbors. There are lots of people who feel like the first woman—and I don't know what her husband can do to change her. Of course if on a day when there happens to be just enough dinner for two and REALLY not enough for three, and nothing in the house to make an extra portion with, her husband then brings in a friend with a hearty appetite, his wife would have cause for distress because there is not enough to eat. But on the other hand if what she wants to do is to make a display, such as to pretend that they have two or three men servants when they have none, then she is probably making herself not admired so much as ridiculous, and he is perfectly right in thinking that she is afraid of the criticism of the decidedly WRONG kind.

In answer to the second letter I may say: The correct use of Mr., Miss and Mrs., is this: A lady in talking with another lady always speaks of her husband as John. She calls her husband Mister only when talking to some one of another social class. In other words she makes a distinct "Class barrier." The only possible excuse for speaking of "Mister" to a social acquaintance, would be the fear that the person spoken to would presume to call him likewise. "A situation never encountered in best society—because any one so gauche as not to know the proper way to address a stranger would not be admitted to society. In case one should meet some one who presumed, it is very simple to retort: "Do you know my husband well enough to call him by his first name?" They would not do so again. A gentleman speaks of his wife to a woman acquaintance as "Mary" but to another gentleman (a stranger—or if in his club) as "my wife." Never, except to the chore-man or the butcher's boy, or the waitress in the hotel dining-room as Mrs. Smith. In the same way one speaks of one's brother as Tom, as one's sister as Dolly, or else as "my brother," "my sister," etc.

Here is a letter which describes a situation which is cer-

tainly unique in the annals of etiquette!

Will you please enlighten me about some points of etiquette? At a bridge party where there is guest prize and high score prize is it always correct for the one making high score to present the prize she won to the guest or is this entirely optional? Recently I heard of a woman who about four years ago gave a big bridge party for an aunt who was visiting her from a distant city. She offered two very lovely prizes, a purse for the guest and a string of beads for high score. The woman who won the beads kept them. It was considered such a breach of etiquette by this group of women that the one making high score was completely ostracized. The one telling me this said that the custom had changed in the last four years, and it was now the correct thing for the one making high score to keep the prize.

How should calling cards be engraved? Should a woman have two sets of cards, one with her husband's name and one with her maiden name, for instance, Mrs. James Town and Mrs. Daisy Roy Town? If you were invited to an afternoon tea, which card would you use? In a gift sent to a linen shower where you knew the sister of the bride very well but had barely met the bride, which card would you enclose? How should invitations for an afternoon tea, and for a linen shower be written?

In the first place the "guest prize" is not a prize at all, but merely a "present." This, by the way, is NOT according to etiquette, in the first place—though there is no rule against any one giving presents as often and to whomever and whenever they feel so inclined!

In the second place, nothing could be ruder than for high score to give away her prize. That IS a rule of courtesy to the giver. In fact there is no excuse for such a procedure. For example you remember the case of Admiral Dewey. He was idolized by the American people, and was given a house in Washington by public subscription. He gave the house to his wife. In that instant he became a target of resentment and never so long as he lived won back the affection which his discourteous lack of consideration for the GIVERS, lost him. (He meant it of course as a gallant gesture to his bride—but made instead an unforgivable breach of etiquette.) I am sorry to have to criticize your group of fashionables, but their stand was wrong—ABSOLUTELY.

I have answered the married name question in October McCall's.

Showers are entirely local customs and invitations should be sent out according to neighborly usage. You could either write notes, or send your card (as for a tea) with

Wednesday Oct. 30
at eight o'clock

Linen shower for Mrs. Arthur Smith.

Another question:

What acknowledgement should be made of an engraved invitation to an afternoon tea, and does one leave one's visiting card when one is asked to a meal or a tea or a reception?

No answer is ever expected to a formal afternoon tea. If you cannot go you send your visiting card in an envelope so that it will arrive on the day of the tea. If you do go you leave your card in the card receiver which you should find on a table in the hall, as you enter the house. You can bend them slightly to show that you were there in person and that the cards did not come as "regrets" through the mails.

You do not leave your card when you are asked to a small informal tea or to lunch or dinner. After lunching or dining you are supposed to leave your card upon your hostess within a week. (This is a rule that is no longer very strictly observed except in the case of a first invitation from a stranger.)

WOMEN WILL THANK US FOR THIS



THEY STICK TO IT!

The way we get new users for Listerine Tooth Paste is to get people to try it just once. After that they rarely switch.
LARGE TUBE—25 CENTS

An astringent— delightful and *so inexpensive*

So many women have written us concerning their faith in Listerine as an astringent that we feel we ought to pass the good word along.

The nice thing about Listerine used this way is that the cost compared to most astringents amounts to almost nothing. The saving is really remarkable.

Yet in effectiveness you'd look a long time before finding its equal. Gently but firmly it closes the pores, tightens sagging tissues and

lazy muscles. Your skin seems fresh and firm—even youthful.

There's no question of the importance of an astringent in the care of the skin, and we'll wager that once you try Listerine you'll like it above all others.

Simply douse it on your face full strength. Results will delight you.

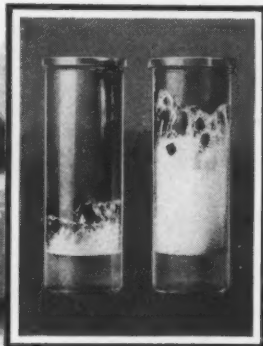
Why not begin today?—*Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE

—*the safe antiseptic*

10 tests

prove the BORAX way
more efficient for home
laundry work



Three to five times the
suds when Borax is used

beautifully clean... blankets soft
and clear... silk bindings bright.

You may well ask, "Why these amazing results?" It is simple. Borax softens water and permits the soap to suds freely. And plentiful suds are necessary in the washing process to hold the dirt particles in suspension and insure thorough cleansing. By actual test seven well known brands of soap—chips, flakes and bar—produced 3 to 5 times more suds when used with Borax. The merit of this product has been proved.

Fill in the coupon below and let us send you the complete report of the Priscilla Proving Plant's tests. You will be convinced. Use Borax freely. It is on sale at grocery, drug and department stores.

We also make Twenty Mule Team Borax Soap Chips—a ready combination of soap and Borax. We commend them to you as a highly satisfactory product. If your grocer doesn't carry them write to us.

TEN rigid tests of the merits of Borax were recently made by the Priscilla Proving Plant at Newton Centre, Mass. Ten assortments of various kinds of soiled clothes—a variety ranging from underwear and colored working clothes to scrim curtains and delicate lace—were washed with Twenty Mule Team Borax added to the water. Identical assortments of clothes were then washed under exactly the same conditions without Borax.

In every single case the Priscilla staff pronounced the clothes cleaner, whiter and more satisfactorily washed when Twenty Mule Team Borax was used in the water. The suds were more plentiful and more lasting... linens were white... colored clothes spotless... curtains

Twenty mule team BORAX

Makes soap and water more efficient

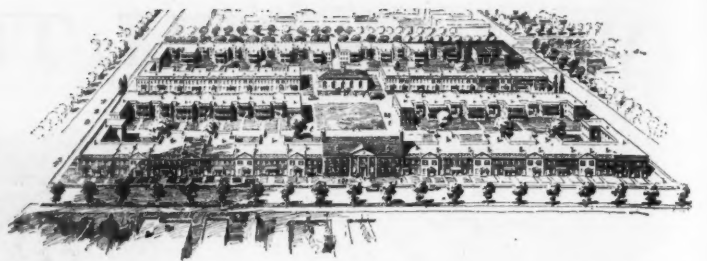


PACIFIC COAST BORAX COMPANY
100 William Street, New York, N. Y.

Please send me a free copy of your pamphlet, "Better Laundry Work With Borax", describing in detail the tests made by the Priscilla Proving Plant.

Name.....

Address.....



The erection of this group of homes proposed by the U. S. Housing Corporation was stopped by the Armistice. Marcia Mead, Architect

OUR CAPITAL CITY

[Continued from page 57]

Fine Arts Commission came into being. It constitutes a board of review giving constructive criticism on public buildings and parks but having no power to initiate. The design and location of every public building and structure must receive its approval or be changed until approval is secured.

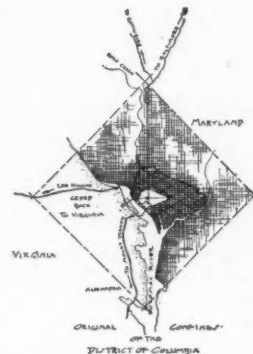
In 1921 the Washington Chapter of the American Institute of Architects set up an Architect's Advisory Council which through cooperation with the Building Department endeavors to do for private buildings and enterprises what the Fine Arts Commission does for public buildings.

In 1923 The American Civic Association organized a local Committee of One Hundred which launched a popular movement for the protection of the Capital. This resulted in legislation authorizing a National Capital Park Commission for the purpose of carrying out the park recommendations of the McMillan Commission. At the same time Congress passed a general enabling act authorizing an annual appropriation for its needs not to exceed one cent for each inhabitant of continental United States.

At a conference called by the American Civic Association in December of 1925, representatives of the American Institute of Architects, the American Society of Landscape Architects, the American City Planning Institute, the American Society of Civil Engineers, the Engineering Council and public officials agreed on the form of the bill which passed Congress on April 30th, 1926, creating the NATIONAL CAPITAL PARK AND PLANNING COMMISSION which is authorized to develop the plan of the District and its environs. At last the whole field is covered and machinery is provided for the development of the future Federal City.

The best and ablest talent that we have has gone into the make up of this Commission; it is organized and functioning to the limit of its very modest appropriation. It is up to you and me to inform ourselves about Washington, our Commission and its purpose and make our interest effective by letting our representatives there know that we want them to back the commission to the last ditch. The failure of the McMillan Commission to accomplish its program was largely due to lack of popular support.

For our assistance in this piece of work



Map by Marcia Mead of
the portion west of the Po-
tomac which was ceded
back to Virginia

there is the Committee of One Hundred of the American Civic Association organized throughout the country under the leadership of the Association's resourceful Secretary, Miss Harlean James. Also the American Institute of Architects has a vigilant "watch-dog" in its Committee on Plan of Washington and Environs, whose Chairman, Mr. Horace W. Peaslee, is an untiring Washington enthusiast. This committee consists of prominent architects throughout the country. McCall's Magazine will also furnish you with information in regard to progress.

The matter of park reservation in and around Washington is one of the most pressing of all questions. The upper part of the Mall is now farmed out in small slices under the care of different departments. These conflicting jurisdictions should be eliminated, the wooden war buildings removed, and the Mall restored to its original intention. The other war buildings which intrude their unsightly wings upon the precincts of the Lincoln Memorial should also be removed.

The question as to where the government business now housed in these buildings would go, brings us face to face with another deplorable situation in Washington. The government, that means us, has reversed the "millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute," by paying millions each year in rental tributes for the housing of a large bulk of the nation's business in inadequate and unsuitable surroundings, but, until this year, not one cent for the construction of its own buildings.

The view from the top of the Monument does not reveal another problem which is even more serious than some of our Government matters—the problem of housing. It is a difficult one and we are not prepared to say that housing is the responsibility of the Government. One phase of the problem is the housing of Government employees most of whom are white.

More serious even than this is the housing of the colored who comprise one fourth of the population of the city. Many of them are living in alley slums condemned as unfit to live in even before the War.

Washington is Our Capital City and it is our business how it is conducted. Let us spare no effort to make it the cleanest, most dignified, the most impressive, the most beautiful city in the world.





Eight doctors out of ten advised Nujol type of treatment

DOCTORS from coast to coast were recently asked whether they advised the Nujol type of constipation treatment to their patients. 80.7% of all these doctors answered "Yes".

64% condemned the continued use of laxatives and cathartics. One doctor said, "An almost incalculable amount of injury is done by these intestinal irritants, most of which provide temporary relief only at the cost of permanent injury. Laxatives bring on the laxative habit".

Doctors advise Nujol

Doctors who said they were advising the Nujol type of treatment told us they were advising it in place of laxatives for these reasons:

1. Nujol is not habit-forming;
2. A more natural method;
3. A lubricant is better than a laxative;

4. Does not gripe; 5. Is not irritating; and 6. Nujol gives lasting relief.

Unlike laxatives

Laxatives and cathartics act by irritating the intestinal tract. They cause the bowels to frantically expel the contents of the intestines and thus rid the system of the drugs that pills and potions contain.

Nujol acts entirely differently. It contains no drugs, no medicine. Its action is mechanical. It merely softens the dried waste matter in the intestines and lubricates the passage so that the muscles of the bowels can expel the waste matter regularly, naturally and thoroughly.

Nature-given remedy

Nujol appeals to the medical man because it is a simple, scientific and

safe remedy for constipation, no matter how severe the case may be. It is gentle in its action and pleasant to take. Children love it!

Get a bottle of Nujol from your druggist today. Doctors advise it for constipation, whether chronic or temporary.

Nujol

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

For Constipation

Accept This TRIAL Offer



Nujol Laboratories, Room 809E
26 Broadway, New York City
(In Canada, Address Nujol, 165 Dufferin St., Toronto.)
Send me 4-day trial bottle of Nujol, the drugless remover of hidden constipation. Enclosed is 10 cents to pay shipping costs. Send also 24-page illustrated booklet, "Outwitting Constipation." (For booklet alone, draw a line through 10 cents above, and send no money.)

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

BEAUTY GOES *to* SCHOOL

BY HILDEGARDE FILLMORE

PORTRAIT SKETCH BY NEALE IREDELL

YESTERDAY she wore starched shirtwaists with high collars; she pinned her hair up in a tight knot; her skirts swept the ground; her nose was shiny and her eyes squinted through steel-rimmed spectacles. The newspapers always spoke of her as a "schoolmarm" and printed caricatures of her at every opportunity. The occasional "pretty school-teacher" was so rare that she stood out from her sterner associates. And usually the young principal or the handsome mathematics teacher married her before she had a chance to harden into the schoolmarm mold!

All that is changed today. School-teaching, which once frowned upon the little ways of women by means of which they may enhance their personal loveliness, now puts a premium upon charm and personality. The schoolroom itself, made beautiful with soft-toned walls, pictures, flowers and plants, made pleasant by the introduction of comfortable desks and seats, has opened its doors to a new kind of school-teacher, one who fits into the setting that modern educational methods have built for her.

It isn't hard to understand why yesterday's school-teacher became more of a cartoon than a woman. In talking over the new generation of school-teachers with me, Miss Olive Jones, former president of the National Education Association, sketched her own struggles on entering the profession thirty years ago. She can smile over it all now, this lovely, white-haired woman who has presided energetically over the destinies of a great national organization of educators, who, in her own field has achieved such splendid results that pedagogues from everywhere come to her for advice and guidance. Her accomplishments as a teacher and principal are recorded in the history of our educational progress. But I think her radiant smile, full of kindness and good fellowship, a safeguard against taking life too seriously, should also be written into the story of her success.

"We have almost succeeded in eliminating from the public prints the stock cartoon of the schoolmarm," she told me, "but we haven't quite managed to take it out of the mental equipment of many of our new teachers. There are still young women who go into the profession laden down with learning, equipped with confidence and determination, who forget completely that a teacher's job has a personal obligation which can not be acquired in the colleges. I mean the development of her own personality and charm."

"And the first step in this development is to master the problem of dress. Frankly, I can not over-emphasize its importance. My own consciousness of the value of dress began when, as a girl of about fifteen, I overheard a conversation between two of my elders. They were deploring the fact that 'Olive was so plain.' They feared that I would never be able to win the attention that went out spontaneously to my two beautiful sisters. I was broken-hearted. Heretofore my studies had been my great enthusiasm and pride. I brooded so over this revelation, however, that I suddenly failed unaccountably in history, my favorite. My godmother heard of it and finally wormed out of me the miserable truth. She gave me some advice then that I have always been grateful for. She taught me how to dress and manage my personal appearance so that my good points were emphasized and my bad points concealed. That year, quite unknown to my family, I read and studied everything I could get hold of on the art of dress. I formulated some opinions of my own on what I ought to wear to appear well on every sort of occasion. In fact, I got so interested that I forgot to feel hurt at the criticism which my elders had made of me. I stopped worrying about being plain; the business of making the most of my good points was far too fascinating. Perhaps this is why I have no patience with those classroom teachers who completely neglect to develop this outward side of their personalities."

"We all know how hyper-sensitive children are to color. I was forcibly reminded of this by what I call 'The Incident of the Blue Dress.' One season I found a dress of a special, lovely, but rather delicate shade of blue. It was a bit touchy, I thought, to subject to the dirt and wear of the schoolroom, so I didn't wear it until one day when I was bound for an afternoon function and couldn't change after school. When I came into the classroom, a great, appreciative 'Ah' went up spontaneously from the children. Their eyes feasted on the blue gown and their whole attitude that day seemed sharpened and brightened.



Miss Olive Jones, well-known educator and former president of the National Education Association, speaks with authority on the beginning teacher's problems



After that I stopped 'saving' the blue dress. I put it among my school things and wore it often. And every time I appeared in it the same quickened interest was aroused in the children.

"Children also have a definite reaction to shabby or out-moded clothes. They sense the difference between smartness and a neglected appearance. And principals, supervisors and superintendents, whether men or women, are not by any means blind to these things. I can recall several instances in

my own experience when a careless personal appearance has kept teachers I knew out of positions which they wanted very badly.

"A few years ago I was helping a colleague to find a teacher for a specialized piece of work. We had one girl in mind who seemed to be the ideal person for the job. Several meetings were arranged between the woman superintendent and the young teacher, but nothing happened. Finally I asked my friend pointblank what was the matter. 'Well,' she said, 'I've found that Miss B— has just the training for that job, but I can't bring myself to the point of taking her.'

"When I pressed her for a reason, she hesitated. 'You may think it silly of me,' she replied, 'but I can't face the prospect of having to look at that girl's ankles all year, with the stockings wrinkling untidily around them!' I have a notion that this sort of thing happens more often than we think.

"Now, many earnest young teachers tell me that they just can't afford to dress smartly. School-teaching has been an underpaid profession so long that I fancy some of us use these old excuses over and over again. I have no hesitation in saying that the beginning classroom teacher today is as well paid as most women of her age in other professions. To every beginning teacher I would say, cut down your extras till you have enough to dress well on. If you have no talent for dress, go to a reliable shop, pick out a saleswoman of taste, and let her choose for you. Watch the mode and follow it as to length of skirt and sleeve and the general lines of the gown. Of course, overdressing is bad in the schoolroom, quite as bad as wearing clothes that are too drab and plain. And too many bright colors, inharmoniously combined, should be carefully avoided.

"And don't be afraid to ask your fellow teachers to give their frank opinions. We all compare classroom methods; why shouldn't we help each other in the matter of personal appearance as well? We Americans are always being criticized for our lack of taste. Where can we implant the fundamentals of good taste better than in the school?

"When teachers and women principals say to me, with a sigh, 'You must spend such a lot on clothes. How do you do it?' I usually offer to match clothes expenses with them. And I find in nearly every case that my clothes budget amounts to no more, and sometimes to even less, than theirs. For this I have my wise godmother to thank.

"There is another phase of this matter that we need to be reminded of. We can't wear the same kind of clothes at forty that we wear at twenty. People tell a young woman, admiringly, 'You ought always to wear that shade of blue; it just matches your eyes.' And she goes on wearing it for ten or fifteen years, disregarding the fact that eyes change color and fade, that skins darken with age and hair loses its brightness. We must keep abreast of our age in colors and styles. I believe that the hardest time for a woman's beauty is in the thirties. It's the in-between period when she is trying to decide whether to keep on wearing girlish things or to begin to put on clothes that suggest middle-age.

"Next to clothes comes that vital item in a teacher's personal equipment, her speech and her voice. This, too, she herself alone can develop. Careless speech habits are especially bad in a teacher. She need not make her speech artificial or affected, but she should make sure of word accents and avoid cheap colloquialisms.

"And last, but not by any means least in importance, I'd like to say, Don't forget the little considerations of others which are the hall-mark of charm. Take time to be polite, not only to your associates, but to your pupils. Children are amazingly observant; we can't expect them to display courtesy when we ourselves are rude to them in little ways. How I hate that 'bossy' attitude that so many of us fall into. Really, you know, it's nothing more than a lapse of good manners.

"Now, the teachers who read McCall's may say that I have considered only the superficial aspects of the young teacher's problem. Perhaps I have, but sometimes I think that we give too little attention to these very things. Of course, there is a lot to be said of actual teaching methods, of the young teacher who dislikes her work, of the one who thinks of it merely as a stopgap before marriage, and of the unhappy, ambitious beginners who want promotion too soon. But all that," she said, extending her hand to me to say a gracious good-by, "is another story."

DOES your face wear well? Too few of us ever stop to think that the actual wear and tear of the atmosphere, the bite of wind laden with dust and the shock of extremes of temperature are severe strains even on the healthiest skin. In winter the watchword is Protection. Keep a lotion literally at your finger-tips, one that prevents chapping and wards off noxious elements. And don't imagine that hands and face alone must be cared for. With the present fashion for low cut slippers, ankles often suffer, and necks exposed by the boyish bob are apt to get chapped, too. For severe cases, we know of soothing oils which may be applied after bathing or used warm in connection with other preparations for treating dry skins. For the girl who aspires to the tailored look—and it is a lovely, practical ideal to strive for, in business or at school—we'd like to suggest some excellent preparations which have long been favorites with men (the sex, you know, that hates fussy things!). There is a face lotion, for example, that is subtly stimulating, and a cleanly fragrant eau de toilette made by an old French house. We have also found a cleansing cream in a modest tube which is especially fine for thin, delicate skins. If you want the best results, all preparations should be combined with the fundamental advice given in our HANDBOOK OF BEAUTY FOR EVERY WOMAN, which costs ten cents. If you wish, you may enclose in your letter a self-addressed envelope for this month's Quest of Beauty, which gives complete information about the preparations described above. Address your letter to: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



Silky, Lustrous Beauty for your hair —with Lemon Rinse

IT isn't a hard effect to get. It's just the simple, effective use of lemon juice in rinse water—the beauty of an absolute cleanliness that plain water can't give.

Try it the next time you shampoo your hair. After you have washed your hair thoroughly—at least two soapings—rinse it well to get out the free soap. Then add the juice of two California lemons to an ordinary washbowl of water—about four quarts—and rinse following with rinse in plain water.

See for yourself the new beauty that your hair contains. Note the lustrous, silky lights. Feel its softness, its delightful cleanliness.

That's because your hair is really clean. The lemon juice does what plain water can never do. Its mild, natural, harmless fruit-acid dissolves the sticky curd formed by the soap, bringing about a thorough cleansing of each separate hair. That's why, instead of being dull, limp and flat-looking, your hair emerges from a lemon rinse with all its natural beauty and gloss apparent, and with a "springy" quality that makes it easier to retain wave or curl.

Purchase a dozen California lemons and try the lemon rinse next time you shampoo your hair.

Send coupon below for free booklet "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic." It explains many other beauty uses for lemons.

California Fruit Growers Exchange
Sec. 602, Box 530, Sta. "C"
Los Angeles, California

Please send me free booklet "Lemon—the Natural Cosmetic," telling how to use lemon for the skin, in manicuring the nails, and in beautifying the hair.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____
State _____

MOLL FLANDERS

[Continued from page 2]

Sometimes, in fiction, creative man conceives these ideals of his simply as inherent in the character of woman; or again he may emphasize them by contrast, by showing that the character of the woman which he draws is entirely lacking in virtue. In any case the creator becomes the arbiter, since so few people are, or are willing to be, original, most of them preferring to come by their ideals ready-made at the hand of art.

The beginning of the English novel marks, for our purpose, the birth of the modern Ideal Woman and the first notable heroine of this kind appearing in a novel is Daniel Defoe's Moll Flanders. Born in Newgate Prison, flashing, daring, wicked, thoroughly disreputable, Moll makes her entrance upon the fiction scene as queen of the underworld of her time. But she was certainly not a typical woman of her century. She represents, rather, the seductive, dishonest woman of all time; and time does not change this type of woman greatly. Moll took life as she found it. Whatever way you look at her, she cannot be excused.

She tells us little of her own appearance. Was she light? She says that the first she can remember of herself was among the gypsies, who had discolored or blackened her skin as was their custom. I picture her as having chestnut hair, not dark, not light, with the lovely figure of which she often speaks, and with a demure countenance—demure, I think, in all but the eyes.

Her reminiscences as an old woman almost seventy, rich from thievery, settled in America whither she had been deported, tell in great detail her wickedness, and give preachments in every other paragraph. In a sense, Moll was the first feminist. Women, she says, must maintain their courage and play their part. They must not let "matrimony, like death, be a leap in the dark." It is easy enough to get a husband if you have money; if not—ah, that is another matter. While Moll dishonestly cautions womankind against the evils of vanity, the author is saying between the lines, "An honest woman should have more chance in this man's world." As daring and as shocking a book as it is, it seems to me to be one of the greatest sermons for the emancipation of woman that was ever preached.

Today we are no longer interested in preachment. The woman of today who becomes notorious becomes so because she chooses, not because there is no opportunity for her to make a living. Anita Loos, in writing "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," knows her public just as Defoe knew his, and like him, she writes of a woman who makes man her prey.

In reading the novels of three centuries we can well ask ourselves, "Has woman really changed, is she not fundamentally the same?" and then ask that other question, "What will she become?" And since there are very nearly as many great women novelists as men, we can study her from two angles: What man thinks of her, and, perhaps more important, what she thinks of herself! History is cold and detached; but in fiction we see the warm, full-blooded image of the actual people about us; we see the facts and the dreams of times past and present. And often too, prophetically, we are shown what is to come.

McCall's purposes to give its readers impressions of the Ideal Women who first have been presented in the English novel; and to picture these heroines each month by a series of illustrative covers painted by Miss Neysa McMein. Moll Flanders is the first of these heroines; and next month's will be Evelina, that delightful, and innocently feminine Miss whom Fanny Burney made famous. There will be, too, among a host of other well-known women of fiction, Jane Austen's Elizabeth Bennet, Scott's "The Bride of Lammermoor," Thackeray's Becky Sharp, Dicken's "Little Nell," and Hawthorne's Hester Prynne.

{FREE}

Generous Supply ~ ~ Note Coupon

Now an All-day Make-up That Lasts 9 Hours

9AM



You apply it; just a single exquisite touch.



Your skin still fresh as the morning. 6PM

THIS tells of a new way to look your best the whole day long. It tells of a new creation developed by the Elcaya Company, famous internationally as one of the leading beauty laboratories in the world.

Here is a way—if your skin is too oily—to take all shine away for the whole day. Here is a way—if your skin is dry and tends to flake—to keep it smooth and soft all day long.

Powder and rouge as many times as you wish during the day. Neither will streak nor cake.

Creme Elcaya is unique, different from any other foundation cream you have ever used. A touch in the morning—your skin at noon is still fresh and charming.

At 3 you remain intriguingly lovely. At 6 you are still as fresh as the morning!



Creme Elcaya normalizes the skin to youthful fineness, so it is more than a temporary base.

Thousands of women are discovering this new way—this better way—to keep morning freshness all day long.

Now we would like to prove the merits of Creme Elcaya to you. We urge you to accept a generous supply to try. You will find that with a single application at the beginning of the day, you can be fresh and charming all day long.

Prove this fact by a simple test. Clip the coupon and mail it to us and we will send you a generous supply, together with directions for simple, home treatments which will make your skin radiantly lovely. Better still, buy it at your favorite toilet goods counter.

Jars 60c and \$1. Tubes 25c.

Crème Elcaya

FREE

Mail this for generous supply to
ELCAYA CO.
Dept. 58 Mc
114 West 17 Street
New York, N.Y.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____



When you need bran you need 100% bran

YOUR doctor tells you to eat bran to relieve constipation. When he says "bran" he means a real 100% bran — the sort you can bake into muffins, cookies or any number of delicious foods, or serve right from the package. He knows you need a true, natural bran, that comes to you unsweetened, uncooked, unadulterated.

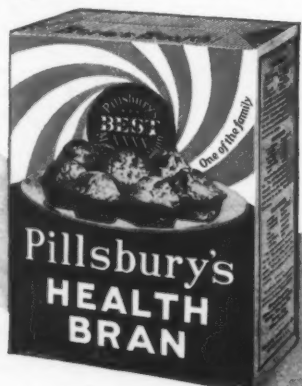
Pillsbury's Health Bran is 100% bran — nothing else. The large, coarse flakes are not crushed or cooked to the crumbling point. No matter how you serve Pillsbury's Health Bran, you get the full, gentle, natural laxative action of the unbroken flakes.

You can serve Pillsbury's Health Bran in an endless variety of tempting ways. Bran muffins, from the new recipe on the Pillsbury package, are unusually good. Our free booklet, "50 Prize Winning Recipes for Pillsbury's Health Bran," gives you many other delicious suggestions. Write today.

PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS CO.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Pillsbury's Health Bran

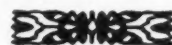
One of the family



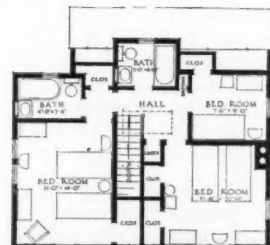
*The Early American style of house, above,
is most adaptable to modern planning*

THIS HOUSE WINS SECOND MENTION IN McCALL'S COMPETITION

WON BY ALEXANDER BERESNIAKOFF AND
WILLIAM J. KOELLMER, *Collaborating with* MARCIA MEAD
McCall's Architectural Adviser



FIRST FLOOR PLAN



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

WE find in this plan an unusual arrangement because of the necessity of economy in small house planning. The dining-room, kitchen and living-room are all directly connected with the hall which is highly desirable, but a little wasteful of space.

The kitchen is in the front of the house. We are getting used to the idea now and like it. Not only must the kitchen be located so as to be convenient, but it must be in a pleasant place with plenty of light and ventilation.

Here it is centrally located for reaching all parts of the house. The sink under the windows flanked by cupboards and the table by the window where an attractive breakfast may be served in the rush of the morning make possible a beautiful and attractive room. There is a real laundry on the first floor.

To some the dining-room may seem a

bit far away from the kitchen, but with the help of a tea-wagon and electrical appliances at the dining-room table, the serving of a meal may be planned so that but few trips back and forth will be necessary.

The arrangement of the porch in relation to the dining-room and living-room is always happy. In this case, the porch is really a liveable part of the house. When one can afford it, the porch may also be enclosed and thus be made usable all the year round.

The master's room in the second story has a private bathroom, while the other bathroom opens off the hall for the general use of the household. The small bedroom might be made a little larger but it would mean the loss of the well-arranged linen and broom closets.

It is evident that the architects of this plan have given to these various points their careful attention.

Two complete sets of detailed plans and specifications for the Second Mention House will be sold for \$30. (No fewer than 2 sets will be sold for any house of this series.) Extra sets of plans and specifications, \$5.

Or, if you desire to see other house plans and designs send for McCall's Service booklet, The Small House (price ten cents), showing four-to-seven-room houses costing from \$8,000 to \$16,500, and designed by America's foremost architects. Plans and specifications for any house in the booklet, \$15 a set. Address The Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



If You Called 100 Doctors

—(and your baby is a normal child) *eighty-seven* would prescribe "Orange Juice." We determined this by actual test. This should interest you, therefore, if your little one is three years old, or under.

We wanted to know exactly how orange juice stood, as a baby food, with the child specialists; because we wanted to *tell you*, and we wanted *facts*.

So we sent this question, by mail, to one hundred and eighteen physicians—"Which fruits do you most often recommend for children under three years of age?"

Out of one hundred and seven who replied, *ninety-three, or 87%*, wrote simply the one word, "Oranges."

Thus an overwhelming vote was taken among men whose business is to know what foods most children need.

The reasons, in general, are as follows:

Oranges furnish valuable *mineral salts and acids* which are natural appetizers and digestants; they are rich in vitamins, preventatives of scurvy, and necessities in any balanced diet; they are mildly laxative in effect, and nearly every child needs more natural assistance of this kind.

Oranges also supply fruit-acids which help to keep the teeth in good condition, and minerals that make for sound tooth structure. All modern dentists will agree.

And oranges are valuable in offsetting the acidity (biliousness and upset stomach) caused by the eating of too much "sweets." Although known as "acid fruit," oranges have an *alkaline reaction in the blood*.

Free Book on Child Feeding

Mail the coupon and we'll send you, free, our own 32-page book on child feeding, containing many valuable facts, feeding schedules, weight tables and recipes. Any mother will find it very helpful in keeping her children nourished properly. Send for a free copy now.

In These Books, Too

We desired still further evidence for you, so we read through ten books on child feeding and two U.S. Government Bulletins to get the opinions of their writers too. This is a list of them. All suggest orange juice.

- School Feeding Bryant—(J. Lippincott Co.)
- The Healthy Baby Dennett, M. D.—(The Macmillan Co.)
- Nutrition and Growth in Children Emerson, A. D., M. D.—(D. Appleton & Co.)
- Infant Feeding Grulee, M. D.—(W. B. Saunders Co.)
- How to Feed Children Hogan—(Baker-Taylor Co.)
- The Care and Feeding of Children Holt, M. D., LL. D.—(D. Appleton & Co.)
- Food, Health and Growth Holt, M. D., LL. D.—(The Macmillan Co.)
- The Care of Children Morse, M. D.—(Harvard Univ. Press)
- Care and Feeding of Infants and Children Ramsey, M. D.—(J. Lippincott Co.)
- Feeding the Family Rose, Ph. D.—(The Macmillan Co.)
- U. S. Government Bulletins, Nos. 1313 and 712.

Ask Your Doctor

The above are generally accepted facts. In all cases, however, where special diets are required a physician should prescribe. If you have never asked your doctor about orange juice specifically it might be well to do so. For while your baby may be well, it is possible that its growth and health would be improved if orange juice were added to its food henceforth.

California
Sunkist
Uniformly Good Oranges



California Fruit Growers Exchange
Dept. 602, Los Angeles, California

Please send me a free copy of your book, "Feeding the Child for Health."

Name

Street

City..... State.....



These 358 Domestic Science Teachers in High Schools tell why they prefer Cream of Tartar Baking Powder

37 report, "It leaves no bitter taste"—"I prefer the flavor"

185 declare, "Results are better"—"Surer"—"Raising qualities are more satisfactory"

146 write, "No harmful residue"—"A healthful product"—"It is purer"—"The best."

TEACHERS of Domestic Science in the high schools freely express their preference for Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. A large group from all parts of the United States recently expressed definite opinions on baking powder, and 88½% of them said: "I prefer Cream of Tartar Baking Powder."

Then 358 of these experts gave specific reasons for their choice. "Better results," they said. "More healthful"—"Purer"—"No bitter taste."

These are the very reasons why particu-

lar housewives all over the world will use no other baking powder than Royal.

For fifty years now Royal has proved utterly trustworthy. It is the Cream of Tartar Baking Powder; made with the

finest cream of tartar—a pure fruit product from ripe grapes, imported from Southern Europe especially for Royal.

It cannot leave a bitter taste even in hot biscuits or your most delicate cakes; and it always makes your batter rise perfectly.

And how ridiculously little it costs to use the best baking powder. Only 2 cents for enough Royal to make a large layer cake miraculously light and sweet-flavored.

If you have a taste for good foods send for the Royal Cook Book. It's free. It gives nearly 350 carefully tested recipes for all kinds of appetizing dishes.



The Cream of Tartar Baking Powder. Contains no alum. Leaves no bitter taste.

Mocha Tart

4 eggs	3 tablespoons cold water
1 cup powdered sugar	½ teaspoon vanilla extract
1 cup pastry flour	1 tablespoon essence of mocha
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder	

Beat the yolks of eggs until very light; add the sugar slowly, beating continually; add the flour sifted with the baking powder; then the cold water, vanilla and mocha; mix well and add the stiffly beaten whites of eggs; mix batter thoroughly without beating. Bake in two greased and floured layer tins in moderate oven (325°F) about 25 minutes. When cool spread between layers and on top of cake the following mixture: Add 1 tablespoon mocha essence, 1½ tablespoons powdered sugar to ½ pint of cream. Whip until stiff; spread between layers and on top of cake and garnish with chopped and browned almonds. Makes one 3-layer cake in 9-inch tins.

A delicious variety of this dessert can be made by spreading the layers with raspberry jam before adding the whipped cream.



Providence Muffins

½ cup graham flour	2 teaspoons sugar
½ cup bran	2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1 teaspoon butter	½ cup milk
1 tablespoon peanut butter	1 egg
	½ teaspoon salt

Mix flour, bran, salt, sugar, baking powder; melt butter and peanut butter together; add to dry mixture; add egg well beaten but not separated; add milk—beat well. Bake in hot greased muffin pans in moderate oven (375°F) for 12 minutes. Makes 6 good sized muffins.

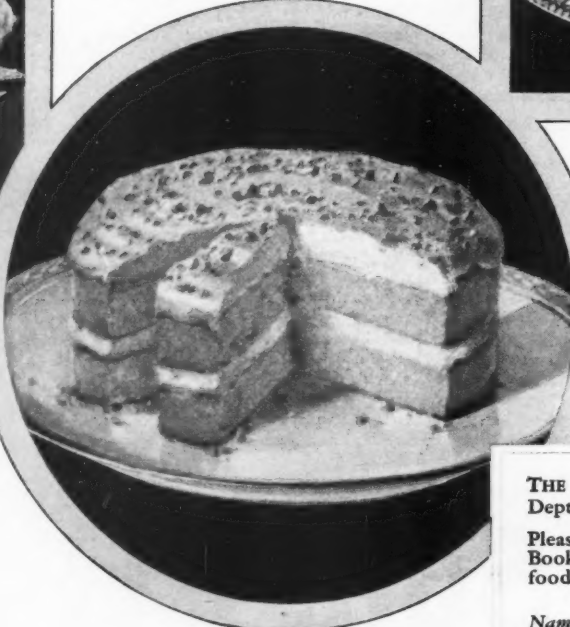
Mail the coupon for complete cook book—Free



Princess Cookies

½ cup butter	1 cup flour
½ cup almonds	1 teaspoon Royal Baking Powder
white of 1 egg	

Sift flour and baking powder on kneading board. Put butter, almonds (which have been ground fine through food chopper) and unbeaten white of egg on flour. Stir all ingredients thoroughly together to make a smooth paste. Roll out to about ¼ inch thick. Cut with small cookie cutter. Spread each with white of egg and sprinkle with chopped almonds and granulated sugar. Bake in a slow oven (325°F) until a light brown (about 8 minutes). Makes 30 cookies.



THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY,
Dept. B, 105 East 42nd Street, New York

Please send me free copy of the famous Royal Cook Book—over 350 recipes for all kinds of delicious foods.

Name
Address
City.....State.....

Send for the Royal Cook Book today !!! FREE

HOW TO MAKE ALL KINDS OF SCREENS

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



"Stunning!" describes this colorful five-screen of compo board bound with black oilcloth, its beautiful painted ship from motif No. 1535. Developed in reds and tans against the blue-greens of sea and sky.



The antiqued gold screen above is made of canvas and has for its painted decoration a peacock from design 1501 in blues, greens and purples. A rich accessory for a living room which any one can make successfully, so simple is its construction.

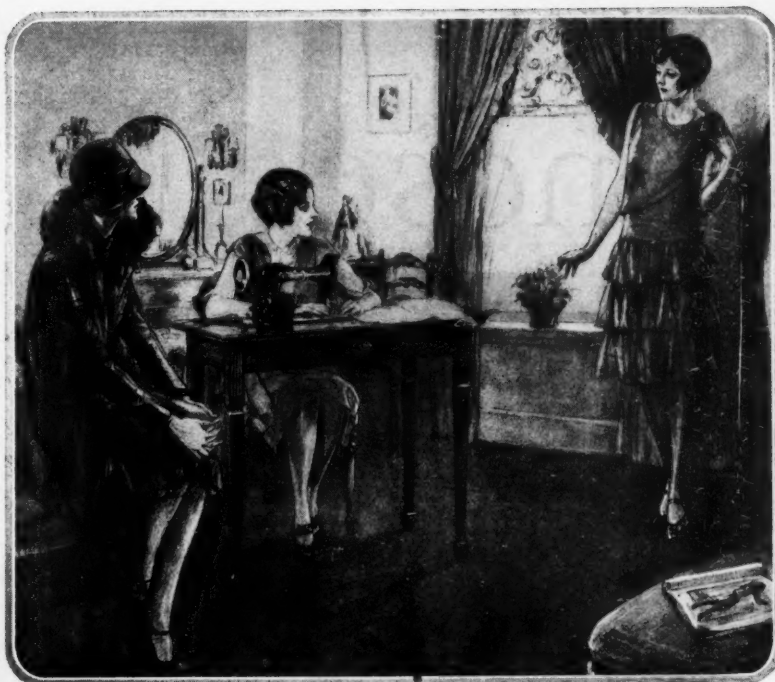
Practical yet charmingly decorative are the characteristics of this lovely sewing screen of silk or cotton fabric painted with the quaint lady of design 1513. Everything is within reach of the sewer and the charm of the interior is also evident.

Colorful wallpaper to harmonize with your color scheme makes a smartly fashionable screen. The paper is durable and gives a dull room the touch of color and design it needs. Entire construction of screen is described step by step in directions.



NOTE—For instructions for making above screens, clip this note and send with a stamped, self-addressed envelope to the Needlework Department, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 112.



It's lots more Fun to MAKE a Party Dress!

THEN you can have just the right color, just the right dainty materials and trimmings, just the little flare or jauntiness you love. And when it's finished you can wear it twice as proudly because you planned and made it all yourself.

Once you might have thought you never, never could do it—but now the modern Singer has made all sewing a delight. You will find it so simple and easy to use, so quietly swift, so eagerly responsive to your slightest wish, that merely to sit before it is a temptation to sew. And when you arrange your materials and gently press a lever with your knee, the perfect even stitches form like magic. Or add easy-to-use attachments and you can trim your frock with ruffles, tucking, bindings, edgings of lace, more perfectly than by hand and in one-tenth the time.

There is an easy way to prove to yourself what a modern Singer will do. The nearest Singer Shop will gladly send a machine to your home that you can use for a few days, in doing your own sewing. You may have your choice of the widest variety of models—electric, treadle and hand machines. Any one of them may be yours on a convenient plan by which you will receive a generous allowance for your present machine and your new Singer will pay for itself as you save.

ONE of the New Singer Electric. When closed, it becomes a piece of fine furniture, serving as a desk or table.



The Famous Singer "S"

You will find it on the windows of 6,000 Singer Shops, in every city in the world. It is the identifying mark of sewing machines of enduring quality. It means, too, that every Singer Shop is ready always with instruction, repairs, supplies and courteous expert service. When the Singer representative comes to your home let him tell you about this service Singer maintains in your own neighborhood.



"Short Cuts to Home Sewing"

This interesting practical book shows you how to save time in a hundred ways on your sewing machine—how to do all the modish new details of trimming—no matter what make of machine you may have. The book is free. Phone or call at the nearest Singer Shop (see telephone directory) or send for a copy by mail, to the Singer Sewing Machine Company, Dept. 12-P Singer Building, New York, N. Y.

SINGER

SEWING MACHINES

Entire contents of this advertisement copyright U.S.A. 1926, 1927 by the Singer Manufacturing Co.

Stuffy noses



need not snuffle

LIKE A BREATH of fresh mountain air, is the pleasant touch of Mentholatum to a nose clogged with the "sniffles." This clear coolness is a sign of healing. Mentholatum contains *quick-acting*, soothing ingredients that actually seek out inflammation.

It is this active, soothing feature of Mentholatum that *clears your nose* in spite of a cold. Just squeeze Mentholatum from the handy tube and apply it to the inside and outside of your nose.

Use Mentholatum the year round as an *antiseptic protection* against germ-laden dust. Use it at night for *clear breathing*. Get Mentholatum at any drug store in the familiar jars or handy tubes.

*clears
your
nose*



Send this coupon with 10 cents for mailing costs to Dept. 32 Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N. Y. You will get a trial package of Mentholatum with a package of Mentholatum Cough Drops.

Name

Address

Have you ever used Mentholatum? Yes ☐ No ☐

GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN

[Continued from page 7]

without moral and religious training, our nation cannot endure.

"I have failed in my ministry of business, John, because I have failed to make any real contribution to this one great national need, the need of Christian Religion." Big Dan was tremendously in earnest. As if half ashamed of his display of feeling he rose from his chair and turning away from his companion went again to the window where he stood looking down over the city which now lay under the full fury of the storm.

"I should think," said Saxton slowly, "that you would be the last man in the world to feel that you had failed in your ministry of business. As your confidential agent I know, better than any person living, the enormous sums of money you have given to all sorts of charity—to schools and hospitals and every kind of benevolent work—and to individuals as well. Haven't you, from the beginning, held the wealth of your mine as a trust?"

Big Dan answered with almost a touch of impatience: "I have failed because the one great need of the world is not the need of Christian work. As I have just said, it is the need of Christian Religion."

"Why, John, the amount of money given to Good Works—I mean outside of churches—to charity, to schools and education is enormous. Think of Rockefeller's two hundred and fifty millions and Carnegie's three hundred millions and of the many other individuals who have given from one to seven millions each. If you look up the statistics you will find that in the last few years there has been, in the United States, an amazing development of interest in social-welfare work and in charities and benevolences of every kind. Never in the history of mankind has so much been given to what we call Good Works—works I mean that are essentially Christian. And never in our own country, at least, have the people been so irreligious."

"I know, John, that we give also something over seven hundred million dollars annually to Religion; but wait, I have a letter—here it is. After Mother's death I found this among the things which she treasured. It was written by the old Shepherd, who was her only teacher, to his friend Doctor Coughlan. At the time of Dad Howett's death Doctor Coughlan gave this letter to Mother. I have read it so many times that I know it by heart."

"We build temples and churches but will not worship in them; we hire spiritual advisors but refuse to heed them; we buy Bibles but will not read them; believing in God we do not fear Him; acknowledging Christ we neither follow nor obey Him."

As Big Dan was putting the old Shepherd's letter reverently away in his desk, Saxton said: "But I thought you were such a firm believer in the religion of Good Works."

"And I am," returned Dan, quickly, "but I have come to understand that while Good Works are the fruits of the Christian Religion, they are no more Christianity itself than a barrel of apples is a tree."

"Our fathers worshipped God. Christianity grew from that worship as a tree grows from its roots, until in our generation it is bearing its legitimate fruit—Good Works. Can any one question that the marvelous growth of interest in charities and social-welfare work of every kind in this generation is the direct result of the Christianity of our fathers? But while we today are harvesting these fruits of Christianity, like the miserable farmers of life that we are, we are neglecting the tree which produces them."

"Our great need in this generation is to see our Good Works not as religion but as the fruit of religion—to understand that the fruit is not the tree, that the tree is Christianity, and the root of the tree is the worship of God. If this generation neglects to cultivate the tree there will be no fruit for the generations that are to come."

"Religiously, John, we are a race of spiritual grocerymen. We traffic in the produce upon which the very life of our nation depends without a thought of the gardens and orchards which supply the stuff we buy and sell, or a single care for the condition under which this food of the race is produced. To save America we

must do more than deal in Good Works. To save America we must worship God."

John Saxton said slowly, "I think I understand, but just what do you mean by the worship of God?"

"I mean the recognition of God—the feeling of God—the acknowledgment of God. The grocerymen, for example, must feel God in the produce which he buys and sells. He must be conscious of God as he is conscious of money. He accepts money as a vital element in his business; he must accept God as a vital element in his life. He looks upon a grocery store as a necessity in the community; he must look upon religion as a necessity in the nation. Our modern civilization does not recognize God—it only uses Him."

"But do you mean to say that religious work—I do not mean distinctively church work, is not a recognition of God, is not in fact worship?"

"It might be—it should be. If it were so conceived and so understood it would be. These enormous sums of money that are given annually to charity and social-welfare work, and to schools and education—are these gifts ever thought of definitely as offerings to God—as acts of worship? The millions devoted to scientific research, the millions bestowed upon higher educational institutions—is the idea or spirit of worship in these great endowments and foundations? As for our civic charity organizations and that class of Good Works, they are merely good business policies and are so presented to the people. The majority of the people who give these millions to humanity are Christians, and they are intelligent, thinking Christians. They see the disaster which menaces our country. They know that the only thing that can save America is Religion. Why, then, do they not give millions to Religion? I'll tell you why: It is because in this so-called Christian country there is no organization in existence through which one can spend a dollar for a purely religious purpose. And that, John," Big Dan continued, "is my problem. When Father and Mother turned Dewey Bald Mountain over to me they expected me, in their simple, Christian way, to use it religiously. Neither Hope nor I have any wish to leave a great fortune to the children. They have not been taught to expect it. She is with me heart and soul in what I propose to do. So are the boys. We haven't said anything to Grace yet because she is a little too young. But the girl is too much like her mother, John, for us to have any doubts as to where she will stand."

"They call me 'the Rockefeller of the lead and zinc industry'—the Carnegie of mining," and all that. You and I know, of course, that I am a long way yet from the Rockefeller-Carnegie class, but we know also that I am rated at several millions. John, I want to devote the millions I have taken from the Dewey Bald Mine to what I believe to be the one great vital need of the world today. I want, in a word, to give these millions to Religion as other men have given millions to science and art and welfare-work and education. But, John, I don't know how to do it."

"You are a church man," said Saxton significantly. "It was as a church man that you came into my life."

"I am a member of a church, John, and have contributed to its various denominational enterprises because it is the only organization I know which makes even a pretense of standing for and promoting the Christian Religion. But we must face the fact that the Church of today is utterly unable to meet this national crisis of immorality and lawlessness which is the direct result of the irreligious spirit of the people."

"There must be a reason for this failure of the Church," he continued. "Are we to believe that Christianity is less potent for righteousness today than it was in the days of our fathers? You and I are Christians, John—members of the same church. Which shall we do? Question the divine Religion of Jesus or question the human efficiency of this institution which exists for the sole purpose of making Christianity a vital factor in the lives of men?"

"There can be only one answer to that," returned Saxton. [Turn to page 70]

This New Spring Catalogue is Yours Free!



Your orders are shipped within 24 hours
Your orders will be shipped within 24 hours. That saves time. Besides, one of our seven big stores is near to you. Therefore, your letter reaches us quicker. Your goods go to you quicker. It is quicker and cheaper, and more satisfactory to send all your orders to Ward's.

NEW—filled with Spring's new merchandise, showing for the first time Ward's wonderful New Bargains, giving Ward's new low prices on almost everything you need to buy—this New, Complete, 624 Page Catalogue is yours Free!

Filled with things of interest to every man, with things of beauty and style and good taste for every woman; filled with *Saving as well as Pleasure*—showing everything for the Farm, the Home, and the Family—one copy of this great new Catalogue is offered to you, for your use, for your family's use—entirely Free! The coupon below is printed for your convenience in sending for this book—today!

\$100,000,000 worth of merchandise bought for this Catalogue

Just consider that back of this Catalogue there is \$100,000,000 worth of bright new merchandise bought in the largest quantities to secure the lowest prices for you. Merchandise bought for ready cash, because cash buys cheaper than credit—always.

Buying by mail at Ward's means cooperative buying of the finest kind. It means that you by cooperating with our 8,000,000 other customers enable us to purchase goods by the train load to secure low prices for all of you.

Low Prices without Sacrifice of Quality

First of all, before price is considered, quality and serviceability must be proved. We never buy goods merely because they are cheap. We never sacrifice quality to make you a low price. In buying for our customers we consider first of all the wishes, the satisfaction of our customers. It takes quality and low price to make the bargains we offer you.

This new Catalogue is to be yours free. This page is published to offer you the Catalogue and the saving this book will bring. This coupon is printed for your convenience. Your copy of this Catalogue is yours free. You need only fill in the coupon—Now!

Every item in this great Catalogue is backed by a 55-year-old guarantee and reputation for honest, reliable goods and honest dealing.

Montgomery Ward & Co.

The Oldest Mail Order House is Today the Most Progressive

Chicago Kansas City St. Paul Baltimore Portland, Ore. Oakland, Calif. Fort Worth

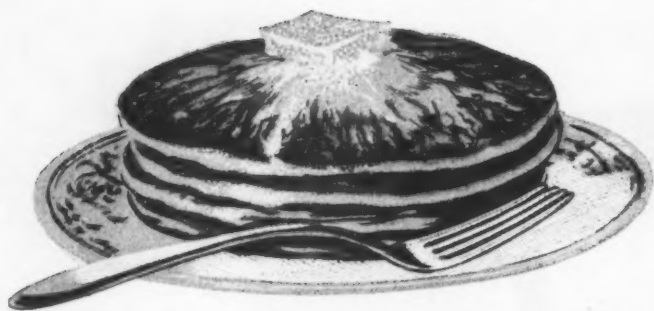
Mail this Coupon to-day

TO MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.,
Dept. 54-H

Chicago Kansas City St. Paul Baltimore
Portland, Ore. Oakland, Calif. Fort Worth
(Mail this coupon to our house nearest you.)

Please mail my free copy of Montgomery Ward's complete Spring and Summer Catalogue.

Name.....
Local Address.....
Post Office.....
State.....



BUCKWHEATS with the "tang" men hanker for

Aunt Jemima's old-time recipe with just enough choice buckwheat flour added

TO awaken the eternal boy in your husband—to see once more that cheerful, care-free youngster who lives in him forever! These cold winter mornings you have your chance.

There comes to men a longing from boyhood days—a hankering for "buckwheats" that are really good—for fragrant cakes with that old-time "kick." And that's what millions are giving their husbands this very month: bringing that little grin to the lips, that look of youth to the eyes: They have discovered a way that works—Aunt Jemima's famous recipe.

All the light tenderness for which her cakes are famous with the keen, savory taste of buckwheat at its best: this is what you get with Aunt Jemima Prepared Buckwheat Flour in the yellow package. It brings you her own ingredients, her famous recipe adapted by experienced cooks, ready-mixed with just enough choice buckwheat flour to give you that true, old-fashioned "tang."

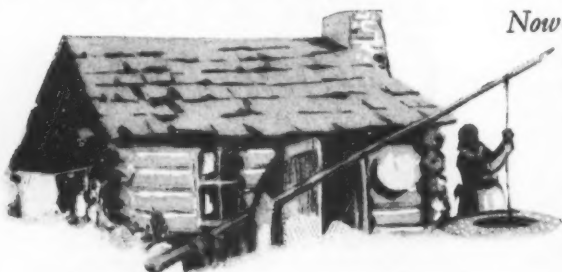
So simple today to have these tender "buckwheats"! No need to wait



For tender "buckwheats" with the taste men like, use Aunt Jemima Prepared Buckwheat Flour in the yellow package

overnight for the batter to rise. Just add a cup of milk (or water) to every cup of Aunt Jemima Prepared Buckwheat Flour—and stir.

Watch your husband's eyes light up when his teeth close on his first Aunt Jemima Buckwheat cake. Plan now to test this famous recipe, ready-mixed. Your grocer has Aunt Jemima Prepared Buckwheat Flour in the yellow package. Remember, too, how much your family likes those wonderful plantation pancakes—the kind you make with Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour in the red package.



Now—a chance to test this famous recipe

Trial size packages of Aunt Jemima Prepared Buckwheat Flour and of her Pancake Flour mailed on receipt of 10c, with new recipe booklet giving many delightful suggestions. Send coupon today.

The Aunt Jemima Mills Branch
Dept. D-13, St. Joseph, Mo.

Gentlemen: Send trial size packages Aunt Jemima Prepared Buckwheat Flour, Pancake Flour and recipe folder. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN

[Continued from page 68]

"Between the teaching of Jesus and the wisdom of His human agents there can be no comparison."

"Well then," said Big Dan, "suppose we, as business men, look into these human policies of the Church."

"The Bureau of the Census in 1916 lists one hundred eighty-three different Christian denominations. There are seventeen kinds of Baptists, twenty-one varieties of Lutherans, seventeen sorts of Methodists, ten different Presbyterians. Denominations are multiplied by dividing denominations into denominations. Think of it! One hundred eighty-three separate and distinct Christian organizations to be maintained in the name of one Christ, for the sole purpose of teaching one Christianity!"

Saxton said: "I doubt if many people believe that it makes any real difference as to which church one belongs."

"Exactly," returned Dan, "and that, more than anything else perhaps, proves the weakness of the denominational system. If the churches had not lost their grip upon their own members, even, it would make a tremendous difference as to which church one belonged. You are right, John. In the minds of the people it makes no difference. And, yet, the fact remains, that it is impossible to give a dollar to any church and not support this denominationalism. When, led by the religious desire of his heart to see the truths of Jesus' teaching made effective among men, a church member gives five dollars to his church, what happens? Four dollars out of that five is spent to maintain whatever it is that makes his denomination different from the one hundred eighty-two other denominations, each of which is actively engaged in spending four out of every five dollars which it receives to maintain its distinguishing features. And yet we are asked to believe that these one hundred eighty-three churches are all one in Christ. Is it any wonder that the central idea of Christianity is lost—that religion has become a subject for our humorous magazines, for our jokesmiths, cartoonists and funny papers? The wonder is that any one retains membership in a church. No one would except, as I say, they want to do something and the church is the only means they know."

Saxton smiled. "And yet you say the world has never before known such good works and that these good works are the fruits of the Christianity of our fathers. Well, our fathers worshipped God in denominational churches."

"Yes," replied Big Dan, "but the denominationalism of our fathers was born of their religious spirit. To our fathers, the choice of a church was wholly a matter of religious conviction. Today one joins this, that or the other church as one chooses a social club or a political order—the motive governing the choice is convenience, social, political, or business policy, friendship or family. Denominationalism, in the past stood in the minds of the people for Christianity. Today the people think of Christianity—when they think of it at all—as something apart from denominationalism; and this is just as true of church members as it is of those who are not identified with any church."

Big Dan arose suddenly and went again to the window where he stood silently looking out into the night and the storm. For some time he stood there as if lost in contemplation of the scene. Then, still looking down upon the city, he spoke: "John, how many churches have we here in Kansas City?"

"You mean denominations?"

"Yes."

"I suppose we have most of them—there must be at least a hundred."

"They all say that Christ is coming again, do they not?"

"Practically all teach the coming of Christ, yes."

"Well, John, if Jesus had actually come in those clouds tonight, to which church would He call His followers? From which pulpit would He issue His divine proclamations? In the light of what you know of churches, would that particular church selected by Jesus rejoice that the Lord had come again to the world or would they not rather more rejoice that He had come to them and not to one of their rival denominations? In the rejoicing of

the other ninety-nine would there be any note of regret that they must go to a rival denomination to meet their Lord? Would it be inconsistent with modern church methods if the pastor of the honored church were to rush to the newspapers with an announcement to the effect that his peculiar denominational doctrines were vindicated because among all the churches Jesus had come to them—that if the people wished to hear the Messiah they must assemble at his particular place of worship? Would any down-to-date minister overlook such an opportunity, do you think? John, if you will tell me to which church Jesus would come I will give all I have to that church."

John Saxton's voice betrayed the depth of his emotions as he answered: "You are right. God only can save this country from the disastrous chaos toward which we are moving. But God has always worked through human agencies. God makes the wheat but the farmer must cultivate and harvest it—the miller grind it and your groceryman distribute the flour. We cannot doubt that God will do His part in supplying our need of Religion. But what about the human agency? Where are we to look for our groceryman?"

"We will look to the Church, John."

"To the Church! But haven't you just been saying—"

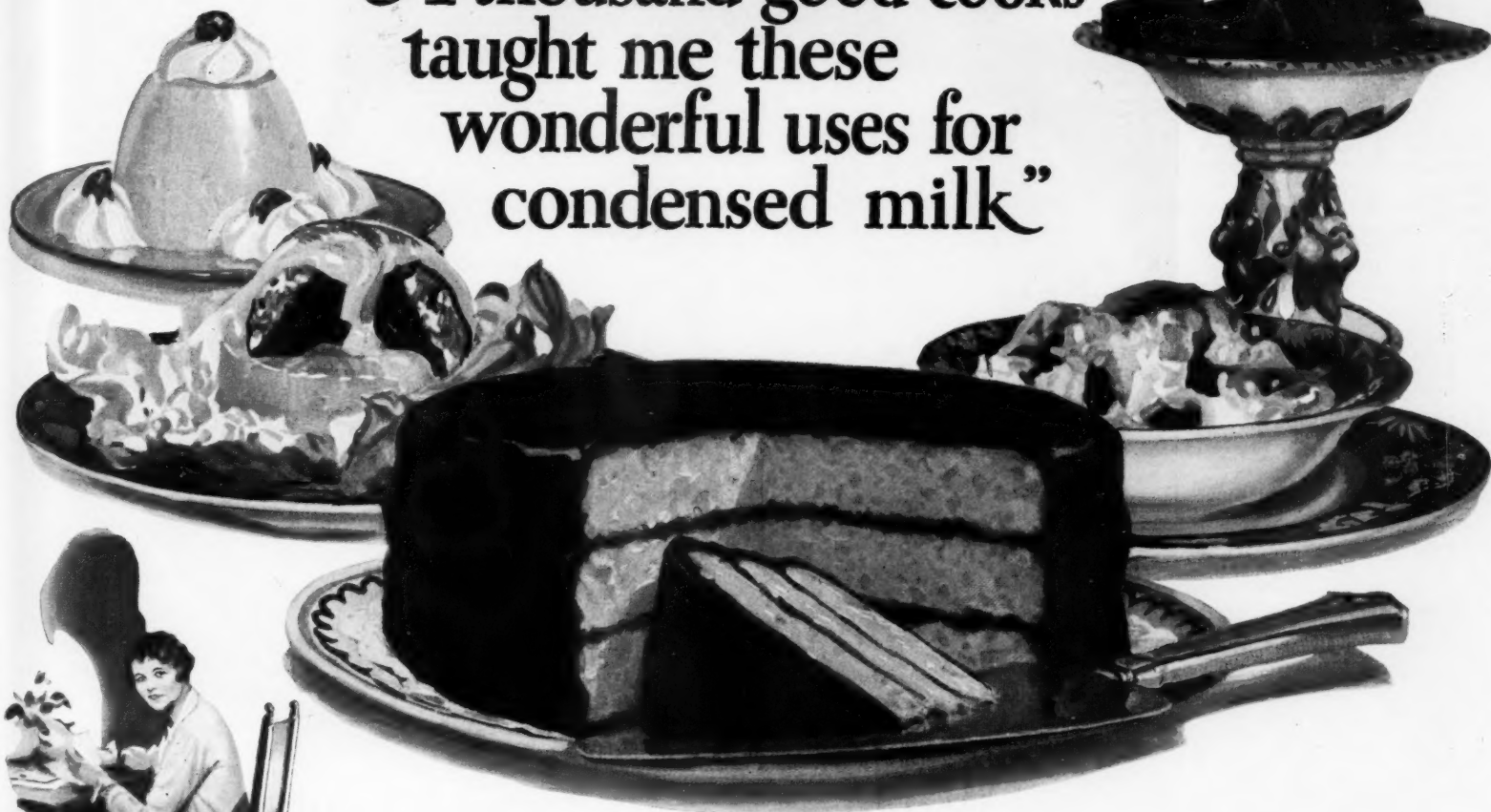
Big Dan smiled, "I have been speaking of the one hundred eighty-three different conflicting denominational organizations. I have said nothing of the great multitude of sincerely religious church members who are to be found in every denomination. If there were not in every church individual members who are far more Christian than the organization which they support the situation would be hopeless. These Christian church members, when the time comes, will rise superior to the worn out machinery of their ancient denominational creeds and re-establish their touch with God."

"Most Christian thinkers and many who make no profession of Christianity are saying that right now we are on the verge of the greatest religious revival known to history. The very fact that the nation is breaking down spiritually and morally predicates this revival of religion exactly as a man's hunger predicts that he will eat when food is placed before him. On every hand there is abundant evidence to show that there is already a widespread awakening interest. For instance, you can scarcely turn the pages of any one of our great popular magazines without coming upon an article on religion, or of a religious trend. Ten years ago no editor of such a publication would have dared give space to any one of these articles that are appearing now by hundreds. The sales of books on religion compared with the sales of even five years ago have increased enormously. Since the War, the people have been thinking and talking of religion with a freedom they, perhaps, have never before known."

"And the most significant feature of this increasing popular interest in religion is that it is not of the Church. To an amazing degree it is independent of the Church. These great popular magazines are not church publications. The writers of these articles are not strictly religious writers. The publishers of these books are not denominational publishing houses that specialize in religious literature. Nor is this awakening interest turning toward the Church. In my opinion it is very clearly a turning away from the Church. The great body of Christian church members who see in business, in national government, in civic affairs, in courts of justice, and in our social life, the almost universal lack of honor and honesty, of respect for law, of right moral sense, and common decency—these Christian church members, I say, are not looking to their churches to remedy the situation. They are still aboard the old religious ship, yes, but they know that the ship is sinking. They recognize that their church ship has been in its day a safe and sea-worthy craft and they love it for its honorable record—for its memories and associations, but they sadly recognize that the time has come when they must look elsewhere for a vessel adequate to these present day religious needs."

[Turn to page 73]

"A thousand good cooks taught me these wonderful uses for condensed milk"



MILDRED MADDOCKS BENTLEY

Former Director of Good Housekeeping Institute and world-known consultant on home economic subjects, tells what she learned from correspondence with enthusiastic women—and of her own confirming tests.

"WHERE did you ever learn to make so many good things with Condensed Milk?" asked an old friend of mine the other day.

"From a correspondence course," I laughed. Then, seeing her puzzled expression, I explained, "Correspondence with the best cooking teachers in the world—everyday practical housewives like yourself."

"It was *their* letters that first piqued my curiosity to learn more about Condensed Milk. Of course I'd already discovered its advantages in coffee. But why was it so much better for certain

cooking than the old method of using plain milk and sugar?

"I went for my answer straight to those women who used Condensed Milk for cooking. They not only *told* me about the dishes they made with it, but actually let me *taste* some of them.

"I asked for the recipes, unblushingly—hurried back home, ordered some Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk, and began experiments at once in my own kitchen to discover the secret.

"It was simply this. Condensed Milk is full-cream milk with part of the water removed, making it *doubly* rich. Then sugar is blended with the milk—cooked with it—so thoroughly that it gives a smooth, rich *blended* consistency to your cooking—and to your coffee—which you can get in no other way.

"Just try the following recipes for the dishes illustrated—special favorites with my correspondents—and you'll appreciate what I mean. A thousand good cooks taught me these wonderful uses for Condensed Milk.

"If you're wondering how to make the luscious Spanish Cream and Fudge

illustrated here, you can best satisfy your curiosity by sending for a copy of my book, *Milk and its Place in Good Cookery*. This is more than just a recipe book for Condensed Milk dishes. It's a complete 'encyclopedia' on Milk. You'll find in it a wealth of milk information to help you in planning and preparing meals—with hundreds of tested recipes using all forms of milk. Any woman who is interested, may secure a free copy of this book by writing to the Borden Company, 415 Borden Building, 350 Madison Ave., New York.

"In the meantime order some Eagle Brand Condensed Milk—one of the several Borden brands—and treat your family to it in coffee and in some of these dishes."

CONDENSED MILK CHOCOLATE FROSTING

2 squares unsweetened chocolate ½ cup Borden's Condensed Milk
1 tablespoon butter 1 teaspoon vanilla
Break chocolate in small pieces, melt with butter over hot water. Blend with condensed milk and flavoring. Beat until thick enough to spread between layers and on top of cake.

RICE PUDDING

¾ cup rice ½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup Borden's Condensed Milk 1 tablespoon butter
2 ½ cups water 2 eggs, slightly beaten
Rind of one-half lemon ½ cup seeded raisins (may be omitted)

Wash rice thoroughly, cover with cold water, soak one hour, drain. Dilute milk with cold water, stirring well to blend. Add rice, salt and lemon rind, cook in a double boiler until rice is tender and milk nearly absorbed. Remove lemon rind, stir in eggs and butter. Cook slowly five minutes longer. Add raisins, pour into a buttered pudding dish, bake in a moderate oven twenty minutes.

CARAMEL PUDDING

(the famous dessert that makes itself)

Place unopened can of Borden's Condensed Milk in a kettle of boiling water and simmer for two and a half hours, being careful not to let the kettle boil dry. Remove can, cool, and chill. Remove top of can, cutting along the side of the can—not the top—so that the contents may be removed whole; place on a serving dish, garnish with broken nut meats and whipped cream. To serve individually, cut in slices, garnish with nut meats and whipped cream—or use plain unsweetened cream, with or without garnish.

Mildred Maddocks Bentley

Borden's

Always the right milk for the right purpose.

Borden's Eagle Brand—the finest grade of condensed milk. For coffee and sweetened cooking. Famous for infants. Borden's Other Brands Condensed Milk—less rich, in smaller cans. For household use. Borden's Evaporated Milk—for unsweetened cooking. Borden's Malted Milk—a food-beverage, plain or chocolate flavor.



EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

Cake Secrets

Whenever you have questions to ask about cake-making, write us—we shall be delighted to give you any information we can.

We're certain you can't help liking our "Magic Three." We call them that because by varying the fillings and frostings you can make practically any kind of butter cake you will ever want to serve, with just this White or Chocolate or Spice Cake for a foundation. Any one of them with coffee makes a most delicious dessert.

Lemon Filling

- 1 cup sugar
- 6 tablesp. Swans Down
- Grated rind 1 lemon
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiling water
- 2 egg yolks
- 1 teaspoon butter

Mix flour and sugar thoroughly. Add grated lemon rind, lemon juice, and beaten egg yolks. Add boiling water, set the mixture in double boiler, and cook until thickened, stirring constantly—then cook 10 minutes stirring occasionally. Add butter and cool thoroughly before putting on cake, by filling lower part of double boiler with ice water.

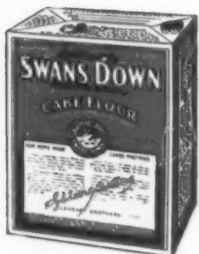
To make sure of having your boiled icing cooked to just the right consistency, add 1 cup granulated sugar to $\frac{1}{4}$ cup boiling water and cook until it threads. Then remove from stove and pour in thin stream on beaten egg whites. Beat until creamy; place bowl in pan of boiling water and continue beating until the icing feels or sounds grainy on the edge of the bowl. Spread on cake immediately.

The chocolate or spice loaf cake can easily be baked after unexpected guests arrive and either makes a most delightful dessert for an informal supper.

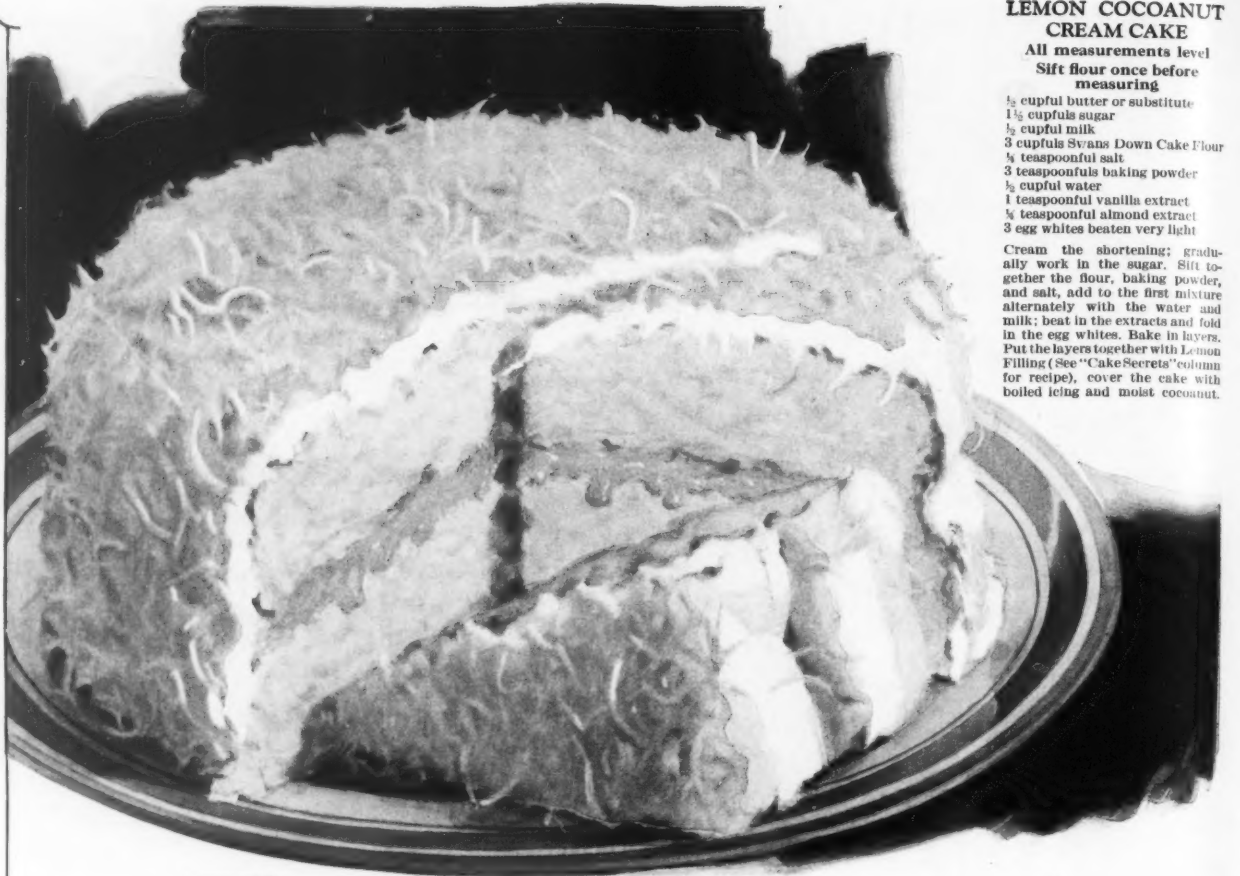
An oven thermometer is essential to proper baking. We can now supply you with a standard thermometer, postage prepaid, at \$1.00 (\$1.25 at Denver and west, \$1.50 in Canada).

In writing, don't forget to give me your name and address, and remember we'd love to see you in our Swans Down Kitchen.

Mary Jean Hart
Domestic Science Dept.
Igleheart Brothers, Inc.
2702 First Ave.
Evansville, Indiana



Ask your grocer for Swans Down Cake Flour. If he doesn't have it, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied.



LEMON COCOANUT CREAM CAKE

All measurements level
Sift flour once before measuring

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful butter or substitute
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cupfuls sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful milk
- 3 cupfuls Swans Down Cake Flour
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful salt
- 3 teaspoonfuls baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cupful water
- 1 teaspoonful vanilla extract
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful almond extract
- 3 egg whites beaten very light

Cream the shortening; gradually work in the sugar. Sift together the flour, baking powder, and salt, add to the first mixture alternately with the water and milk; beat in the extracts and fold in the egg whites. Bake in layers. Put the layers together with Lemon Filling (See "Cake Secrets" column for recipe), cover the cake with boiled icing and moist coconut.

When it's your time to entertain do you "agonize" over making the cake?

Even though you're an expert cake maker, when you're planning for guests your experience may be that of the Michigan woman who writes us:

"It's only since I've known Swans Down that I've learned to bake for guests without fairly wearing myself out and upsetting the whole household. Although my cakes were considered perfect before, I can truthfully say I never knew what a really fine grained or light fluffy cake was until I used this wonderful cake flour.

"The best part of my experience is that now when I want to entertain I no longer agonize over baking the cake. I know when I start that my cake will 'come out' exactly right—soft, delicate, light as down. I believe anyone who had never baked before

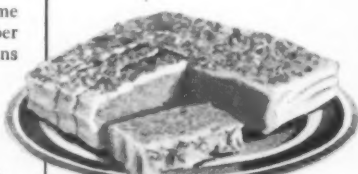
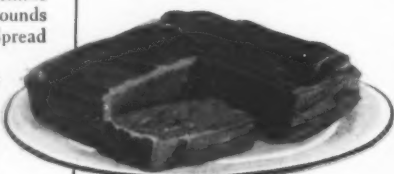
could make delicious cake with Swans Down."

Though entirely inexperienced, you'll find, too, that the use of Swans Down Cake Flour and Swans Down recipes mean perfect results. Swans Down is so feathery fine and naturally rich it makes possible a very practical economy: fewer eggs and less shortening are required. You'll be proud to serve even the simplest one or two egg cake—if you make it with Swans Down.

The delightful delicacy and fluffiness of texture which Swans Down Cake Flour always gives is due to these three things: 1—the particular kind of soft winter wheat selected; 2—the part of the kernel used; only the most delicate inner portion is choice enough for Swans Down; 3—the special process by which Swans Down is milled 27 times as fine as good bread flour. One hundred pounds of selected wheat yield but 26 pounds of Swans Down.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

Use recipe for white cake, substituting 2 whole eggs for the three egg whites and adding two squares of melted bitter chocolate. If you prefer sour milk, reduce amount of baking powder to 1 teaspoon, and use $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sour milk with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon soda.



SPICE CAKE

Use recipe for white cake, substituting 2 whole eggs for the three egg whites and adding 1 teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cloves, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon allspice. If you prefer sour milk, cut down baking powder to 1 teaspoon and use $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sour milk with $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonsoda.

You'll Want This Cake Set

Only \$1.00 (\$1.25 at Denver and west, \$1.50 in Canada) for complete set of Swans Down Cake Making Utensils, such as we ourselves use. We buy in carload lots and sell to you at our cost. Just pin a dollar bill (money order or check) to the coupon and mail now. Money refunded if not entirely satisfactory.



- 8 $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. Pat. Angel Food Cake pan (tin)
- Aluminum measuring cup
- 12-in. steel spatula (to remove and ice cake)
- Included free—famous recipe booklet "Cake Secrets" and sample package Swans Down.
- "Cake Secrets" only item sold separately—send 10c stamps or coin for your copy.
- Set consists of:
- 8-in. sq. heavy cake pan (tin)
- Set aluminum measuring spoons
- 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ -in. wire cake tester
- Slotted wooden mixing spoon

IGLEHEART BROTHERS, INCORPORATED
2702 First Ave. Established 1856 Evansville, Indiana

DIVISION, POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Inc.
MAKERS OF: Swans Down Cake Flour, Jell-O, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum, Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-Thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate

SWANS DOWN

Prepared (Not Self-Rising)

CAKE FLOUR
Preferred by Housewives for 32 Years

IGLEHEART BROTHERS, Inc., 2702 First Ave., Evansville, Indiana
Attached is \$1.00 (\$1.25 at Denver and west, \$1.50 in Canada) for which please send to address below one full set Swans Down Cake Making Utensils—with which I am to receive, free of charge, "Cake Secrets" and sample package of Swans Down. If not entirely satisfied with set I may return it, carrying charges prepaid, and my money will be promptly refunded.

Name _____ Write plainly
Street Address _____
City _____ State (in full) _____
No orders accepted for shipment outside U. S. or Canada.

GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN

[Continued from page 70]

For some minutes the two men, in that quiet room which was so charged with the feeling of great financial wealth and power, were silent. Each was absorbed in his own thoughts.

"Come," said Big Dan at last, "We must get down to our work. 'Now for the place—you have located the city?'"

Saxton unfolded a map and spread it on the table. "I have found that towns of less than twenty thousand population in general are too small to be adequately representative. I have eliminated cities of over one hundred thousand for the reason that they are a world in themselves and do not fairly represent the American people as a whole. By the census of 1920, there are in the United States two hundred eighty-seven cities with a population of from twenty thousand to one hundred thousand. The average population of these cities is forty thousand six hundred ninety-eight. A city of this size, if located in the most American section of the country would, I believe, in every phase of its political, social, business, civic, and religious life, fairly represent the American people."

"You have such a place in mind?" Saxton indicated a point on the map. "The city of Westover."

Big Dan rose to his feet and placing his hands on the shoulder of his confidential agent said quietly: "You understand perfectly what you have to do?"

The man's dark eyes met his employer's gaze with a steady strength. "Perfectly."

"When will you start?"

"In the morning."

"Good! When you have something to report I will see you again—until then—"

"Until then," echoed John Saxton.

JOE PADDOCK sat in the little office of his grocery store. It was half past one—a slack hour. On the insurance company's advertisement over which the groceryman's head was bent industriously were neatly arranged stacks of silver dollars, quarters, dimes, nickels and pennies, a pile of paper money and another of checks. The groceryman was making up the cash to go to the bank.

In his general appearance, Joe Paddock was comfortable. His age was the comfortable age of—say forty-five. He was neither large and imposing nor small and insignificant—just average, with an average face of ordinary kindly intelligence. With his well kept, well clothed body resting comfortably in his golden oak office chair and the prosperously filled canvas sack at his elbow he still gave the impression of one under the shadow of gloomy thoughts.

Grasping the canvas sack as he rose he stepped to the door of his office. In the doorway he paused and from long habit looked over the store. It was not a large store—just an ordinary, commonplace, well established grocery. Shelves behind the counters from floor to ceiling, filled with brightly labeled canned goods, packages of breakfast foods, boxes of pepper and spices, bottles of olives and pickles, jars of preserves. Show cases filled with candies, cigars and trinkets. A big red coffee mill, a cheese under a screen cover, a glass doored cupboard for bread and cookies, a golden oak refrigerator. Crates of vegetables, apples, oranges, lemons, a hanging bunch of bananas. Stacks of flour in sacks, barrels and boxes. A mixed odor of everything edible flavored with every known spice, tea and coffee, coal-oil, molasses and gasoline. That odor was as familiar and uninspiring to Joe Paddock as the smell of hay to a farmer, the tang of the sea to a sailor.

Joe Paddock had no great absorbing interest in his grocery. It was a good business—as good as any other—better than some. He had become a groceryman for no particular reason—it had seemed a good thing. He accepted it as he accepted the other commonplaces of life such as family cares, taxes, politics, schools, religion. As his eye, directed by habit, took in this familiar scene of his everyday life he noticed the delivery boy, Davie Bates, staggering under a basket of groceries toward the rear door where a delivery car was waiting. Davie Bates was a pale faced, thin shouldered, weak limbed lad. Joe Paddock and the boy's mother had been sweethearts in their boy

and girl days. Then Joe had married Laura Louise Fields and become a groceryman and Mary had married a young carpenter, Dave Bates. When he reached the sidewalk he paused again and stood looking up and down the street. Even at this hour of the day it was a scene of bustling activity, with clatter and rattle and roar enough to fully justify the druggist's optimism.

At the corner, as the groceryman waited for an opening in the stream of traffic, a big, shiny car with a liveried chauffeur at the wheel and an imposing personage in the rear seat passed. The personage, seeing the groceryman, smiled and bowed. Joe returned the salutation in his best manner. Mrs. Jamison was his wealthiest customer. The Jamisons had a wine cellar—all pre-war stuff—so Joe had heard. Mrs. Jamison went every season to New York for Grand Opera. Joe's wife always called his attention to the news in the Morning Herald and in the Evening Star. Mrs. Jamison, it was generally understood, always ran over to Paris for her gowns. Mrs. Jamison never wore a dress—she always wore a gown. As her shining car was chauffeured proudly on down the street, Mrs. Jamison was thinking: "What an utterly commonplace man! Good man, though, no doubt of that. Real back-bone-of-the-country class. And what a commonplace business—a groceryman, ugh!" Mrs. Jamison's husband was a promoter of almost anything that could be promoted.

The glow of being recognized by Mrs. Jamison lasted Joe Paddock, almost until he reached the First National Bank.

There were long queues of customers waiting their turns at the different windows. After all, to be a director of the First National of Westover was something. The groceryman really did not need to wait in the line at his window but he liked it. He liked the nods and smiles of greeting. He fancied they were thinking: "Joe Paddock is a director here," and it gave him a sense of importance which he never enjoyed in his store—nor, for that matter, anywhere else.

It was his turn at the window. As he plumped the canvas sack down on the marble slab he greeted the teller with a cheerful "Hello, Frank."

The president's desk was at the far end of the room just inside the low wall of polished marble which separated the First National officials from the outer world. The open-and-above-board effect of this arrangement was supposed to engender a feeling of confidence in the financial heart of the public while at the same time the marble wall prevented the customers from intruding too far into the financial heart of the institution. The president beckoned to Joe.

Joe Paddock and Henry Winton were born on neighboring farms. They had attended the same country school, fished and swam together in Mill Creek, hunted in the same woods, skated in winter and picniced in summer with the same crowd. Together they had attended the State University and graduated in the same class.

Banker Winton was shrewdly studying his old friend's face. "What's the matter with you, Joe, you don't act like yourself lately? What's the trouble, old man?" The groceryman moved uneasily. "Oh, I don't know, Henry—nothin' I guess, just feelin' sort o' grouchy."

Both were silent for a moment as if they had unintentionally reached the end of the conversation. A brisk but suave voice broke the spell. "Good afternoon, gentlemen? How do you do, Mr. Winton?—How are you, Mr. Paddock?" It was George Oskins, proprietor of the Palace Hotel.

"Hello Oskins," returned Winton. "How do you do, Mr. Oskins," said Paddock.

It will be noted that the hotel man addressed the banker as Mr. Winton while the banker called him simply Oskins, which may be understood to fairly indicate their business relationship. The hotel man saying Mr. Paddock and the groceryman returning with Mr. Oskins shows as clearly that the supplies for the Palace were purchased wholesale in Kansas City. Henry Winton asked briskly: "How is the hotel business, Oskins?" [Turn to page 74]

Pretty...well-dressed-but worried—

Why?

No need to be uneasy about that old trouble. No need to worry. Your skin won't have that greasy look after I tell you how to overcome it

Every woman knows the embarrassment so often caused by

Oily Skin



BY MADAME JEANNETTE DE CORDET
Famous Beauty Specialist

THERE are carefree, joyous hours for you—do not let them be marred by that harassing thought of a shiny, unattractive, oily skin.

I need not describe an oily skin to you. You know the embarrassment—the annoyance—of greasy exudations around your nose, in the dip of your chin and across your forehead. Every woman who has an oily skin suffers from this embarrassment—and now suffers needlessly.

Pompeian Day Cream corrects excess oiliness of skin for a number of hours. You can fairly feel its clean, healthful action as it quickly removes this abnormal secretion of the oil glands. Secret ingredients give it the special virtues it possesses.

This daily treatment will minimize the excess oil, keeping your skin in fine normal condition.

It has a slightly astringent quality that tends to close the pores. And, in addition, it should be used on this type of skin, as a protection from weather, and as a base for powder.

Cleanse and dry the skin thoroughly. Smooth

Pompeian Day Cream over this surface. Do not rub. It has a surface action and should not be massaged into the pores. Use only a delicate film of the cream; it will practically vanish. Then wipe off any remaining traces with a soft, clean cloth.

Your skin will take on a smooth, cool, dry finish—not a trace of oiliness. Now your Pompeian Beauty Powder will go on with velvet smoothness, for Day Cream is a wonderful powder base, and not a single shiny spot remains.

Pompeian Day Cream comes in 60c jars. (Slightly higher in Canada.) Purity and satisfaction guaranteed.

GET PANEL AND SAMPLES

Generous samples of Pompeian Day Cream will be sent with the beautiful new Art Panel (illustrated at bottom) for only 10c. This picture entitled "The Bride" is painted by the famous artist, Rolf Armstrong, and is faithfully reproduced in full colors. Actual size 27x7 inches, art store value easily 75c. My beauty booklet, which includes a detailed treatment for oily skin, also sent.

TEAR OFF NOW! YOU MAY FORGET

MADAME JEANNETTE DE CORDET
THE POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2250 Payne Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

Madame: I enclose 10c (a dime, coin preferred) for 1927 Pompeian Beauty Panel and samples of Pompeian Day Cream.

Name _____
Street _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____

Pompeian Day Cream

for oily skin





You can avoid danger of scarring. One woman writes: "My little niece's face was scalded when a chafing-dish overturned. She was an extremely beautiful child, and her mother was fairly frantic. But, thanks to Unguentine, it didn't leave even a tiny scar."

Quick! Ease her pain prevent a hideous scar

Your own physician
would dress burns and
scalds this way

IF this happened to *your* child—what would you do? The pain from burns is intense—horrible. They become infected quickly and leave scars that are hideous for life.

For all burns and scalds—Unguentine, quick! . . .

Pain stops almost the instant Unguentine is applied. And Unguentine keeps burns, scalds and ugly cuts wholly free of germs, guarding against dread infection and helping the flesh to heal quickly. Nearly always *without a scar!*

Your own physician would prescribe it. Unguentine is not just a salve; it is a well-known surgical dressing. To stop suffering, to bring quick, unscarred healing, Unguentine is the dressing that physicians and hospitals everywhere rely on.

Just spread Unguentine on, thick, bandaging lightly if necessary. It will cause no smarting, no irritation—even in an open wound. For severe burns and wounds, spread Unguentine generously on a piece of gauze and then apply. Keep Unguentine in your medicine cabinet. Made by The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y. At your druggist's—50c.

Burns like this can ruin whole days. A housewife writes us: "The hot grease splattered up, burning me terribly. I applied Unguentine and next morning there wasn't a trace of a burn."



Unguentine

FREE—a generous tube

The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Dept. M-24 Norwich, New York

Please send me trial tube of Unguentine and booklet, "What to do," by M. W. Stofer, M. D.

Name.....

Street.....

City and State.....

Norwich
—a trusted name on
pharmaceutical
preparations



Suddenly—frantic sobs! Heart-piercing; pitiful! Stop her pain, prevent ugly scars—with Unguentine



GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN

[Continued from page 73]

The proprietor of the Palace was eagerly and anxiously enthusiastic. "Wonderful, Mr. Winton. Every room in the house full. Had to turn down twenty reservations last week. By the way—" he put his soft pudgy hand on the groceryman's arm to draw him closer and leaning confidentially over the marble wall spoke in a hushed tone—"We have a guest at the hotel that you gentlemen really ought to meet. Wonderful man! All kinds of money, I should say, or at least represents mighty big interests—impresses you that way. He's here for some time—wouldn't say how long—monthly rates—wonderfully interested in Westover. Just the kind of big business man we need. I recommended the First National."

"What's his name?" asked the banker.

"John Saxton—from Kansas City."

"Saxton—Saxton—" the banker repeated. "Name sounds familiar."

"He's somebody big all right," said Oskins. "The kind that you just naturally give the best room in the house. If you gentlemen will drop around to the hotel this afternoon, say about four o'clock. I'll see that you meet him."

"I'm tied up this afternoon," said Winton. "How about you, Joe?"

"I guess I could make it."

"I'll be in the lobby at four," said Oskins and bustled away.

IN the somewhat ornate lobby of the Palace that afternoon, Joe tried to appear as if he had merely dropped in to purchase a cigar. Neither Oskins nor anyone as imposing as Saxton was to be seen. The groceryman purchased a newspaper—he had already read it—and again waited for his chance. The Mayor, George Reiley, chanced to pass that way and Joe laid hold of him eagerly. They were exchanging the usual: "How's business?" with the accepted formula on the increase of building permits and the growth of bank deposits, when Oskins appeared suddenly at the groceryman's elbow with:

"Excuse me, gentlemen—Mr. Paddock, Mayor Reiley—I want to introduce you to Mr. Saxton. Mr. Saxton is from Kansas City. He is spending some time in Westover. I am sure he will be glad to know you gentlemen. Excuse me please, they want me at the desk for something."

It seemed to Joe Paddock that the stranger was regarding him with rather more interest than the occasion warranted, and he was struck by something familiar in the man's face. Could he have met him somewhere—those eyes—serene, kindly, shadowed with sadness.

He was distinctly conscious of a little thrill of pleasure when Saxton, instead of giving all his attention to the mayor, said: "You are in the grocery business I understand, Mr. Paddock?"

The groceryman answered with pardonable pride: "Yes, sir, twenty years now—right here in Westover."

The stranger appeared unusually thoughtful. "Twenty years," he said and his voice warmed the groceryman's heart.

Joe was about to ask, "Haven't I met you before?" When Mayor Reiley broke in with: "Are you interested in the grocery business, Mr. Saxton?"

"Oh no, not at all. That is, not directly, in the way that you mean. We are all of us bound to be more or less interested in the grocery business, don't you think—particularly at meal time?"

The Mayor and the groceryman laughed, and the tiny flame in Joe's heart grew brighter. Encouraged by the stranger's genial humor the Mayor asked: "And what line of business are you particularly interested in, Mr. Saxton?"

Mr. Saxton replied carefully: "Just at present, Mayor Reiley, I am making a study—I may say in fact a survey of certain conditions throughout the country. Frankly, it is for that purpose that I have come to your city."

The groceryman drew a long breath. Oskins was right in the importance of this man's presence in Westover.

"Ah," said the Mayor, "speaking for the city, Mr. Saxton, we shall be very glad indeed to extend to you every courtesy—Heh, Joe?"

"I should say yes," exclaimed the groceryman in his best boosting vein. "And we'll be mighty glad for the oppor-

tunity. What do you say to a little drive around this afternoon, Mr. Saxton. I have my car right here. You'll come, too, won't you, Mayor?"

"Sorry, Joe, but I can't this afternoon—council meeting tonight, you know."

"I shall be very glad to go, Mr. Paddock," said Saxton genially.

As he drove carefully down State Street toward his store with Mr. Saxton beside him, Joe Paddock was a different man from the gloomy creature who had so reluctantly entered the lobby of the Palace less than an hour before. The personality of the stranger—that impression of his wide experience and deep knowledge of men and affairs—the feeling of his inner strength and steadfast purpose, together with the thought of all that his presence in Westover might mean quickened the groceryman's spirit.

"Westover seems to be a very progressive city," said Mr. Saxton.

"Progressive is right," said Joe stoutly. "Wonderful opening for a big factory or manufacturing plant of any kind. That's what you're looking for, I suppose."

"You'll pardon me, Mr. Paddock," returned Saxton gently, "but I am not at liberty just at present to reveal the exact nature of the investment which I—I should say—which my principal desires to make. I am only a confidential agent in the matter. I can assure you, however, that the interests which I represent are very large. You, as a business man, will understand of course why I cannot, at this time, go farther. I am not ready yet to make even this much too generally known but I feel sure that you will respect my confidence."

The groceryman was deeply moved. He felt that such an expression from a man like Mr. Saxton was no mean compliment. And indeed he was right. Dan Matthews' confidential agent was not often mistaken in his judgments of men. Joe Paddock was worthy.

The groceryman answered with unassumed dignity: "Thank you, Mr. Saxton," while his honest heart swelled with pride. "You say that you have lived in Westover twenty years, Mr. Paddock?"

"I've been in business here twenty years. I was born and raised on a farm eight miles west of town. My father and mother settled here in the early days. They are living on the old place yet. When I finished my university course—our State University here in Westover, we'll drive around there presently—I married and started in the grocery business."

He paused and for some reason Saxton turned his head to look thoughtfully at his companion's face. When Joe continued, his voice seemed to drag a little. "My wife was a country girl—neighboring farm—we were classmates in the university. I always liked the farm myself but she—well, after finishing school she didn't care much for the country life and so we moved into town. You are a family man are you, Mr. Saxton?"

"I am alone in the world now, Mr. Paddock," Saxton answered.

They had viewed the County Hospital, Court House, City Hall, ice plant, power house, sash and door factory, flour mills and elevators, cold storage plant, warehouse, high school and the university and were driving down a wide avenue between trim, unfenced lawns shaded by stately trees when the groceryman, pointing, said: "That's my place—the house with the vines over the porch. We'll have you to dinner some evening soon."

"I should be delighted," returned Saxton, looking with interest at the groceryman's modest but substantial home. "You have many beautiful homes in Westover. I notice several fine churches, too."

"Churches? Oh, yes, we have them all. I'm a Presbyterian myself. Father and Mother were just about the first Presbyterians in Westover County. Henry Winton, he's a Baptist. His folks started the Baptist church same as mine did the Presbyterian. Mayor Reiley's a Congregationalist. What's yours, Mr. Saxton? I take it that you are a church member."

"I have been a member of the Old Commons Church in Kansas City for the last fifteen years. You consider that churches are a great asset to a town do you not, Mr. Paddock? I mean from a purely business point of view?" [Turn to page 76]

Be SURE to send for our
six feature catalogues—

Early Spring Vogues
Easter Fashions
Mid-Summer Styles
Autumn Fashions
Fall & Winter Modes
Mid-Winter Styles



WHEN fashion decrees a new sleeve—Hamilton displays it! If Paris features a new collar you can find it here! And what newer colors are there than Queen Blue, Gooseberry Green and Grecian Rose!



370
Fine
All-Wool
SPORT
COATING
—Color
Gray only
\$595

670
All-Silk
FLAT CREPE
in Smart
Two-piece
Effect—
Grecian Rose
\$995

671
All-Silk
FLAT CREPE
in the new
Two-tone
Combination—
Queen Blue
\$995

STYLE—from Fifth Avenue!

ON FIFTH AVENUE today! Photographed tomorrow! In your hands within two weeks! No longer will a Spring and Fall catalogue suffice. There are six distinct style seasons and Hamilton's will show you at frequent intervals the best of the new Fashions!

You too, can shop on Fifth Avenue through the pages of the new Hamilton Fashion Magazines!

It costs NO MORE to be correctly dressed—
—it costs LESS at HAMILTON'S!
The highest standard of quality is maintained—
no matter how low the price we insist that the
quality be the best obtainable for the money.
No better materials or workmanship can be found!

We Guarantee Hamilton Prices to be the Lowest in America!

If, before June 1st, you can buy the same or similar merchandise of equal value for less we will immediately refund the difference. YOU ARE THE JUDGE!

DRESSES—SKIRTS
MILLINERY—SHOES
WAISTS—SWEATERS
CHILDREN'S AND
GIRLS' CLOTHING

HAMILTON GARMENT CO.
MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT B2, 307 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

COATS—SUITS
UNDERWEAR
BOYS' WEAR
BRASSIERES
FINE CORSETS

One Year's Subscription **FREE!**



SIX
ISSUES

Hamilton Garment Co.

Dept. B2, 307 Fifth Avenue, New York City

GENTLEMEN: Please send me FREE your Fashion Magazines of smart, new Fifth Avenue Styles as issued.

Name

Street

Town

State



Do men like her better or worse—this modern girl who can walk for miles, skate for hours, ride like the wind? Read what America's greatest sporting writer says below.

Does outdoor life ruin feminine charm?

"Few men care for the Amazon with wind-burned face and leather skin",
says GRANTLAND RICE

"But—a natural glow which outdoor life gives adds directly to attractive looks when proper care and attention is given to the skin."

EVERY woman will ask herself—what is the best way to care for my skin during these trying winter days? How can I, too, have "a complexion that means something, out of the sun and wind"—as Mr. Rice puts it—without the misery of windburn and chapping?

Millions of women have found the answer in the constant use of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. For this famous cream is blended in a very special way of beneficial oils that cleanse, that purge the skin of impurities, that leave it soft, clear, and fine in texture, that keep it supple and so prevent ageing.

Make a point of using Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream every night before retiring. Not a brief dab of it, but a generous amount massaged gently in the skin of face and neck. This performs the double function of cleansing and moulding.

Leave it on until it has thoroughly pene-

trated the pores. Then wipe it away gently and let your skin rest for the night. During the day, follow the same rule before indulging in outdoor activities, and again whenever you come in from any prolonged exposure to the elements.

If you want a powder base to help protect and beautify your skin during the day, get the new D & R Perfect Vanishing Cream. It is made with the same skill, the same insistence on quality, that has distinguished the famous Perfect Cold Cream. If you don't know both creams intimately, send the coupon for free samples.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL

PERFECT COLD CREAM

PERFECT VANISHING CREAM

Also makers of Perfect Shaving Cream
Ha-Kol (Headache Cologne), Perfect Cold Cream Soap

FREE OFFER—Mail coupon today!

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL, Dept. M2-27

214 West 14th St., New York City, or 165 Dufferin St., Toronto, Canada

Please send me free trial tubes of your two creams.

Name

Street

City

State



GOD AND THE GROCERYMAN

[Continued from page 74]

"No doubt about it, sir," returned the groceryman heartily. "And you'll find Westover as well fixed in that line as any city of its size in the country. We're mighty proud of our churches. Most of our civic leaders are members somewhere. And our preachers—take 'em as a whole—are a mighty practical and down-to-date bunch. Just as good rustlers—most of 'em—as the best of our live wires in business. Why, the Congregational pastor, Mr. Carter, he's chairman of the finance committee of our Boosters Club. He's starting a drive right now for a hundred thousand dollar advertising fund. Perhaps you have noticed his ad in the papers."

"Yes," said Mr. Saxton. "And is Westover organized in Community work?"

"We certainly are. There is the Chamber of Commerce, the Get-Together Club, Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions, Boosters—beside our Merchant's Association, Wholesale and Retail, Board of Trade, Real Estate Board, Bar Association, Medical Association, Automobile Dealers Association, Labor Council and a lot more. Our Organized Charities too have a big drive every year. You see, by putting the charities of the city in the hands of paid professionals we eliminate a lot of unworthy cases and cut the total cost down to the minimum. Our citizens are really generous in their subscriptions, Mr. Saxton. And beside this, almost every club and order and lodge has a benevolent fund, you know. Well, here we are at the Country Club. Thought you might like to drop in for a little while."

After registering Mr. Saxton, in due form, and directing that a visitor's card be mailed to him at his hotel, the groceryman, with an air of mystery, drew his guest to one side. "I don't know," he said in a low confidential tone, "perhaps I ought not to mention it, but—well—would you—ah, would you care for a little drink?"

"Thank you, no," replied Mr. Saxton, in exactly the courteous, matter-of-fact tone that he would have used

in declining an offered cup of tea. "It's the real stuff," assured the groceryman anxiously. "I almost never drink myself—just a little nip once in a great while, you know. But we have it here and—"

"No, thank you."

And so, presently, the groceryman and Mr. Saxton were seated in a quiet corner of the veranda overlooking the tennis courts while, in the locker room and on the golf course, Mayor Reiley and Banker Winton were making known to their club friends and fellow citizens the probable significance of Mr. Saxton's presence in Westover.

Mr. Saxton was watching two young people, a man and a woman, who were playing a vigorous game on the nearest court. "What a beautiful girl!" he exclaimed. "Who is she?"

"That, Mr. Saxton, is my daughter, Georgia."

Mr. Saxton turned to his host with a hearty: "Indeed, sir, I congratulate you. She is a wonderful girl—such vigor, such grace, such spirit!"

Joe Paddock answered slowly, and there was that in his voice and in his face which deepened the shadows of sadness in the dark eyes of his guest. "Georgia and I have always been good pals. She's grown up now—finished the University course last year. Can't make myself believe it—don't see as much of her these days as I used to. That chap with her is Jack Ellory. He is one of our most promising young business men—automobiles. Everybody says that Jack is bound to be a big man some day. He and Georgia have been chums since they attended kindergarten together. Good family, too. Parents both dead—has no one but himself—inherited enough to start him in business."

It was evident that the groceryman was making an effort to speak with enthusiasm. But, with his eyes fixed upon his daughter and her partner, his voice had dragged into a dull spiritless monotone.

[Continued in MARCH McCall's]

THE SILVER SNAKES

[Continued from page 22]

of the bracelet. What she knew would be there she found: the word "Amor." It was indeed the bracelet which La Calioistro had flung from the window of the Lodge. Pale, tremulous, not knowing whether to be happy or afraid, Consuelo leaned against the wall and held the bracelet. Her wish had been fulfilled. She had the pair.

Nicolette broke the silence. "Give it here, Consuelo," she said. "Let me clean it off; then you shall wear them both." Obediently Consuelo handed her the bracelet and followed upstairs to watch her clean it.

When Consuelo emerged at last, wearing a bracelet on each arm, Alan was just passing. He looked at her coldly. Her heart, beating like a caged bird against her breast, seemed striving to reach his. "Alan," she said, "Alan, I feel like dancing. Let's go out."

"I'm tired," said Alan abruptly. Consuelo moved forward, touched Alan's arm. "Please," she whispered. He did not move. And unexpectedly she smiled, and paraphrased: "Don't be sulky, Alan. Be a sport."

All the way uptown she chattered gaily, wildly, inconsequently. It seemed only an instant until they were lifted in a gilded cage to the riot of black and white background which is Montmartre.

They had hardly reached their table when the music, with a flourishing diminuendo, came to a stop. When it started again its entire meaning had changed. The floor emptied mysteriously of all but about half-a-dozen couples. "Tango?" asked Alan.

"I haven't since Paris . . ."

"Close your eyes and drift," he commanded, and Consuelo surrendered herself to his embrace.

There is strange magic in the music of the tango, magic which weaves the splendid languor of tropical nights into the fevered passions of a colder race.

There was no encore. Silently Consuelo and Alan moved toward their table.

She sank wearily against the striped wall, sighing. The glamour had worn away. She was no longer interested in the faces about her. Alan asked whether she wanted to leave. She replied with a listless nod.

Dream-like, she preceded Alan into a taxi-cab, and rested languidly against the worn taupe cushions. Only when the brakes grated, and the car darted out into Broadway, a white light flickered upon the face of Alan, and recalling that rainy night of summer, which now seemed long ago, she drew in a sharp breath of anguish.

And quite suddenly. "Oh Alan, Alan," she cried, "I've been in love with you since the world began . . ."

I love you . . . I love you . . . Alan, motionless, looking into her eyes, drawing from her nearness such deep pleasure as even the contact of lips could not equal. And, "Do you really love me?" and, "Have you always loved me?" he asked.

The same words, over and over. "I love you, I've always loved you . . . when I said I hated you I lied . . . I loved you while I said it . . . I love you . . . I love you . . ."

Suddenly he drew back. "So you have always loved me?" he asked, and when she clung to him he pushed her away. "If you have always loved me, what about Endicott?"

"But Alan . . . dearest . . . Consuelo tore herself from the dumb paralysis of realization. "He's my husband."

"Your husband . . . Endicott? Your husband? What a ghastly mess! What a ghastly mess!"

"Alan, be reasonable," Consuelo begged. "I don't love him. Our marriage was only a formality."

"Oh, you women . . ." [Turn to page 79]



"Delicious! And such a wonderful fragrance. It scented the whole room when I opened it."

Even the men (wives write us) notice instantly its Fresh Fruit Flavor

"My husband always refused to eat similar desserts. When I placed Royal Fruit Flavored Gelatin before him he said—'This smells like real fruit, I'll try it.' I buy it regularly now," writes a relieved wife from Washington, D. C.

"My husband had never cared for gelatin in any form, till I tried Royal—which he declares delicious," writes an enthusiast from Dayton, Ohio.

"I have a family of men-folks—Royal Fruit Gelatin just 'fills the bill,'" writes a real home woman of Illinois.

At once you realize the wonderful difference in flavor. Even before you taste Royal Fruit Flavored Gelatin its first whiff

of fragrance delights you. As one pleased woman writes—"As soon as I opened the package, the fruit odor came flying out."

No "synthetics" or artificial flavorings could duplicate that natural taste of fresh fruit. The flavor of Royal Raspberry, Strawberry, and Cherry comes only from the pure juice of the fruit. The lovely refreshing flavor of Royal Orange and Royal Lemon comes only from the oil of the citrus fruits.

The delicate purity of the gelatin that carries these flavors leaves them unspoiled. The aroma tells you there is no slightest trace of "gluey" odor or flavor! (Pure gelatin has neither.)

You want the very purest gelatin—it is so essential in diet, especially for children.

You can depend on the purity of Royal Fruit Flavored Gelatin, as you have always done on that of Royal Baking Powder.

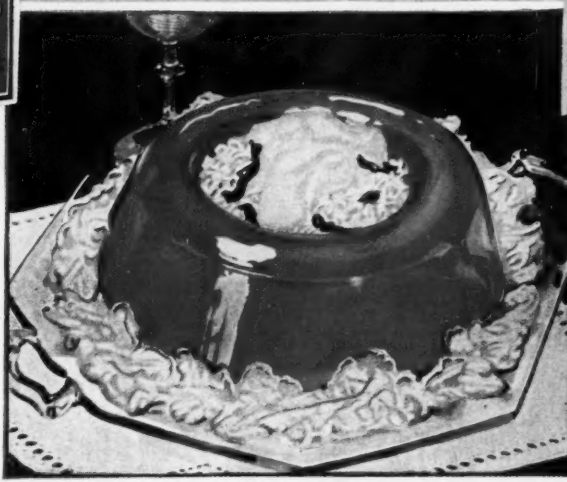
Royal Fruit Flavored Gelatin comes in five flavors. Strawberry, Raspberry, Cherry—with delicious flavor from the fruit juices. Orange and Lemon with delicious flavor from Oil of Orange and Oil of Lemon.

Ask for it by name at your grocer's. Royal Fruit Flavored Gelatin. The red package, the same color as the Royal Baking Powder can.



ROYAL TOMATO ASPIC

Heat 1½ cups strained tomato juice to boiling. Pour over 1 package Royal Lemon Gelatin and stir until dissolved. Add ¼ cup vinegar or lemon juice, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, ¼ teaspoon cloves, ¼ teaspoon onion juice, and ¼ teaspoon paprika. Pour into small savarin moulds (or one large mould) and chill. Turn out on crisp lettuce and fill centers with cabbage and green pepper salad and garnish with mayonnaise. Serves 6.



ROYAL LEMON

With that lovely luscious flavor that comes only from the oil of real lemons, and carries the refreshing zest of the citrus fruit.

FREE! New Booklet, with many original recipes and ideas for making your hospitality more delightful.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.,
Dept. B, 105 East 41st Street, New York City
Please send me the Free Booklet of delicious ideas for using Royal Fruit Flavored Gelatin.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

ROYAL FRUIT FLAVORED GELATIN

Made by the Makers of Royal Baking Powder



The Exquisite Loveliness of Natural Beauty Requires But One Simple Attention

More than a mere beautifier or a cleansing cream—Frostilla is an actual restorative of skin-health, repairing the damage of wind, weather and dust.

For Fragrant Frostilla has the extraordinary ability to renew nature's essential moisture and prevent the skin from becoming dry, chapped or coarse. At the same time it softens, soothes and heals the sensitive surface tissues, reviving the charm of a youthful complexion.

Frostilla completely, though gently, removes and corrects the sticky residue of cosmetics and other injurious matter, that clog and enlarge the pores, permitting them to function normally.

In this remarkably simple way, Frostilla keeps the skin velvety soft and luxuriously smooth, retaining the fresh loveliness of youth and restoring the radiant glow of natural beauty.

Frostilla, is so easy to use—just pat it on—ten seconds are enough! Watch it disappear, *without the slightest sticky after-feeling!* Notice the delicate fragrance—roses from France, how subtly it eliminates all unpleasant suggestions. Try Frostilla after removing superfluous hair: and to safely protect baby's tender skin before exposure.

Frostilla is sold by all drug and department stores in the regular size for 35c., and in the economical household size for \$1.00.

A generous sample, with interesting information that will show you the way to softer, lovelier skin, will be sent on receipt of your name, address, and six cents in stamps. Just write Dept. 514, The Frostilla Company, Elmira, N. Y.



FROSTILLA

FRAGRANT LOTION

THE SILVER SNAKES

[Continued from page 76]

"Alan, Alan!" Consuelo flung her arms about him, with a sort of desperation. "Look at me. I have been all the things you think," she told him. "Hard and selfish, cruel and unjust. But I love you, Alan. You are the god of my religion, and the man of my choice. You are all pleasure and all pain. Your lips are stronger than wine, and sweeter than milk; when I touch them my senses become drunk, and my heart is a flame burning within me. For I love you, Alan, with all my mind and soul and body. Tear me by the hair, if you will; strike me; beat me. Only look at me now with kindness in your eyes; hold me in your arms, and say you love me."

"I do, I do." Gently he pulled her to him, subdued at last, and at peace. "My dear, my very dear, I love you so . . ."

In the hallway where they had met after five years of separation, Alan and Consuelo speculated about the future. "What will your father say?" Alan wondered. "And Endicott . . . what if he refuses to let you go?"

"I've always gotten what I've wanted," replied Consuelo. She held out her arms to Alan with the two snakes coiled about them. "I have a charm," she said, and laughed. "I have the magic bracelets that give immortality."

"They don't, by any chance, give freedom too?" asked Alan.

"No," she answered. "Only death gives that."

SACHA Rubenstein called the next morning, and Consuelo received him in the drawing-room. "Where's Endicott?" he asked brusquely.

"I don't know," replied Consuelo with elaborate indifference. "I'll ask the house-keeper."

Miss Prim's answer was still less satisfying. "I suppose he is sleeping late on account of the party."

But the impresario was annoyed. "It's always bad enough working with women. And now this Endicott goes and over-sleeps."

"Ah, you children," Nicolette entered the room. "How you quarrel about the trivial things." She went to Rubenstein and laid her hands on his head. "You, *mon enfant*, go about your business," she commanded. "I myself will see that every one works themselves to an early funeral. And you, Consuelo, run quickly and wake up Monsieur Endicott."

Outside a bell rang. Nicolette's expression underwent a quick metamorphosis. "It will be Rodney—run away, my friend, leave management to Nicolette."

Rubenstein, shaking his head disgustedly, took his hat and coat from a chair. After a word with Rodney he and Consuelo walked into the hall together.

Meanwhile: "The car is waiting," said Rodney to Nicolette. "We're going to the country for the day."

Nicolette caressed his cheeks. "No, no, no, my Rodney. Let us stay here. Your Nicolette is weary today."

So they did not go to the country, but sat in the garden together. Not many minutes had flown, however, when Alan Chavillay came into the garden and spoke quickly: "I'm sorry, Cheever . . . Nicolette . . . something serious, something very serious has happened!"

It was Rodney who answered: "What is it?"

Alan held up his two hands, blistered and darkened. "I've just smashed in Endicott's door with an axe. Endicott's dead."

Pause.

"Merciful heaven—dead you say?"

Nicolette was on her feet, at Alan's side.

"I've telephoned Doctor MacDonald."

Alan went on steadily, "but only Consuelo will need him. Go to her at once, Nicolette . . . she's out . . . cold."

They watched the vanishing figure.

Cheever turned to Alan: "What's it all mean?" he wondered. "Was it heart failure, d'you think?"

Alan's negative was sharp. "Suicide, I'm afraid."

"There'll be an inquest, then?"

"I hope not—for the sake of Consuelo."

Her father comes in today, and we'll have to depend upon him to keep the matter quiet. At any rate, there's a letter which may contain some sort of an explanation."

Alan moved toward the house. Rodney, following slowly, inquired: "How did he . . . ?" And when Alan had explained. "How—ghastly—" cried Rodney. "Oh, poor little Consuelo."

Consuelo was lying on her bed, motionless, her eyes closed upon flushed cheeks. Nicolette, calm, efficient, was beside her, gently massaging one limp hand.

"Is she still unconscious?" whispered Alan, hesitating in the doorway.

Nicolette shook her head. "She is conscious, Alan, but she will not speak."

At the sound of Alan's voice Consuelo had opened her eyes. "Go down and bring me everything in Larry's desk. His letter enclosed the key." The tearless eyes closed once more. "I can't go in there myself," she said. "Not again. Not ever."

Quietly Alan went to Consuelo's dresser, and, taking the key, departed. When he returned he carried nothing but a package, wrapped in crackling brown paper, and tied neatly with blue twine.

Consuelo motioned him to sit beside her as she opened it. For a while the only sound was the crackling of the brown paper. Inside, under her wedding certificate, and two old letters which she had written to Larry before their wedding, Consuelo found the finished lyrics of the opera, "Renunciation." When she came to the last sheet, on which the single word *Finis* had been set forth, she saw one stanza, written in Larry's own meticulous script, dated with month, day, hour and year. The verse read:

"Thus mortals are: the mortal load
Too heavy save for those in manhood's prime
And we who have not strength to reach our
goals
Shall soon make way for younger, stronger
souls.
And passing onward up the path of time
Find some more fit abode . . ."

It was signed with the full name of the Honourable Laurence Endicott.

ALAN didn't like his job. Nevertheless he walked quickly, his stick swinging and tapping the concrete floor, to the vicinity of the derrick that lifted trunks from the boat and dropped them on the pier. From where he stopped there was a good view of the disembarking passengers. He could see Doctor Gage coming down the gangplank, his hat in his hand. Alan didn't like his job at all.

Gage didn't simulate any pleasure at seeing Alan. He asked immediately. "Where's Consuelo?"

"Consuelo's at home; she's not feeling well. I have some rather hard news to tell you, sir . . ." Alan heard himself talking, as if the talker and Alan were two separate people. Then, suddenly it was out. "Larry's dead."

Alan thought, "We can't stand here in the middle of the crowds. This man's grey face gives us away . . ." He took Gage's arm kindly, and together, with a sort of mechanical precision, they marched down the pier toward a group of trunks clustered under the tremendous "G" suspended from rafters above.

"There's a trunk missing, sir . . . We'll have to wait our turn." It was the valet, this wrinkled, noncombustible person bobbing before them.

Alan heard that other self saying: "Walk up this way out of the crowd."

Gage halted. "Great Scott, young man, I'm no infant to be humored! Tell me what's happened—out with it!"

Miraculously Alan's two selves merged. The bad moment was over. He spoke simply: "He made away with himself."

"How?"

Once again Alan was forced to review the detail. But this time it left him cold.

"Go on; tell me all you know."

The torpor, the hesitation, went from Alan. "I think you should know," he said, "that Consuelo was intending to divorce Endicott."

A change, quite a change, came over Gage. The muscles of his face loosened, became jelly-like, flabby. "What's—what's that you say?" he stammered indistinctly.

Alan repeated his words, clear, patient, indomitable. "She wanted to marry me. She told Larry last night that she wanted a divorce. These are things you should know. They have a bearing upon the case. You see, it's made . . ."

[Turn to page 80]



BEAUTY THAT SPARKLES CLEAN

Teeth kept dazzlingly white by
this dual-action dentifrice that
washes and polishes them clean

tongue—sweeping away all impurities. Thus the dual action of Colgate's brings unequalled cleanness, removes the causes of decay.

If CLEAN—Why Worry?

BEAUTIFUL teeth are *clean teeth*. Beautiful teeth are healthy, sound teeth. Truly, *every* smile should show clean, healthy, and sparkling teeth! For now there is a simple way to achieve complete dental cleanness.

A normal, healthy mouth needs no drug-filled dentifrice. "Just keep your teeth clean," says science, "and don't fear imaginary afflictions of teeth, mouth, or gums."

Colgate's contains nothing that will appeal to the dentally ignorant or the gullible. It cleans—cleans thoroughly!

Visit your dentist at least twice a year. Brush your teeth with Colgate's at least twice a day. Then you need never worry over mental dental ills, for you have done all you can do to keep your teeth healthy, bright and clean.

Dual Cleansing Action

Modern mouth hygiene demands a dentifrice with a dual cleansing action. Colgate's formula is based on this principle. As you brush, Colgate's expands into a plentiful foam. First, this foam loosens imbedded food particles and polishes all tooth surfaces. Then it thoroughly washes teeth, gums,

©1927, C. & Co.



Free to the readers of this publication—a sample of the dentifrice most Americans use

Colgate's
EST. 1806 NEW YORK

COLGATE & CO., Dept. 205-B, 581 Fifth Ave., New York
Send me a sample of this modern dual-action Dental Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

In Canada, 72 St. Ambrose Street, Montreal



Beautify your skin intelligently

Science declares the value of soap

"YOU cannot be clean without a good soap. The ideal soap is one which aids the secretions, removing just enough to take away the dirt and yet leaving enough of the oil to make the skin soft and flexible."

This quotation from a recent article by a prominent physician and health commissioner well describes the action of Resinol Soap, and it is the Resinol ingredients which make this result possible. Any soap will clean the skin, but Resinol Soap goes a step further—it soothes as it cleanses.

To an exquisitely pure, scientifically balanced, toilet soap, have been added the Resinol properties which to thousands of people are synonymous with clearness, softness, and beauty of skin. In the lather of Resinol Soap these properties are carried deep into the pores. That is why skins bathed with this soap are thoroughly cleansed—yet seldom troubled with dryness, smarting, stinging and redness.

Buy a cake from your druggist or toilet goods dealer today. Its distinctive, refreshing fragrance, and rich color will reveal at once the presence of the Resinol ingredients, and a week's use will prove their beneficial effect.

RESINOL OINTMENT is a ready aid to Resinol Soap. In addition to being widely used for eczema, rashes, chafing, etc., thousands of women find it indispensable for clearing away blackheads, blotches and similar blemishes.

A free trial awaits your request—Mail this coupon today

Resinol, Dept. 4-A, Baltimore, Md.

Please send me free sample of Resinol Soap and Ointment.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



THE SILVER SNAKES

[Continued from page 79]

Consuelo feel, in a sense, that she killed Larry."

Gage looked at Alan as an intolerant philosopher might look at a precocious, argumentative child. "How tragically absurd," Gage cried in a ringing voice, "since, strictly speaking, it was I who killed him!"

"They were hurried through the customs. An hour afterwards they arrived at the Lodge. Consuelo was propped up on cushions, and the fur collar of the voluminous green velvet wrapper that she wore cast a dark shadow on her face. "I'm afraid this is a sorry welcome for you, Dada," she murmured, and held up her cheek to be kissed. "The doctor didn't want me to see anybody, but I insisted upon you and Alan and William."

Gage now observed for the first time the psychologist, who sat comfortably in an armchair, studying his shoes.

Consuelo said: "Sit down, Dada. There's no use being melodramatic now that it's over. And you, Alan, sit down too." She was obeyed with that alacrity with which one always meets the demands of invalids. "Now, Dada," she went on, "just how much has Alan told you?"

"About you, and—" Gage looked squarely at the man he had never liked—"himself?"

"No. About Larry."

Gage replied that he knew the main facts.

"There's one thing that Alan could hardly have told you, Dada. It's this. I was never actually—I mean—I did not intend to divorce Larry, but to have the marriage annulled. I was his wife in name only."

Only Gage evinced no surprise. "Consuelo," he exclaimed, "I have a confession to make. And unless you are a more tolerant judge than I have trained you to be, it will be the last speech that you care to hear from my lips." Then he repeated the phrase which had astonished and perplexed Alan on the pier. "Strictly speaking," he repeated, "I killed Endicott."

"What nonsense, father! What do you mean?"

Brent tore his gaze reluctantly from the entrancing shoes and fixed it upon Gage, who spoke slowly, picking and polishing each word. "Do you remember the night you and Larry argued about having a secret wedding?" Consuelo did. "On that night, dear child, I extracted from Larry a solemn promise. It was the rigid adherence to his promise, and the feeling that it must be kept secret, which led into this dreadful situation."

"What does it all matter now?" said

Consuelo wearily, drawing the velvet wrap closer about her. "Your confession comes too late. I can't judge you. I don't even know what mad motive made you take such a liberty with my life and—with Larry's."

Gage walked to the window and stood there, his back turned to the room. After a time Alan got up, went to the bed where Consuelo lay, and knelt beside her. "Forgive me, Consuelo," he whispered.

"Forgive you?" repeated Consuelo. "No, Alan, I must thank you. For you, of all the world, have given me the best and strangest gift. You have taught me how to suffer, Alan."

Two days later the earthly remains of the Honourable Laurence Endicott were placed in the hold of a steamer bound for Liverpool. Some hours after Larry set out upon his last voyage across the deep Atlantic, Brent, Consuelo, and her father boarded the Twentieth Century Limited prepared for a trip to California. Consuelo looked exceptionally ill, and Alan was very miserable. She was going away from him, nor would she say when, or whether, they were to be reunited.

THE Twentieth Century Theatre was packed with as smart and jaded a group of first-nighters as New York could offer. Throughout the performance there was discreet applause. When the curtain fell at eleven, clapping hands called and recalled a flushed and flower-pelted Bertaux.

Brent had come to New York at Consuelo's request, to witness the premiere of *Renunciation*, and he was now bound for the midnight train, which would carry him westward.

At that moment Alan Chavillay was also hurrying to an exit. Alan was happy. He fingered incessantly a telegram which lay in the pocket of his dinner coat. In fact, he could not keep his hands away from the telegram.

So it came to pass that just as Brent was about to exhibit his ticket to the forbidding gentleman at Grand Central Terminal in charge of the gate to the Chicago Express, Alan rushed forward and seized him by the arm.

Brent looked over the newcomer suspiciously. "Didn't by any chance come to bid me farewell?"

"I sure did," replied Alan emphatically. "I'm leaving for California."

"Well, so am I," said the psychologist, "unless you intend to knock me down and run off with my ticket."

Alan shook his head sorrowfully. "I hope you won't force me to do that."

"Is this your idea of [Turn to page 81]

PREVENTING and TREATING COLDS

[Continued from page 52]



with boiled water. The baby may be bathed as usual. Drugs for internal use are rarely necessary in the simple head cold.

When the trouble involves the throat the baby may refuse the bottle because of the pain of swallowing and older children—those of the runabout age—complain of sore throat. Every complaint of this nature means that the family physician should be called and the child kept apart from the small members of the family until the physician arrives. Pain and difficulty in swallowing usually means the tonsils are involved and the child has what is known as tonsillitis. In this disease the tonsils are reddened and swollen and show on the surface small cheesy-looking white dots.

Every wise mother will familiarize herself with the appearance of the normal throat so as to be able to detect diseased conditions when they occur. In tonsillitis the onset is almost invariably abrupt, the body temperature is usually high from 103 to 104. There is considerable prostration and the child feels very ill. In not a few cases of tonsillitis the onset is with vomiting. Now and then a convulsion may usher in the attack, not infrequently a small marble-like swelling will be found at the angle of the jaw, which means that

the lymph glands have become secondarily infected. Croup means that there is a congestion of the parts comprising the larynx. There are two types of croup: The catarrhal form and the diphtheritic.

The symptoms in both may be quite similar and it is readily recognized by difficulty in breathing and by a hoarse, barking cough. In both tonsillitis and croup the physician must be called at once. Pending his arrival the mother may give a laxative such as milk of magnesia, and in tonsillitis a cold compress may be applied to the throat and a sponge bath given to reduce the temperature and make the patient more comfortable.

In croup, syrup of ipecac—fifteen to thirty drops, sufficient to produce vomiting—will usually furnish temporary relief in the catarrhal (non-diphtheritic) cases. The inhalation of warm air saturated with moisture is often a means of much relief. Removing the child to the bathroom with doors and windows closed and allowing hot water to run will saturate the air with warm vapor and make the breathing easier. Every family with young children should own a croup kettle and know how to use it. Mothers must never trust to their own resources in either tonsillitis or croup. A physician is needed at once.

THE SILVER SNAKES

[Continued from page 80]

a joke, young fellow?" Brent asked laconically.

"I've never been more serious. It would be fine to have you with me but unless you've accommodations for two, I'll have to forego the pleasure."

"Now look here—" said the psychologist, but Alan interrupted him with: "And if we argue much longer we'll both spend the night in New York."

"Then I'll say goodbye," and Brent held out his hand.

"I'll trouble you first for the ticket. They won't let me in without it."

"Nothing doing, me boy. Might as well run along home."

At this point Alan became persuasive. "Listen to me. You have a berth, a hard, uncomfortable board. On the other hand, I have recently reserved—in your name—a room at the Biltmore, and a compartment on the train which leaves, for Chicago and points West, some time tomorrow afternoon. Consider, my worthy friend, the relative advantages, from the angle of sheer physical comfort."

Brent, fanning himself with his own ticket, considered. "Moreover," Alan continued, with one eye on the object of his immediate desire, and one eye on the clock, "think of the privacy, in case you should want to do some work. Finally," Alan lowered his voice with discretion, "I have left a package—one might almost call it a bribe—in your room at the Biltmore. Consider more seriously."

Brent, still waving the ticket, considered more seriously. And, meanwhile, the forbidding gentleman at the gate began to shout in a forbidding voice: "A-a-all aboard for Albany—Buffalo-o-o—Chicago-a-a-go!"

From the wrong side of the iron grating Brent watched Alan vanish. Then, with a grin that stretched from ear to ear, he moved toward the subterranean passage which connects the Grand Central Terminal with the Biltmore.

ON that beach where she had walked with the Vicomte and later with the Vicomte's son, Consuelo waited for Alan. It was a cool, clear night; there was no moon, but the stars shone with a bright and extraordinary brilliance, and were reflected in pin-points of light upon the

glassy surface of the sea.

Off on the left the steep stone walls of the Hermitage rose gauntly against the sky. Behind, the cypress trees, dark with mystery, whispered of age old secrets and of new delights. And once again Consuelo waited on this crescent shaped beach, and at length she saw a tall figure moving toward her across the sands, and she rose to meet it.

Lips joined in an ecstasy of reunion, and it was long, long, before those two escaped the penetrating stillness of that beauty, and came again into their youth.

Then they talked. Of hopes and fears, they talked of dreams that had been shattered, and of dreams that should come true. And they talked, also, of other dreams, those oft-repeated dreams which both had seen.

And Alan, holding Consuelo close, said gently: "Life is very full of strange and inexplicable things, and of these visions which have guided us, and in the end brought us together upon this beach, and beneath these stars, this is the strangest, and the sweetest, and the most inexplicable of them all."

Then Consuelo answered: "To me, who am a woman, nothing is strange at all. And this is how it seems to me," she said. "For years I went about the business of eating, sleeping, drinking, working, which men call existence. My brain moved; blood ran hot in my veins. But my heart, Alan, was a stone in my breast until you touched it. Then the dead was quickened. And herein lies the beginning and ending of all knowledge: that love is wisdom, and wisdom is life, and that all creation, whether of music or of man, has there its beginning and its end."

Then she looked down at the two bracelets upon her arm: "Wisdom and love," said Consuelo, "these two I have known and possess. And whether this be immortality no man can surely tell, but certainly—" She broke off, laughing.

"But certainly," she concluded, "I am talking like a character in a novel. How stupid we are to sit here babbling about immortality, when the present—"

"Ah, yes, the present," murmured Alan, bending toward her.

There was no more talking.

[THE END]

FLESHPOTS

[Continued from page 16]

minutes later. Fred flushed and triumphant; Jenkins intent, swift, and skillful.

"Wash the rabbits and cut 'em up for fryin'," Jenkins directed. "An' the Missus and I'll do the rest."

They ate in busy silence. It was a meal of many helpings, washed down by an ocean of tea whose strength puckered Eleanor's mouth.

"You two had better run along to bed now," remarked Jenkins when the meal was over and he had finished his pipe. "Your room's in there," jerking his thumb towards a plank door. "You'll need all the hay you can hit durin' the night, because we're due for an early start."

ONE morning several days later, after Eleanor and Fred were nearly worn out with fatigue from the rigorousness of their journeying, and the discomforts of their nightly camping, Jenkins took a long and careful look at the sky. When he spoke his voice had that in it which caused them to eye him in surprise. "We've jogged along so far," he said, "but we've got to quit it. We're takin' chances. The snow ain't far off. Look at that sky—first time it's been that way this fall. If I'd known it would be like this I'd never have chanced it—with us going so slow and all."

"We'd better go back," put in Fred. "We'll camp at the next good spot, Jenkins, and turn back tomorrow."

Jenkins' cold blue eyes were boring holes in him. "You don't neither of you seem to get the idea," he said at last, deliberately. "I told you I was countin' on a quick trip, and that we'd travel light. We're doin' just that. We've got enough grub to carry us through to where

we're goin', and there's food cached there for the return trip. But we've got to go there to get it, and we can't make the trip back very handily without it. Now come on. We'll camp at sundown and not before, and we'll be on our way at sun-up; and I guess you'll have to elect me captain and do what I tell yuh till we're out o' this."

But he was increasingly exacting, in the days that followed. He gauged their growing endurance accurately, and he never failed to use it to the limit. At last, after a half day of interminable windings over a worse trail than usual, they emerged onto a timbered plateau. They drew rein. Jenkins rolled a cigarette and struck a match. "There's your land," he said.

A long interval passed before either spoke. Held as by a spell, they bathed in the thunderous silence of the place till it seemed to flow round them like a flood.

Their enthusiasm, when they at last spoke, pleased him, and he went vigorously to his work. "You two let me do this," he said. And then to Fred, "Get out some of that tackle you brought and let's see what the trout think of it."

Together they made a cautious and silent approach, and Jenkins began to drop the fly here and there from the bank with a neatness that told Fred more about how not to do it than would a lecture. Suddenly came a flash, the line tautened, the reel shrieked. The rest was a confusion to Fred, but he used the landing net in a way that brought an approving nod from the guide. Fifteen minutes more brought the catch to three; and they carried them, their colors changing, to Eleanor.

That night, with no [Turn to page 82]

"You, too, can enjoy Instant Sleep when you go to bed"



Try this delightful, new food-drink from Switzerland—that brings all-night sleep, all-day energy

When you go to bed do your nerves stay up? Leaving you dragged out on the morrow—your mornings logy, your energy drained by afternoon? Modern science has found a natural way (a way without drugs) to overcome this; to instant restful sleep that quickly restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new woman. You are fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. Youthful in looks and spirit. And you have the energy to carry you through the day and the evening's social activities.

That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.

The 3-day test we offer here will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Luxurious sleep that restores

Taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restful sleep quickly and naturally. This is why: First—it digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion. It combines certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials in which your daily fare is often lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

SECOND—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods which you eat. Thus, soon after drinking, Ovaltine is turning itself and other foods into rich red blood.

There is quick restoration for your tired mind and body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Restful sleep comes. And as you sleep you are gathering strength and energy.

In the morning you awaken, looking and feeling years younger. You are a new being for a new day. You are alive with energy to carry you buoyantly through the day.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food-drink. It has been used in Switzerland for 30 years and is now in universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war Ovaltine was included as a standard ration for invalid soldiers.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today it is used in hundreds of hospitals. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a quick "pick-up" beverage, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for restless sleep, nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children and the aged.

Many take a cup of Ovaltine two or three times a day for its natural stimulation. It's truly a "pick-up" drink.

A 3-day test

All druggists sell Ovaltine in four sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in the coupon with 10 cents.



Now more than 80,000 doctors recommend Ovaltine

OVALTINE

©1926 T. W. Co.

Builds Body
Brain and Nerves



I tried everything to make me sleep. I would lie awake all night before taking Ovaltine. Since taking Ovaltine I have no worry and go right to sleep. I will recommend it all I can as it is worth it.

Mrs. L. Lohr
Grand Rapids, Mich.

I took Ovaltine for tiredness and because I could not sleep soundly. After a week I noted better sleeping and felt more active. I am using Ovaltine because it makes me feel fine.

Lydia Boehm,
Shina, Texas



THE WANDER COMPANY, DEPT. 142
37 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
(One package to a person)

Send for 3-day test

The woman who works youth miracles on Society's most famous faces

By discovering the three telltale places where age shows first on a woman's face and then by correcting them by scientific treatments and exclusive preparations, Dorothy Gray became one of the world's most famous beauty specialists.



DOROTHY GRAY

She discovered the 3 telltale places where age shows first and developed scientific methods for correcting these age signs



No. 1—Double Chin



No. 2—Relaxed Muscles
Crepey Throat



No. 3—Lines and
Wrinkles

These pictures show the results of Dorothy Gray's treatments

It is an accepted fact nowadays among experts that the signs of age on a woman's face center almost 90% of the time on just three places. To correct them erases years from a woman's face.

For a long time the Dorothy Gray corrective treatments were given exclusively at her beautiful Salon on Fifth Avenue in New York City. Now she has developed home treatments which are successfully employed by thousands of women everywhere.

These treatments strengthen certain facial muscles, which when weakened, result in flabbiness, in lines and wrinkles. Now thin and withered skins can be made plump again—sallow skins can be made white—the actual color of youth can be restored—lines and crow's-feet around the eyes can be erased—fat chins can be reduced—a drooping chin line can be overcome.

To correct each of these conditions, Miss Gray has developed balanced treatments, combining effective skin foods and astringents.

Dorothy Gray's three basic treatments are now on sale at the toilet goods counters of the better department stores and quality drug stores, under very def-

inite and easily followed instructions. Also her complete line of preparations may be bought separately.

Inquiry regarding corrective treatments may be made to clerks at department and drug stores or you may write direct to Dorothy Gray, explaining your facial condition and she will recommend the correct treatment.



THREE BASIC TREATMENTS

To erase the three telltale places where age shows first, Dorothy Gray has assembled a complete treatment for each, including the correct preparations as used at her Studio. Each treatment is packed in an attractive box, with full directions for home application.

These three basic treatments can now be purchased at the toilet goods departments of the fine department stores and leading drug stores throughout the country.

The preparations contained in these treatment boxes can also be purchased separately, if you choose.

DOROTHY GRAY
753 Fifth Avenue . NEW YORK, N. Y.
1637 Boardwalk ATLANTIC CITY
1009 Conn. Ave. WASH., D. C.
White House SAN FRANCISCO

DOROTHY GRAY

DOROTHY GRAY
753 Fifth Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how
☐ to treat a double chin.
☐ to treat relaxed muscles
and crepey throat.
☐ to erase lines and wrinkles.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

82

FLESHPOTS

[Continued from page 81]

call ahead of them for early rising the next morning, they sat late before the fire. The men smoked.

Jenkins puffed reflectively. "What do you do? What's your job?"

Fred flushed. "Nothing much, I'm afraid," he admitted. "I've—got enough to live on."

Jenkins grunted sympathetically. "I'd do the same, if I had enough to live on. I suppose you went to one o' these colleges, now."

"I did. I figured on being a doctor. Went through most of the training."

Jenkins refilled his pipe, and surveyed Fred with respect. "So?" Then, after a moment of silence, "Have you got a family?"

"We have no children," said Eleanor.

"You don't say," said Jenkins with candid interest. "Well, I come of a family of ten myself. My mother climbed around over this country, and she could swing an axe like a man. When the kids came she didn't need no doctoring to speak of."

The next morning when he had finished the breakfast chores Jenkins said, "I'll show you that cache." He led them to a spot some two hundred feet from the camp, and pointed to what had looked like a pile of logs, but which they now saw was a stout structure like a chest. "The wolverines and catamounts can't touch it there," he said. "And there's enough for six good men as long as you'll want 'em. I moved it out here thinkin' you'd want some work done this fall. But it would be too late now. I reckon," he added as they turned back, "I might slip out and get some fresh meat this mornin'."

"It's good to be alone for a bit," she said as they watched him go.

"Want to fish?" he asked.

"Not just yet; I want to sit and think and do nothing. Go ahead; I'll come later."

Once at the stream he made a cast in what he had carefully selected as the most likely place for the fly to light. But his foot slipped a trifle, and in his effort to right himself he sent the fly over to a spot he would never have thought of as possible. It lit like a tired insect, skipped three times, trailed through a rough patch; then there was a gleam, a flash, a plunge.

Fred made an effort to keep his head and his feet simultaneously, and was not wholly successful. Then the king of fishes suddenly gave up. He glided wearily into a quiet shallow, where the net took him easily; and he gave not another flop till he was safely in the creel.

By the time Fred had returned to the camp, both his own and Eleanor's appetites, to which the mountain air was giving an unwonted edge, caused them to look at the trout with a practical eye. But Jenkins wasn't there; and the dinner hour came and went without him. Finally Fred turned with a grunt of impatience.

"Come on," he said. "I'm not going to wait any longer. I'm hungry. You make some coffee, and I'll clean that fish."

He cleaned the trout, clumsily. Then he laid it on a bed of coals and ashes as he had seen Jenkins do, and raked coals on top, covering them with a blanket of ashes.

"We'll need bread," she said, after she had started the coffee, not without a struggle. "You cut it. And—let me see; oh yes—salt, and pepper, and butter, and sugar, and a can of evaporated milk, and—"

"Dishes, and knives, and forks," he put in, "and—"

Thus they turned with sudden energy and enthusiasm to the solving of a problem that was not a small one. Little by little they gathered a meal, astonished at the labor it required. With pomp they set it between them. With solemnity and meticulous fairness they divided the trout; and they ate till the bones alone remained.

Eleanor picked the last bone with mannerless fingers, which she shamelessly licked. "We'll have our coffee now. It's café noir all right." The beverage came black and steaming from the pot.

They fell into a silence, from which he presently roused with a startled look about him, and at the sun. "What's holding Jenkins?"

They looked at each other as if with

a common thought; and then with haste they turned to clearing up after the meal.

"I thought I heard Jenkins' gun, not long after he left us," he said presently. "Maybe I'd better go and take a look. He'd surely be back if something hadn't gone wrong."

Eleanor's face whitened. Her lip trembled, but she shut it hard. He picked up his rifle, found his compass, matches, knife, hatchet, and other items he knew were needful. Finally he thrust a first aid package into his pocket. "If anything's happened," he said grimly, "I'll have it on Jenkins in one respect. I know more about first aid than he does."

She tried to blink the tears out of her eyes when he kissed her; and then, standing in her tracks like a thing without breath, she watched till with a final backward wave of his hand he was out of her sight.

ON leaving the camp, Jenkins, neither hurrying nor lagging, had gone directly on his way. He picked his way over the uneven country with the ease of a wild animal. Suddenly he came to a dead stop, and crouched behind a clump of sage brush. In the far distance his eye had caught an all but imperceptible change in the way the light struck an open space. Deer, he guessed; perhaps three of them. Since the wind was right no detour was necessary. He made directly forward, toward a point where one side of the ravine fell away, revealing the steep slope below. At last he paused and looked down. He had reached the one spot from which he could safely try a shot without danger of being winded or seen too soon. Then he composed himself to wait till the buck that was feeding with two does should turn so that the delicately moulded shoulder was in full view. The sights came accurately to rest behind it; and the bullet shrieked its song. The buck sprang wildly into the air. Before he had fallen, a gasping, kicking carcass on the wiry mountain grass, the others were off like the wind.

As for the high pressure charge behind the bullet, it produced another perfectly natural result, it struck the slope behind Jenkins with a wave of sound that echoed into far distances. The jar of it was slight, but it was sufficient. A delicately poised boulder, from beneath which the soil had crumbled to the hair trigger point where a rightly directed puff of air might send it over, stirred slowly on its perch, ten feet above the guide. Then it leaped like a beast of prey. Down the slope it tore, passing within ten feet of the fallen buck. And in the path it had made, Jenkins' senseless form lay, sickeningly limp, where the boulder had left it.

For an hour the sun beat down impartially on the two still forms. The wind played with Jenkins' hair, and blew his hat further up the trail. Then there struck upon the mountain air the noise of hoofs, and the voices and laughter of men.

"And I cleaned up three thousand that summer on placer mining; but—" The voice stopped; the sound of hoofs stopped; the man who was talking gave a leap from his saddle, and ran forward. "It's Harry Jenkins," he called. Hastily he unbuttoned the guide's shirt and put his ear to the barrel-like chest. "Alive!" he pronounced laconically. He felt with skilled hands over every inch of the inert body. "Ribs smashed, arm broke, head smashed. Whew. Grizzly must have—no, no claw marks." He paused for a hasty look around him; then jerked his thumb toward the path of the boulder.

In fifteen minutes the four men of the party had fashioned a rough litter, by the use of young alder and some blankets. Onto this they lifted the guide's still figure; and moved hastily on their way.

Hours later the place was again disturbed from its savage peace. Fred Whitney, breathing hard, stumbled down to the trail and paused. Then his eye was drawn by a long tear in the earth, like a flesh furrow cut by a mighty plough—or—He looked again, he scanned the bank of boulder clay, and saw that death was everywhere. He scanned the earth at his feet; trackers did that. There was a bit of loose dust there lodged in a hollow, and clear and sharp in the middle of it he saw the mark of [Turn to page 85]

Premier Salad Dressing

A perfect mayonnaise



An Aladdin's Lamp at mealtimes

"GIVE me something new to eat," said Aladdin, and he rubbed his magic lamp.

"What new dish can I serve my family?" you ask . . . and the new dish, and scores of others, come when you flavor with Premier Salad Dressing.

Premier Salad Dressing is deliciously light and creamy, all flavored and ready to serve.

Buy the large, generous, family-size bottle and keep a supply on hand.

You will be surprised at the number of dishes you can make more tasty if you keep it handy.

Mail the coupon below for our recipe book which tells of more than fifty dishes that can be given this new flavor.

FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & COMPANY, Department 25
27th Street and North River, New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

Please send me
your recipe book
of uses for Premier
Salad Dressing.

Name.....

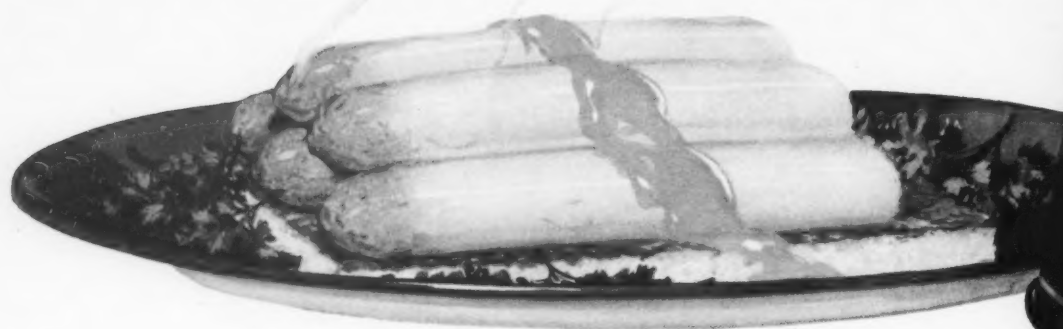
Address.....

City.....State.....



The oftener you serve ASPARAGUS TIPS

*the more you will appreciate the quality
- guarantee this label always offers*



No doubt about it — DEL MONTE Asparagus Tips are delicious. Their goodness brings a real note of distinction to even the plainest meal.

One of the chief reasons is their natural delicacy — preserved by the careful DEL MONTE method of preparation.

Every bit of asparagus you buy under this label is selected stock — grown in the fertile delta lands of California. Each tender shoot is cut just as it peeps through the ground — then packed within a few hours, before its fibre can toughen or its fragile flavor vanish.

Added to this, DEL MONTE Asparagus Tips are the most tender part of the whole asparagus spear — the youngest part of the plant. They're a food from end to end — without a bit of waste. A delicacy, but an economical one as well!

Why not keep a supply on hand for everyday use? Just remember, when you order, to specify DEL MONTE. It's your dependable guide — not only for asparagus, but for a wide variety of fruits, vegetables and food specialties. No matter when or where you buy, this label insures the quality you want.

DEL MONTE Asparagus Tips are graded as to thickness or circumference of the spear, and each size is designated on the label as Colossal, Mammoth, Large, Medium or Small. But no matter what the size of spear, you will find in each the same uniform tenderness and delicacy of flavor — the same superior quality — that you naturally expect under the DEL MONTE label.

[NOTE: We have just published a new folder of selected Asparagus recipes. For a free copy, together with "The DEL MONTE Fruit Book", address Dept. 606, California Packing Corporation, San Francisco.]



Just be sure you say
DEL MONTE

FLESHPOTS

[Continued from page 82]

an iron shod hoof. Eagerly he looked for more such traces, and found them. He made his way forward several hundred feet, guided as much by blood drops as by the tracks. But presently even that ceased.

He turned back reluctantly. It seemed to no purpose. But the breeze which had foretold the sunset, and was chilling him now to the bone, now picked up something, which it whirled aloft with a thousand leaves. It was Jenkins' hat.

Within Fred something primitive, something instinctive welled up from unscoured depths. Like a flash he turned to the torn path of the boulder. He saw where Jenkins had been; construction of the litter was plain; and following down he was able to read most of the story. The place could have little more to tell. The thing he most wanted to know, however, it could not tell. Was Jenkins dead?

He sped back along the line of marks he had so carefully made, thankful for that care. Eleanor ran to meet him, her face white and drawn from hours of watching and listening. Then came a revulsion of her feeling that was too strong. She reached for his arm to keep from falling; and at the call of her weakness, his own was for the time forgotten.

"I have been so frightened," she said at last. "Don't—don't leave me again, dear."

Then she realized that Jenkins was not with him. Wide-eyed and startled, she scanned the torn clothes, the dirt streaked face and hands, and the grim, set mouth of the man before her. "Is he—dead?" she asked.

"I don't think so. A boulder rolled down hill and hit him. Here's his hat." He held it up, still tightly clutched in his hand. "Some one came along with horses, and picked him up, either dead or unconscious, and went on. They wouldn't have taken him away if he'd been dead. And, of course he couldn't have told them about us. They would not have gone off without us if he had. I lost their trail finally. He had killed something, a deer; and they took that. They had made something to carry him on; a litter probably."

They stood looking at each other in silence. "Do you suppose," she asked at last, "that he may come to, and tell them, so they can come back?"

"That's possible; but we mustn't count on it. A man struck that way—particularly if it's his head, might stay unconscious for days, and delirious for weeks. In the meantime, winter's coming. If help comes, so much the better. But we've got to offer odds that it won't."

"We have the horses," she suggested.

He shook his head. "If it were earlier in the season I'd say yes, let's chance it. As it is, the least bungling would be fatal. We kept no track of the directions, you know. But here, at least, we can't starve and we can't freeze if we turn to and make the best of it. Let's assume that we've got to winter here, and begin to work it out that way. That means that I've got to put up some sort of a log cabin before the snow flies. The horses we can turn loose. They'll make for the deeper valleys, and will probably pull through. Tomorrow we'll take stock of our food and our clothes. I think we have enough clothes."

She did not reply. She sat staring with a certain fixity at the forest.

A shadow passed over his face. "Well?" he demanded with a touch of harshness, "you see that we've got to put this through, don't you? And—"

He was stopped by her arms about his neck. "Did you think so poorly of me, Fred? I was just thinking; but I'm not afraid. Only—it—it isn't the place for having a baby, is it?"

The blood left his face and he sat staring at her stupidly. Then he flushed, a flush of shame. "I forgot. I'm a brute—forgive me, Eleanor. We'll have to get out of here. That makes it different."

"I don't think it makes it different, Fred. It might even be best. And—" she added with a smile, "I married my doctor, didn't I?"

"A fine doctor," he said scornfully. "Without a day of practice to his credit."

She rose. "It's time to put some supper into you. After that you'll feel better. Poor Mr. Jenkins. I hope he gets well."

The next morning after breakfast,

Eleanor turned to her work about the camp as a matter of course; and by the same token he turned to a clump of straight young pines that grew nearby, saying "Those should do for the cabin. I'll clear a space in the middle of that clump and build there. I can do it. The only thing I worry about is the fire-place. That's got to be a real one."

"Make the house big enough," she put in. "We'd better move the provisions there from the cache, hadn't we?"

They turned their attention to the cache the next morning. He climbed to the top and dislodged one after another a few of the roof slabs. She gave a cry of delight. "Why, it's like a little grocery store. We're simply fixed. Cases of condensed milk; and here are tomatoes, cans and cans of them. And vegetables—dried!"

"And here are some tools—good—and nails!" he said. "Saws, hammer, square, auger, adze—and what are these? Oh wedges!—for splitting logs. Splendid—Come on. Let's get to work. Ouch, I'm sore." He had used his unaccustomed muscles the day before not wisely but too well.

That night he pointed with satisfaction to a pile of neatly trimmed logs. "You will observe," he commented, "that the last ones look less as if I had chewed them down with my teeth. I'm getting the hang of it."

But trouble followed. The wilderness was not disposed to give way to force that lacked skill; and many and bitter were the set-backs when he finally attacked the problem of the cabin itself. He had toiled along at the notching, and longer at the fitting, before he discovered that one corner of the cabin was rising faster than the others.

And so the days went by. Fred made mistakes, but each time they were less serious. The walls began to rise as if by magic, log hugging log in a way that delighted him. The fireplace rose with the walls. He spent much time carrying and shaping rocks for it; and these were set in place, with clay for plaster.

It was all very exciting. They forgot time; they forgot all but the home they were rearing for themselves. His strength had increased. His day lasted now from dawn till dusk, and in the hours given him his labor told enormously on the result. The same he realized, was true of Eleanor. She went about her tasks in knickers, with an easy grace that spoke for itself, and very different from the pavement-bred carriage she had had.

The problem of caring for the horses was beginning to trouble them. But one day the animals were missing. Some time later they made them out with the field glass in one of the deeper valleys. "They know what's coming," observed Eleanor. "It shows the time's short."

One day she cast a bit of grease-soaked paper into the fire. She noticed the translucent effect of the light shining through it. "Here's the window we couldn't figure how to make," she said. "Or at least it's a start. I've got it! We'll take that bond letter paper in my grip, paste it down on some cloth—there's some cheese-cloth in my trunk. But on second thought, how will we paste them on?" she cried. "Flour paste won't hold and there's nothing else."

He looked thoughtfully about the camp. "Where did we see those hoofs, with the skeleton of two dead deer?" he asked.

"Up behind those rocks."

"That's it. There's our glue. We'll boil them down."

He picked up the axe and disappeared in the direction to which she had pointed. "You've forgotten your rifle," she called.

He slapped the big automatic pistol at his side, and laughed. "This is enough. The deer are both dead."

Humming to herself Eleanor rearranged the sheets of paper on the square of muslin. A great contentment had come over her of late. Just now, however, she was feeling nervous. There was nothing to account for it—save that Fred had left his rifle. She picked up the weapon gingerly. Once she had fired it; and because of her failure to hold it tight to her shoulder, it had lamed her for days. She believed she would know how to do it now. Why not? She could make a very good score with her little .22. She must try it later, when [Turn to page 86]

Molasses adds natural tonics to these delicious foods

IN these unusual breads you find a delicious flavor joined with the remarkable tonic values which Brer Rabbit gives to all foods in which it is used. For they have all the lime and iron that the southern sun stores in the ripe sugar cane.

In fact, it is now known that no other food has such wealth of both lime and iron as pure molasses, and we all need more lime and iron, as your doctor will tell you.

With their tonic power these breads please everybody who tastes them, for they have the true old-time plantation flavor. Sunny Brer Rabbit Molasses gives them their character and appeal.

Brer Rabbit dainties—they delight all your family, and at the same time are the most wholesome of sweets. They also have an excellent laxative effect.

Try the special recipes described here. Send for Brer Rabbit's free booklet of attractive recipes and a leaflet about the health value of molasses.



Bran Muffins with Pineapple

Sift together 1 cup flour, 1 tsp. soda, 1 tsp. salt. Add 2 cups bran, 1 1/4 cups milk, 1/2 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses, 1 egg well beaten and 3/4 cup crushed pineapple that has been drained from its juice. Bake 25 minutes in a hot oven. This will make 2 dozen small muffins.

Graham Date Bread

Pour 1 cup scalded milk, 1 cup boiling water over 2 tbsp. shortening, 2 tsp. salt, 4 tbsp. Brer Rabbit Molasses. Let cool until lukewarm. Dissolve 1/2 cake yeast in mixture. Beat in 1 qt. graham flour, 1 cup white bread flour, well mixed. Cover, let rise double in bulk. Knead in 1 1/2 cups chopped dates. Put into 2 well greased pans, cover, let rise 1 hour. Bake 1 hour in 350° F. oven. 15 minutes before done rub tops of loaves with 1 tbsp. powdered sugar dissolved in 2 tbsp. cold milk.

In two grades: GOLD LABEL—highest quality light molasses for eating and fancy cooking. GREEN LABEL—darker with a stronger flavor.



FREE! Brer Rabbit's booklet of forty-four delicious recipes

Brer Rabbit Molasses

Penick & Ford, Ltd., Dept. 55
New Orleans, La.

Please send free a copy of the Brer Rabbit Recipe Book and leaflet about health value of molasses.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....State.....



How Famous Movie Stars Keep their "BOBS" so Attractive

Why year after year, discriminating women depend upon this simple method of shampooing.

How it brings out all the natural life, wave and color and gives the hair that wonderful gloss and silky sheen so much desired.

THE simplicity of the bob, and the modern styles of hair dress, make beautiful hair a necessity.

The simple, modern styles of today are effective **ONLY** when the hair itself is beautiful.

Luckily, beautiful hair is now easily obtained. It is simply a matter of shampooing.

Proper shampooing makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product

brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

A Simple, Easy Method

IF you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

First, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Just Notice the Difference

YOU will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky.

If you want beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, glossy, fresh-looking and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified coconut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

Mail This Coupon and Try it FREE

THE R. L. WATKINS COMPANY 27-M-4
1276 West 3rd Street, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me a generous supply of "Mulsified" FREE, all charges paid. Also your booklet entitled "Why Proper Shampooing is BEAUTY INSURANCE."

Name.....

Address.....

City or Town..... State.....

THE R. L. WATKINS CO., 462 Wellington St., West, Toronto, 2-Ont.

FLESHPOTS

[Continued from page 85]

this rush of work was over.

Then, from the direction in which Fred had gone came a sharp echoing report like the crack of a great whip. It was the voice of the automatic. As she started to her feet, it came twice more, in rapid succession. Then silence, save for the sound of her own footsteps as she sped along the path he had taken. Yes, there was one other sound; a snarling growl that brought her heart into her throat, and her hand down to the lever of the rifle. Her nervousness had left her. To her own surprise she had become cold as the steel weapon she held gripped in her hand. Nothing could surprise her or frighten her anymore.

When she rounded the clump of rocks round which the path led, it was with no sense of astonishment that she saw Fred upon the ground, while above towered the monstrous form of a grizzly bear. She stopped short. The range was, perhaps, a hundred feet; and there was every prospect that the red mouthed monster, with the deep, piggy little eyes, would decrease it. But at the instant of his start she fired—at the great throat, because she was afraid she would miss the head. It was a fair concession to her limited skill; but she could see no evidence that the absurdly small pellet had struck, or in any way checked the mountain of rage that was coming toward her. She aimed successfully at the broad chest, at the red mouth, at the thick throat; and suddenly she knew she had used four cartridges. There was one to go on. She waited. It was blank despair now—that, and hatred of what was about to destroy them. But at least she could draw the beast away from Fred. She turned and ran. Her ears told her when she had reached her limit. She dodged behind a tree and turned. In her very face she caught a hot, foul breath; an overpowering animal odor.

It was as if the rifle had been a spear in her hand. Something took her muscles and controlled them; like a flash, holding tight with both hands, she thrust with the muzzle. For a fraction of a second it found its way into the wide open mouth, between the rows of gleaming teeth; and in that fraction of a second she pulled the trigger. Struck by a mighty paw, the rifle flew from her hand. Then she ran—desperately.

But there was nothing behind her. With the top of its head blown off by the expanding bullet, the great animal had sunk beside the tree without a sound.

There was the sound of running footsteps. All her heart cried out. It was Fred, the pistol in his hand, a great cut across his face, his shirt torn from shoulder to waist, and such a look on his face as she had never seen. The look vanished when he saw her standing unhurt. He leaped down the slope to where she stood.

"I—think he's dead," she said. "Oh Fred. Are you hurt?"

"Not much. I was shamming." Together they stood and watched the still body. Then Fred approached. "Why," he shouted, "you blew the top of his head off. How in thunder—"

"I stuck the rifle in his mouth," she said solemnly. "It was the only way I could hit him." And then, his arm shot out to catch her as she fell. She had quietly fainted. He picked her up and carried her to the camp; and he bent to kiss her lips as he went.

But she revived as he entered the tent with her. "The idea," she cried, struggling out of his arms. "Here I am fainting, with you hurt. Are you much hurt, dear?"

"Nothing at all. You be quiet for a bit. I'll look after myself."

But she was so indignant at this that he did not insist, and submitted to first aid and disinfectants for the scratch on his face.

"I came on him suddenly," he explained. "Ran right into his arms. I had to let him have it with the pistol, and I think I missed him clean. At any rate he stood up and flipped the gun out of my hand with one paw and grazed me with the other. He didn't knock me down. I tripped; and lay still. That, and the sound of you running toward the place saved me. He was listening, and forgot me for a moment. As soon as he was on his way I went after the gun; but the rest happened so quickly I can't figure it out even

yet. There, that's done," he finished as she tied the last knot in the bandage. "Now I'll go after those deer hoofs. And then I'll have to get to work on the bear carcass. The skin will make a fine rug."

AT last came the day of the housewarming. He stacked the wood for their first fire with almost superstitious care, and when dusk fell he struck a match and handed it to her. "Be careful; there's a strong draught," he cautioned with a touch of pride. She laughed, with a little quaver in her voice, and shielding the sacred flame with her hand, she touched it to the birch. Instantly the little room was alight, warm and ruddy. Well into the night they watched it, talking of many things, and staring into the hot embers with dreamy eyes.

The next morning they worked with a fever of energy. By noon they had found a place for all their essential possessions, and in the afternoon he began on the contents of the cache.

Thus little by little, they acquired the craft of the wilderness. Yet one terror abode always in his heart and poisoned all his peace. He spent hours trying to recollect the unapplied theories he had learned from medical text books during his half-baked training. He did not dare let his mind dwell on it too much, because when he did there came memories of things seen and heard which left him cold and shaking, so that he did not dare even to look at Eleanor placidly engaged on some light task before the fire. As the long winter was wearing along toward spring he never returned to the cabin save with bated breath and a beating heart.

Then one morning he delayed even longer than usual in an effort to trail an animal whose tracks he did not know. It might be some great cat, he thought. The track was evidently old. There was no prospect that he could come up with such a quarry save by many hours of tracking. After following the trail idly for a time, he decided to give it up.

Suddenly he thought he caught a sound. It was vague, distant, thin, faint, wailing. He had heard that the cry of the puma was like that, like the cry of a young child. So he sprang forward eagerly. But ten minutes of breathless stalking revealed nothing. He turned abruptly, and set off toward the cabin. At the door he stopped short as if some invisible obstacle had brought him up standing. The blood left his face. A cry, thin and faint, a wailing cry!

A matter-of-fact business after all, this business of parenthood, when you once came up with it. It was a brutal business, yes; but who was he to complain of such exactions, since their fruit was happiness? The next day he looked into her face as she rested and dreamed in the firelight, and was content. Speaking low as if in fear that he might break the spell, he told her of the stale puma track, and of what his ears had heard. "But it was faint," he added. "I couldn't be sure, even then. Perhaps—"

She shook her head, smiling wisely. "There is no perhaps. You know what you heard. The stale puma track was something for your soul to hang a message on. Look." She pointed toward the sleeping atom by her side. "Is such a thing stranger than this? None of it is strange. It is old—old—old. And so are the souls of you and me, though we think we're young—thirty-odd or thereabouts." She paused.

The days that followed brought a new order of things. It was as if, within the House of Life, Fred and Eleanor had passed through a door and into another and very different room, where the game of living changed itself and its rules completely. Eleanor accepted the change as a matter of course, as if it had always been. Fred accepted it too; but with a vague ill-defined resentment. Apparently the spirit of fatherhood was a thing that had to grow.

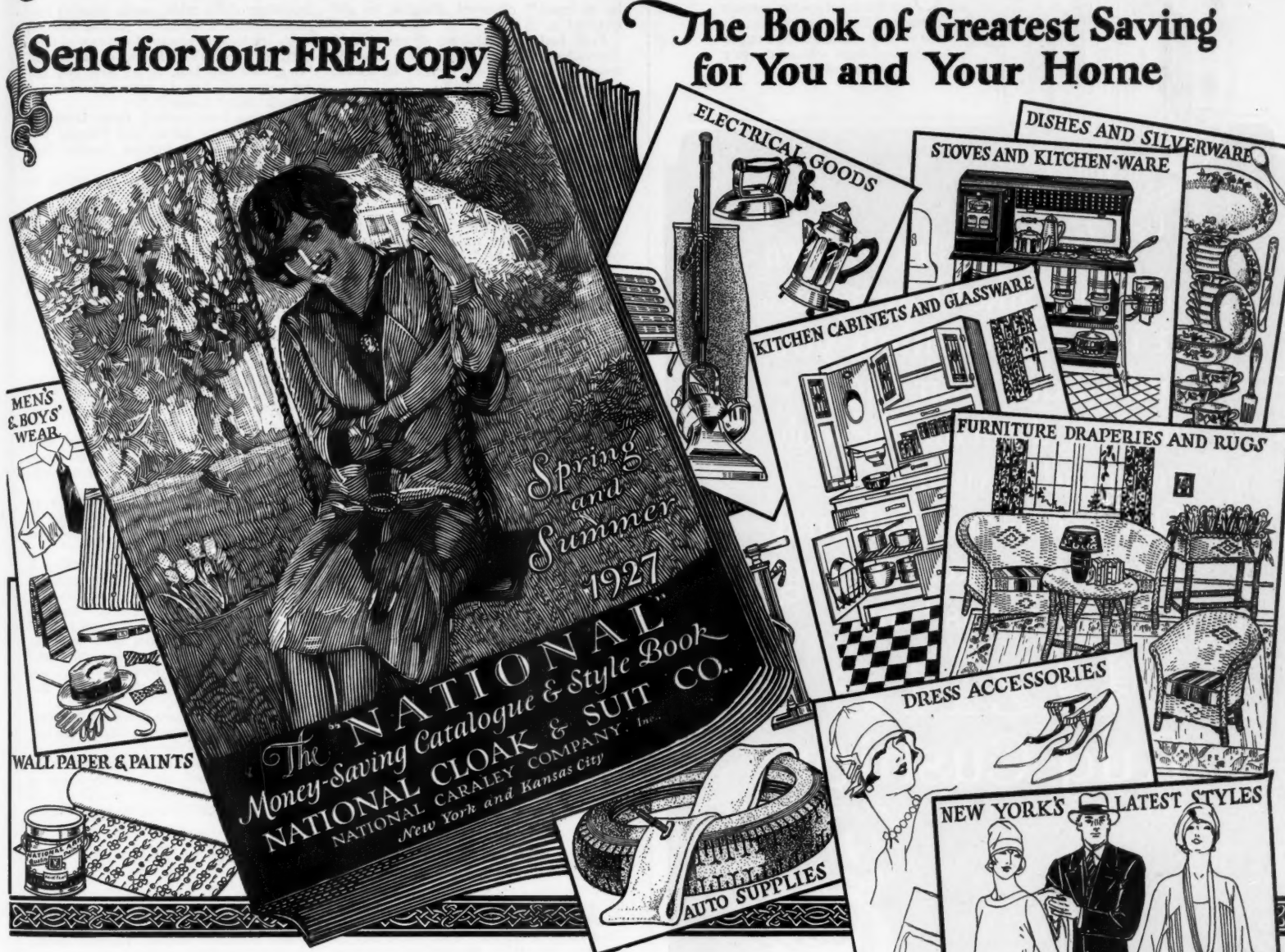
AGAIN the days flew by. Winter still held, through interminable weeks; and yet its hold was breaking. The brook became a crazy torrent. The flood rushed down upon the ice that glazed the little lake, lifted it high on its arms, and finally tossed it over the cliff.

"I wouldn't like to [Turn to page 88]

The GREATER NATIONAL CATALOGUE

Send for Your **FREE** copy

The Book of Greatest Saving
for You and Your Home



The coupon below brings you absolutely free this *Greater National Catalogue*.

"Greater"—because filled with more opportunities for saving. Because this big Catalogue now fills practically every need of your home. Its wide variety of bargains has been vastly increased to make it not only America's outstanding and authoritative Style Book, but a home book—a family book—a Catalogue of the largest possible saving on almost everything you need to buy for personal, family or home use.

For 38 years The National has given the biggest dollar's worth for every dollar

The National offers you a real pleasure in the things you buy—the joy of a better

style in your dress or coat or hat or shoes—the delight of a newer design in your chair or your china, a more charming pattern in a rug or curtain.

Our Cross Country Tires are expertly, scientifically made under our own supervision of finest materials—new live rubber, the best fabric—built to give the largest possible mileage and sold at a price much less than standard tires of equal quality. Our Furniture offers unmatched values in new artistic designs and finest workmanship.

Everything purchased at The National must give you both a saving and complete satisfaction. For 38 years The National has said to every customer: "Your money back if you are not satisfied."

The NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT CO.

NATIONAL CARALEY COMPANY, Inc.

233 West 24th Street, New York City 613 Hardesty Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.

Mail this Coupon Today

To NATIONAL CLOAK & SUIT COMPANY

233 West 24th Street
New York City

613 Hardesty Ave.
Kansas City, Mo.

(If you live east of the Mississippi River mail this coupon to our New York house—if you live west of the Mississippi River mail to our Kansas City house.)

Kindly send me the free copy of the Spring and Summer "National" Money-Saving Catalogue.

Name.....

Address.....

P. O. State.....

National Arts Wall Paper is outstanding in beauty of design and artistic patterns. If interested in Wall Paper, please make a check here.....



OZITE Cushion is the standard specification of practically every prominent Hotel, Theatre, etc., in the country. Eleven million square yards have been sold—and every user satisfied.

There has never been anything like Ozite before. It is a soft cushion you put under your rugs—making them unbelievably soft and luxurious. Ozite costs very little, and actually makes the rugs wear twice as long.

Ozite Rug Cushion

SATISFACTION ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED

Feels
Like Walking
on Velvet



CLINTON CARPET CO.,
130 N. Wells St., Chicago
[American Hair Felt Co., Mfrs.]

Kindly send me without obligation your free booklet, "The Proper Care of Rugs and Carpets", and small sample of Ozite.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

Ozite is made of sterilized hair—the only rug cushion that is "ozitized" Patented Sept. 9, 1924.

FLESHPOTS

[Continued from page 86]

be a trout," observed Eleanor as she watched it.

Fred had been looking down toward the valley far below them. "Do you see something move down there?" he asked. "Elk, perhaps?" she said.

"It's something. Get the field glass." "It's the horses!" she cried. "Oh—oh, and they seem headed this way."

He seized the glass. "Jenkins' old cayuse is at the head of the band," he said. "Yes, they're coming sure. And there's enough grass showing up here for them to feed on now."

Long after that the slow moving procession topped the rise. "Get the sugar, quick," muttered Fred. "And the hobbles!"

"Have you noticed the cayuse today?" Fred asked a few days later. "She acts as if there were something on her mind. Look at her now."

"Why, Fred, that's the way she used to act when Jenkins was away from camp. She always seemed to know when he was coming; remember?"

The cayuse suddenly gave voice to a shrill whinny. She shot over the rail of the corral, landed in a cloud of dust, and was off and out of sight over the ridge.

Hand in hand Fred and Eleanor set out for the ridge. And when they reached the top, the trail lay before them.

"Jenkins, Ben Hilliard," he said. "That's Jenkins waving."

Suddenly Eleanor was sobbing convulsively, as though she could never stop. "Stop it," he said sharply.

"All right—all right," she said swallowing hard. "Gracious! How does my hair look. And the baby must have a clean dress. Come on. They won't get here short of fifteen minutes over that trail."

"I'd better wait here, hadn't I?" "No sir! You come and help."

Shortly afterward they again sped up the slope. At the top they came face to face with Jenkins. Back of him came young Hilliard.

"I knowed you'd pull through," cried Jenkins. "But I'm sure relieved to find I wasn't just guessin'. Here's Ben Hilliard, who helped tote your trunk at the station."

The two dismounted, and came on foot

into view of the cabin, smoke pouring hospitably from a chimney. Jenkins stopped in his tracks and measured the two of them with his eye. "You did that?" he roared. "Ben, will you look at it! And you and me come out here to rescue these folks! What's that? Listen!"

A sound had reached them from the direction of the cabin, and Eleanor was off toward it on the instant. Jenkins' little eyes began to widen.

"Just a young puma we're trying to tame," said Fred carelessly.

At that instant there came a howl from the cabin that defied misinterpretation. "Holee Smoke," whispered Jenkins. He fumblingly took out his pipe and filled it.

"Boy or girl?" he asked.

"Boy," said Fred laconically. "When he yells like that it's because he's reaching for a mountain and can't get it."

Later, with Majesty at peace in the cradle, they ate roast duck, while Fred and Eleanor told them of the winter.

"And I suppose now," said Jenkins, "that you'll be wanting to get back."

"Right away!" said Eleanor emphatically. "To show off the baby."

"But there's more to it than that, Fred," she said later when they were alone.

He nodded. "I know it. I've been thinking too."

"Are we really different, Fred; or do we just think we are? We've got to prove that this thing we have found here is real, haven't we, by leaving it?"

"Or that it's part of us, by taking it with us—like so much spiritual baggage."

She assented. "And if our strength fails we can come back for more—Do you remember the—voices in the hall? Ugh!—And us, drifting on that dirty flood like flotsam in an eddy? We were sodden, like gluttons among the fleshpots—Ah, how we did long to go back to them. Remember?"

"But there was more, Eleanor. Remember the wooden doll you salvaged; the one in the blue calico dress?"

"Someday Baby can play with it," she said "and I'll tell him a story—how it came to us, home from the sea. Don't you think there might be a story in it, Fred?"

THEY WERE AMERICANS, TOO

[Continued from page 11]

on a page of the terrible word "Independence." It was urged not as a fanatic's or a traitor's watchword, but as the one inevitable demand of common sense! The author asked America why it should remain a colony forever: "Is it the interest of a man to be a boy all his life?" It asked why a continent should be ruled by an island; why its citizens could decide nothing for themselves, but must run three thousand miles with a petition that could not be answered for a year. It ridiculed time-worn pomposities and gewgaws of old adoration, and substituted a sublimer creed: Freedom, refuge for the oppressed, an opportunity "to begin the world over again." The brochure ended with a bugle call for a declaration of independence. George looked upon it as a sacred call from heaven, and wondered who the writer, "Thomas Paine," might be.

That pamphlet enflamed George Atlee and tens of thousands like him on battle fields and street corners and in congress halls. George resolved to compel his troops to their own glory, and regard his fellows not as cowards and thieves but as blind men groping. At Valley Forge, young Atlee watched the famished sentinels limping barefoot along the icy paths and leaving bloody footprints on the sharp snow. And like Washington's, his heart felt bleak and hopeless as he realized that his men had only rags to wear upon their frozen soles because the incredible contractors collected an exorbitant price and delivered no boots at all.

His ardor was his sole and brief reward; for he counted too much upon his men. Pushing forward in the first engagement to flank the enemy and roll their line in on itself, he rejoiced as he rounded the great snowy breast of a hill to see the scarlet backs of a British company. He raised his sword, and screamed: "Charge!" and ran forward, only to find

that his men were dumbfounded by their opportunity, and stood in a huddle gaping at the confused enemy. He ran among his men, pleading, weeping for one moment of courage; but they broke and ran once more.

One of the fugitives scuttering past, stumbled and, in recovering his balance, plunged his bayonet in George's side and ripped him up till the point was almost in his heart. George fell in a deep snow-drift, wriggling and spouting blood. He fainted and knew no more till he found himself the prisoner of the laughing British, when they returned breathless from chasing the Sons of Liberty across the horizon. A surgeon of the King's troops bound up his freezing wounds and treated him with tender contempt as a traitor in distress. When he was healed enough to be moved, he was sent to the rear with a drove of other Americans, and carried over into New York. George and his fellow-prisoners were driven into the Middle Dutch Church, where they met with scant welcome from the three thousand starvelings already packed within the walls. Dejected, forlorn, hungry and thirsty, and half-frozen, he wandered among a ghastly company of more unhappy wraiths seeking for a space where he could fling himself down on a wisp of mouldy verminous straw.

And now he seemed to have reached his long home, whence there could be only one escape. Starvation and disease provided every morning a dozen or more corpses when the guards bawled the hideous reveille. "Wake up, rebels, and throw out your dead." The envious remnant heard the death-carts rumble away, then turned to their own riddles: how to escape the yellow fever that raged among them with no check from medicine or care; how to escape complete starvation on the nauseating ration of a loaf of [Turn to page 91]

She needs you so!

To you alone
can she look for this
special care



FOR YOUR little girl you ask many special things—things that will mean her future health and happiness.

She is so helpless and dependent; she needs so many kinds of care—which only her mother can understand and give.

It's not only big things that she needs. Some of the little common things of every day are vital to her development.

It is the importance of these simple things, so easy to overlook, that school authorities are emphasizing today. To one, in particular, they are asking mothers to give special attention. To the school day breakfast!

School nutrition authorities have found by actual test that the kind of breakfast your children eat has a direct effect upon the kind of work they do in the morning.

They have found that the one proper basis of school day breakfasts is a *hot* cereal. Note what the U. S. Bureau of Education says about this:

*"Eat a cooked cereal every morning.
It makes you feel warm and gives you
energy to work hard and play hard."*

There is the reason—it gives your children the mental energy they need for hard study and makes them physically more fit.

So important do school authorities consider this

that they have made the Breakfast Rule a standard rule in the school health program. You will see it displayed on the wall in thousands of school rooms.

*"Every boy and girl needs
a hot cereal breakfast"*

Such a little thing—yet it means so much! So much that you want for your children—strong bodies, quick minds. And only *you*, their mother, can do this for them!

Tomorrow morning send them to school with a supply of physical and mental energy to last until noon. You can provide it in no surer way than with a steaming bowl of Cream of Wheat.

This famous food has been the stand-by of physicians for 30 years. They recommend it to mothers as an ideal cereal food.

They like it for its energy value. It supplies the

life-giving energy young bodies and brains need—a full morning's supply of it.

Cream of Wheat is so easy to digest, too. It contains none of the indigestible parts of the wheat, so its rich store of energy is quickly and easily freed for use.

And children always love it! Its delicious creamy flavor appeals to healthy young appetites.

Of course you would not intentionally neglect this simple way to help your children! *You alone* can see that they start off in the morning *fully prepared* for work—with the sustaining nourishment that a Cream of Wheat breakfast gives. If you need a new box of Cream of Wheat, your grocer will send it today.

Cream of Wheat Company, Dept. G-5, Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada made by Cream of Wheat Company, Winnipeg. English address, Fassett & Johnson, Ltd., 86 Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

To mothers

We have a booklet for you which contains authoritative information on correct diet for children from 6 months to high school age. We will gladly send it free with a sample box of Cream of Wheat. Sign your name below and send to Dept. G-5, Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Name.....
Sample (check if wanted).....
Address.....

To teachers

To co-operate with your school health program we have had prepared by an experienced teacher a plan to interest children in eating a proper breakfast. Sent free to teachers or any school official. Fill in and mail form below to Dept. G-5, Cream of Wheat Company, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Name.....
Grade taught.....
Address.....



Choose Your Age—

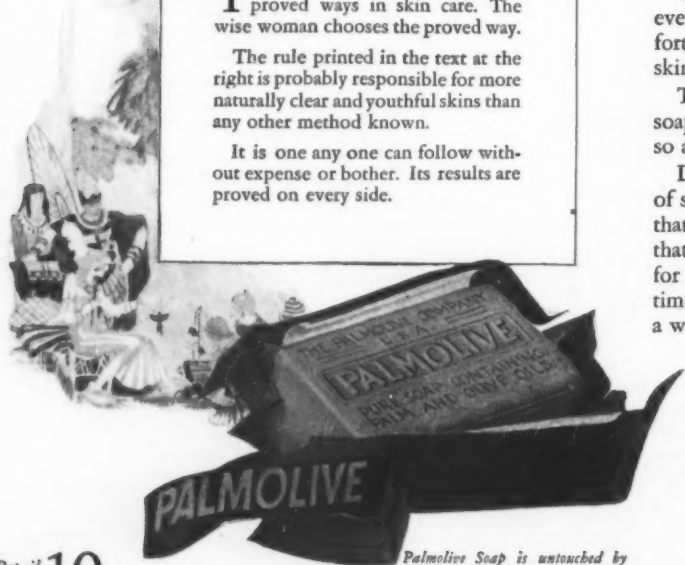
Don't accept the verdict of the years

This simple rule in daily care is preserving youthful charm for thousands . . . follow it for one week, note the difference that comes

THERE are proved ways and unproved ways in skin care. The wise woman chooses the proved way.

The rule printed in the text at the right is probably responsible for more naturally clear and youthful skins than any other method known.

It is one any one can follow without expense or bother. Its results are proved on every side.



Retail Price **10c**

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

BE forty if you must, but never for an instant look it," is the modern woman's doctrine.

Youth can be safeguarded. That's proved on every side today. Thirty manages to look twenty, forty to look thirty under present methods in skin care.

The right way is the natural way. It starts with soap and water, with pores kept clean and open so as to naturally perform their functions.

Do that in the right way, with the right kind of soap, and you will be surprised at the results that come. Leading skin specialists have learned that proper cleansing is probably responsible for more youthful skins beyond the allotted time than any other method known. Try this for a week and note the result.

The rule and how to follow it

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold. If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply

a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening. Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Soap from trees!

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the soothing beauty oils from the olive tree, the African palm, and the coconut palm—and no other fats whatsoever. That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, nothing else, give Palmolive its natural green color.

The only secret to Palmolive is its exclusive blend—and that is one of the world's priceless beauty secrets.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THEY WERE AMERICANS, TOO

[Continued from page 88]

bread, half a pint of rice, and a pound-and-a-half of maggoty pork tossed to them once a week; how to keep from freezing to death or going insane.

To what a fate he had left the poor little saint he had promised to return and marry! To what a fate he himself had hurried! He was so hungry for news of Georgiana that once when he recognized among the visitors peering at the wild animals in their den, a cousin of hers, George would have embraced him if he could have reached him through the bars. When he asked about her, Bray Ware snarled:

"You dirty traitor! how dare you mention her name? You well know that she and her father have been treated like dogs, insulted, stoned, robbed. The cowards tried to burn the house down over their heads; your father led them and my uncle fired from his window into the mob and shot your father through the chest. He would have pierced his black-guard heart, too, if he'd had one, the—"

"That's a foul lie!" George roared. "My father is with the Continental troops."

"He was with the troops, but he got his legs shot away and was bundled off home, where I only hope he lives long enough for me to hang him for a filthy rebel!"

And knowing how reckless Captain Ware had always been of consequences, George could well imagine how he would enrage his neighbors with his Loyalist taunts. He wondered how far the old man had involved his meek and timid daughter in his feuds.

WELL might he wonder. After her return from the country, Georgiana had changed like everything else in the distracted world. The gentlest, most easily affrighted of her sex, she must either have died of terror or grown strong upon it. She grew strong. There was no help to be had from her lover who marched off to the war and never came home. There was no help from her father who dared the lightnings and brought them down. When her lover's father was shattered in battle, his old love was so altered that he stirred up their old neighbors, their very fellow church members, to a horrible night attack on her father's home. Her father had shot him down and repulsed the assault; but there was no comfort in that. Her father had escaped being slain only that he might live for sorrows far more dire.

The next morning she had but one purpose, to persuade her father to flee this den of hyenas to New York. He was so morose that he sneered: "New York, eh? To be near your rebel lover who is rotting there?"

"I'm thinking only of you, papa. I'll go anywhere, to Canada, the Bermudas—anywhere. You scared them off last night; but tonight or tomorrow night they'll come back and kill you."

"If they want my useless old life at the price of a dozen of their own, it's a good bargain."

"Your life is worth a million of theirs. Oh, please, in heaven's name, don't delay to argue with me, papa."

"I never ran away from anybody yet, and I'm over-old to begin now. Besides, the King's troops may be here any day. Then you'll see the rats scutter. I wouldn't miss the sight for worlds."

Since he would not budge, she could only wait and watch. All that night she strained her eyes and ears in the darkness and the silence, till daylight reddened the snow-white world. And then she fell asleep with her head on the sill, and did not wake till noon brought a negro slave from a neighbor's house. He had been bribed and threatened to carry a message of alarm:

"Massa Ware, one of yo' cows is done broke thoo de ice in de crick. You better come pull her out befo' she cut herself to mince meat."

Georgiana's drowsy eyes saw her father run out to the gate and down the road. An hour later Georgiana, frantically searching for him, heard distant fifes and drums and a rumor of voices singing and caterwauling. She hid behind a wall and saw a crowd of men and a few coarse women come down the street, dancing about

and pelting with snowballs or whatever else they found in the street, a grotesque, incredible figure like a huge ape or a bear with feathers. It straddled a fence rail carried on the shoulders of two laughing men. She recognized one of them as a former suitor of hers, and the other as one of the first to return from the battle-front with pretended wounds.

But what or who was that impossible zany with the feathers plastered all over it? It was clutching at the sharp-edged rail and pitching this way and that as some of the men, the women or the shrieking children, hit it with some missile luckily aimed. The game kept tugging at her sense of the comic, but she had forgotten how to laugh. She felt only pity for the helpless animal; a baited bear, a runaway negro, or—she fainted in the snow. It was her father.

Her life came back to her dizzily while she wondered where she was, until the distant songs and laughter recalled her to the truth. She staggered after the procession and overtook it at her father's gate, where she broke into the crowd, screaming, fighting, only to be knocked aside. Men who had once seemed gentlemen throttled her, and her former lover cried:

"Do you want the same? There's more tar—and feathers a-plenty."

Women who had been sweet girls and kindly mothers laughed like furies, heaped foul words on her and began to tear her clothes off then and there. Others who were sick of the shame, or pretended to be, persuaded them to save her for another day. They thrust her in at the gate and dumped her father off the rail into his yard, and went back to the village singing and triumphant. Stunned with a sense of awe at the things mankind can feel and do, she turned to her father where he lay flopping in the snow like some gigantic rooster whose neck has been wrung. She fell upon him and snatched away the feathers in double handfuls, till he cried out in muffled anguish. The hot tar had seared his flesh, and with the ghastly plumage she was plucking off his skin. A slave and a bondservant came out in terror and helped her to carry him indoors. No doctor dared call on a Tory, of course; and she had to use such skill and such devices as she could invent. For days and nights she was busy gently pulling away the hideous down and the black tar, and trying to heal the red wounds.

Her father's greater torture was his pride. He would listen to nothing reasonable. He would not promise to leave the country. For all his impotence, he swore that he would revenge himself. One morning while Georgiana was in the garret, the house was shaken by the tread of many feet, and she hurried down to find a posse of sour-faced neighbors surrounding her father. They announced themselves as the Committee of Safety for Midhaven, and notified him that he had been attainted of treason.

"Treason?" he shouted, "Me a traitor! to who? to what?"

"To the Congress of the United States." He shook with scornful laughter. "You accuse me of doing what ain't possible. How could a man be a traitor to a kennel of traitors that he never agreed with? 'Tis you are the traitors. I'm loyal, as I have always been to His Majesty George the Third, King by the Grace of God."

The neighbors laughed icily to one another:

"He pleads guilty to the indictment," and their leader said, "Your words are enough to hang you."

The old captain snatched from under the bed the musket Georgiana had kept loaded and primed for him, but as he attempted to fire it, they wrested it from him. And now he was accused of "bearing arms against the Congress." The spokesman glanced about among the neighbors as if collecting a vote of eyes, and said:

"Hanging's too good for you. We've got a better place to store you."

They laid hold on him, and in spite of his weak struggles, lifted him from the bed and shoved him to the door. There they were confronted by Georgiana who had shut it and stood now barring it with her arms as [Turn to page 103]

World's Greatest Style Book and Family Outfitter FREE!

Send for Your Copy



SAVE Money

Bigger Savings Than Ever Before

It will mean real dollars in your pocket to have this wonderful Style Book handy when selecting spring and summer clothes. This stunning new dress and attractive spring coat are splendid examples of the alluring fashions and unusual bargains you will find throughout this remarkable book. There are 252 pages—many in actual color and fascinating rotogravure—offering everything to wear for all the family; also splendid, useful articles for the home. Don't spend a single penny until you have seen this Book. The coupon is handy, or a postcard will bring it—FREE!

Season's Authentic Fashions

The best of Paris and American style ideas will be found in this handsome book. The fashions are absolutely correct—unusually low priced. Here you will see what the best dressed people will wear this coming season. You will eagerly make your own selections from the exclusive creations of the famous dressmaking establishment of Paul Caré, Paris, France—and from the endless variety of America's finest designs. Remember that all qualities are guaranteed by a house that has had but one purpose for 38 years—to please its customers. You'll want this valuable Style Guide. Send for it today—it's FREE.

Best Service in America

More than 3,500,000 families depend upon the Chicago Mail Order Company for everything they wear. You can order with confidence that the goods will be rushed to your home ready to use and enjoy in the shortest possible time. Most orders are shipped in 10 hours, the balance positively within 24 hours, or your money refunded. Complete Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back. If you want to save money on everything to wear for the entire family, send coupon or postal for Free Catalog.

Money-Back Guarantee

A reputation for fair, square treatment is our most prized possession. We absolutely guarantee that if you are not satisfied for any reason whatever, you can return the goods and we will return your money plus postage both ways. And if you find you can purchase the same goods elsewhere for less money, we will refund the difference.

Mail coupon or postal for FREE Catalog—NOW.

COUPON

Chicago Mail Order Co., Dept. 334
26th Street and Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Send me absolutely FREE your Spring 1927 Style Book and Family Outfitter showing the newest fashions in apparel for all the family and many useful articles for the home.

Name.....
Address.....
Town..... State.....

Chicago Mail Order Co. Dept. 334 Chicago

\$9.98 for this new Spring Style in fine all Silk Crepe. See Our Big FREE Catalog.

Our Great FREE Book Describes this Stunning Paris Coat of fine All Wool Velour at only \$9.98





For the final touch of elegance

**This brilliant
liquid polish**
*perfected by the
authority on the
manicure*

TWO SHADES
Deep Rose and Natural

LQUID nail polish lasts for days at a time. No wonder so many women now use it.

If you prefer the soft brilliance of the nail's natural color, just such a liquid polish has been perfected by the originator of Cutex. For those who affect the sophisticated deep color and high brilliance the Parisienne favors, that, too, has been prepared by Cutex. Both spread thin and smooth and look extremely smart. When the polish begins to wear off, remove it with a drop of Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Price 35c each.

Send 10c for Introductory Set containing samples of Cutex Liquid Polish and Liquid Polish Remover.

*Mail
Coupon
Below*



I enclose 10c in stamps or coin for samples.

NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. F-2
114 West 17th St., New York.

THE GREATEST STORY IN THE WORLD TODAY

[Continued from page 23]

law requires.

The proof of Mussolini's efforts to improve the lives of the working masses is written all over Italy today; and the air is full of what he hopes to do through the reorganized or "corporate" state, as it is called.

The extraordinary backing that he has from the masses of the people is largely explained by their conviction that he is not actuated either by politics or self-interest in what he is trying to do to improve the conditions under which they live. The Italians are convinced of his sincerity. Again and again I have heard people who did not accept his methods, who did not see redemption in Fascism as he does, end their criticisms by saying, "Still, there is no doubt that Mussolini himself is sincere and disinterested."

Mussolini's personality and habits of life have quite as much to do with convincing the people that he is their friend as the improvements that they actually see in the country's condition. He is disinterested; that is, he is not attempting to make money out of his position. This fact has made a deep impression upon all classes. Mussolini has always been a poor man. He was born to poverty as I have already pointed out. It took a struggle to give him his early education. He has had to sacrifice, go hungry sometimes, to add to that education. Never until he became premier of Italy in 1924 had he an income that gave him more than a roof and a simple living. His salary as Prime Minister is something like \$15,000 a year. The State pays for functions which Mussolini insists must be handsome, worthy of a great State. But as for himself, he has in Rome only a little apartment with one maid to take care of him. His family he keeps at Forli, a town mixed with his fortunes from boyhood, the place where he married Donna Rachele. Here she lives with her three handsome children, keeping up a simple home into which Mussolini now and then dashes. When people talk to him of the advantages of Rome for his family, he is contemptuous. The social life, the association, the flattery, the danger of distorted views of life would be dangerous for the children. He does not want them "spoiled." His indifference to money disturbs some of his colleagues. They tell him that he should provide for his family's future. It does not interest him. His boys must make their own way as he did. So he takes only his salary as Prime Minister, although at the present moment he is filling six different secretaryships, each of which carries a salary. This unwillingness to take advantage of his situation for himself and his family contributes no little to the popular confidence in him.

And then he is a worker—no one of us, they tell you, works harder than Mussolini. Apparently he does nothing but work, wearing out shifts of attendants at the Palace Chigi, the official headquarters. Eighteen hours of every twenty-four are usually spent in public labors; he sleeps but three or four hours; his exercise at present is horseback riding in the morning, though he sometimes fences and is, I am told, a rather brilliant fencer. He also frequently drives his own motor car—madly, recklessly. His chief relaxations are reading and music. He is a rapid, omnivorous reader of books, pamphlets, newspapers—not only Italian but French, English, German. Although the bulk of these are political, social, economic, he enjoys both fiction and poetry. He is like all Italians in his passion for music, and plays the violin fairly well. When things are trying, problems knotty, he can be heard at night playing quietly to himself.

The strain that Mussolini gives his physical and mental powers is a constant source of anxiety to his intimates. They fear that he must break down under it. But of one thing they may be sure; if Mussolini discovers that this strenuous life is telling on his faculties, impairing his energy and will, he will quickly enough apply to himself the discipline he preaches in all matters. Indeed, already he has done that in the matter of diet. Before his illness in the opening months of 1925, he is said to have been a hearty, careless

eater. He is abstemious now everywhere excepting possibly at public functions. He told me he was "dry," but added, "I would not have Italy dry—working people need a little wine or beer at the end of the day. It renews their social sense."

The boldness of Mussolini—his courage in every situation—has quite as much to do with the hold he has on the Italians as their belief that what he is doing in their behalf is disinterested. If there is anything they love it is a man who is not afraid—and there is no doubt of the Duce's courage; physical, intellectual, and spiritual. His physical bravery runs often into foolhardiness. It always did. As a boy, as a youth, as a soldier, he courted danger; he does it now. He "lives dangerously," as he says; accordingly he must never fear perils, must familiarize himself with them; above all, never let them disturb his labors. He, of course, knows better than any one else, except possibly those close to him, the risks that he constantly runs, yet he refuses to change his routine of life. During the summer of 1926 he lived on a big estate on the confines of Rome. The place, of course, was fully guarded; but every morning he drove out at an hour which varied little, and though his route might be changed slightly, there are not over-many roads to the Palace Chigi where he works, and there is only one entrance. He is impatient of the safeguards the police advise, refuses large escorts, submits with irritation to the service of secret detectives. He wants the people to know that he trusts them, as he wants them to trust him. But it is not from the normal people of Italy that the danger comes. To-day, socialists, liberals, opponents of all sorts except the extremists, would deplore his taking off. "God has spared us a civil war," I heard an outspoken socialist in the North say when the news came of Mussolini's escape last September from the bomb of a would-be murderer. It is not the normal that seek his life, it is the abnormal, the embittered, and what police, what detective service can tell who they are? Mussolini's aplomb at the tragic moments of such attempts has deeply moved the Italian people, and also greatly inflated their pride. He is their kind of man! He always refuses to allow an attack on his life to interfere in any way with his regular schedule. After the bomb in September, he came directly to his office. An English official had an appointment with him there. He knew nothing of what had happened, Mussolini did not inform him but went straight to the matter in hand; and when after a little time the cheers and calls from the outside became so insistent as to arouse the visitor's curiosity, he explained, ending: "They will not get me, there is a prophecy that I shall die quietly." All this endears him to the people. They believe him divinely protected—a man of destiny.

He has political as well as physical courage; he is not afraid of the masses and they know it. In his efforts to reconstruct Italy he never hesitates to remind the people of the sacrifices they must make if they are to have a strong country. They are accustomed to politicians who promise them relief from burdens; this man calls on them for heavy, continuous sacrifice. That is, he tells them the truth about his policies, insists that his heads of departments do the same. For instance, when the government announced its plan for deflating the country's money, it warned the people clearly that unemployment and acute stringency might follow, but that this was necessary in the struggle to make their "sick life"—as Mussolini calls it—well. There are the same frank explanations, the same bold warnings whenever the government undertakes anything which will bear hard on the people. The result is a minimum of rebellion, a maximum of cooperation. They understand why the demands are made, and they are fascinated by the courage of the man who tells them the truth about what may come for a time in the effort to make things better in the future.

He is not afraid to [Turn to page 93]



Quick, Easy Way to Become an Artist

SCORES are now learning to draw who never dreamed they could. Wonderful quick method makes it easy for **any one** to learn Illustrating, Commercial Designing and Cartooning at home in spare time.

Earn big money as an artist. Good artists are in tremendous demand by Magazines, Advertisers, Newspapers, Department Stores, etc. Salaries from \$50 to over \$300 a week are gladly paid them! And now you can easily enter this fascinating big paying field.

No Talent Needed

The simplicity of this method is astonishing. You will be amazed at your rapid progress. From simple straight lines and curves, you soon learn to make drawings that sell. It's just like a game—learning to draw at home this way. All your work receives through the mail the individual criticism of successful commercial art instructors. It's fun learning—and almost before you realize it, you are able to make real professional drawings.

Coupon Brings Free Book

A new handsomely illustrated book has just been printed, which gives all the most up-to-date information on the scores of wonderful opportunities in Commercial Art and shows how this startling easy method enables you to enter this field. It tells about our students—their successes—what they say—actual reproductions of their work—how they made big money—even while studying. This attractive book will be sent without cost or obligation. Send for it. Mail coupon now, **Washington School of Art, Room 1032-E, 1115-15th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.**

Please send me without cost or obligation your new book "Quick, Easy Way to Become an Artist," and details of your Attractive Offer.

Name (Mrs., Miss or Mr.)
Address
City State

Hemstitching

is enormous everywhere; now with this marvelous new improved attachment (its any sewing machine) you can do as nice work at shop machines. Perfect hemstitching effect—no puckering. Easy to handle any size thread; absolutely guaranteed; do your own work; or start a fine business of your own.

Send No Money Simply send name and pay postman only \$1.19 plus postage on delivery. If not delighted, your money returned.

E. J. REEFER, Dept. 1411 9th & Spruce Sts., Philadelphia

Maternity

MATERNITY apparel with no maternity look. Dresses, coats, corsets, underwear. Clever designing provides ample expansion and conceals condition. Also, apparel for baby. Style Book sent FREE.

Lane Bryant, Address Dept. 91 375 St. at Fifth Ave., New York

IRON GLUE

Quick to stick—mends celluloid toys, furniture, leather goods, bric-a-brac, etc. 10c and 15c sizes. Sold by 10c stores, Hardware, Drug and Grocery Stores or 15c size by mail. In tubes and in bottles. McCormick & Co., Baltimore, Md.

TO MEND CELLULOID

Woman of Pleasing Personality to travel and appoint representatives. Experience not required. Opportunity to earn \$50.00 weekly or more. Permanent.

Manager, 565 Winston Bldg., Philadelphia

THE GREATEST STORY IN THE WORLD TODAY

[Continued from page 92]

he truthful with them, nor is he afraid to discipline his Fascist followers. The last violent outbreak occurred in September of 1925, in Florence. From the beginning the Fascist Government in Florence was more or less violent and more or less vengeful. It was the kind of group that could be depended upon to go off in riot at the scratch of a match, and the match was scratched in September of 1925, when one of their leaders called upon a prominent anti-Fascist citizen, and probably tried to force from him confessions of intrigue with French Masons. High words were passed and the visitor finally struck his host. The insult was revenged by a relative who shot the Fascist dead. In no time the news had reached the street and a mob had collected. There were four victims, three of them socialists, in the two hours the riot lasted. There were many shops looted, some of them shops of Fascists, showing that there was something of pure ruffianism in the outbreak. Mussolini was furious when the news of the affair reached him. He immediately sent to Florence one of his most competent and relentless leaders, Italo Balbo, a member of the first Big Four of the party. The entire Fascist Government was removed. A *préfet* was selected from outside the provinces, other officers of admitted honesty and ability were appointed. Over one hundred identified as having been in the mob were arrested, and their trials have been going on ever since. An interesting factor in the house-cleaning was putting an end to the graft in which many of the party had been indulging; cars, for instance, seem to have been one of the perquisites which any Fascist official, little or big, felt authorized to accept for personal use. This pernicious habit which was not peculiar to Florence, has been ordered stopped everywhere.

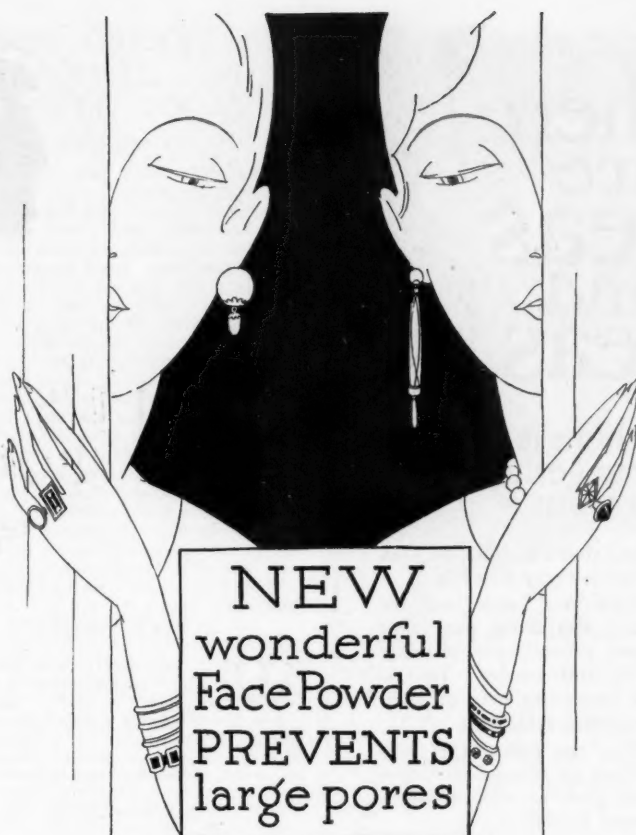
Since the last attack on his life, Mussolini has been much maligned by foreigners for his harsh criticism of the protection France gives to Italian exiles, among whom are supposed to be several anarchists like the man Lucretti. It may be that Mussolini knew the need of diverting the attention of the outraged masses. They would not riot at home if they could shake their fists at France! But certainly the Italian Government, in the case of the recent attempt to assassinate Mussolini, has not shown anything like the anger that the French Government showed in 1858, when Orsini, the Italian, attempted the assassination of Napoleon III. At that time the French Prime Minister sent violent notes of complaint to England, Belgium, Switzerland, as well as to Piedmont, which was then the leading Italian State, berating them for harboring assassins and for allowing the publication of newspapers which excited or glorified them. Compared with the demands then made, the recent criticisms of France by the Italians have been mild.

In time, power such as Mussolini exercises usually goes to a man's head, disinterested and courageous as he may be at the start; but so far the Italian people believe he has escaped this pitfall. He remains the simplest of men—also he has become the most correct in appearance, address, habits of life. He has always been (except in certain radical flurries, when, according to some of his old associates, he left off his collar and put on a fur cap) immaculate in dress. He is always correctly clad now, and entirely unconscious of his clothes. From the beginning of his power he seems not to have been troubled in the least by the presence of the great, of kings and queens. "What would this barbarian do at a queen's table?" people asked, when at the beginning of his government in Rome it was necessary for him to be invited. The reports of those who have seen him are that he shows in royal presence the deference of good taste without any impairment of personal dignity. The late Queen Marguerite, who entertained him, is said to have remarked in commenting on his surprising ease and dignity of manner, "He is not only a great, but a handsome man," and this is the comment of many women who have met Mussolini socially.

When the strain of affairs is off and he is with friends or visitors, he is genial and smiling. The people who work with him, if awed by his amazing power, are fascinated by his personality, full of surprises, and his vitality, which apparently never weakens. They say he is never malicious, though he may fly into a rage. Those who go to him with notions formed on his public exhibits are sure to have them upset. A hostile Italian editor, after the first interview, said of Mussolini that at his desk he is "calm, correct, almost naive"—a different man from the one on the platform—"powerful, rude, blustering." Giulio Barella, the brilliant young managing director of Mussolini's paper, "The People of Rome," finds him now, as when he first met him some time before his break with the socialist party, "good, honest, a fighter, with no more care for his life than for his thin pocket book. His one passion the laboring masses. Of surprising simplicity; as weak before the pain of others as he is strong in his will to conquer!" An ingratiating trait of Mussolini's is his interest in the affair of the moment, no matter how trivial it may be. "He is like a child," another of his associates told me, "He is curious, wants to know about everything." Those who have been called into conference on some matter of which he knew nothing, but on which he felt it necessary to inform himself, say he will sit for an hour asking all sorts of questions, insisting on precise explanations, delighting in every new point, quick as a flash to seize the essential. This intentness of interest is shown in public gatherings. Whatever he is doing, he gives his whole mind to it. If he is pinning on a badge, he forgets everything in his effort to fix it firmly and at the proper point; when he is reviewing troops, one gets an idea that he sees all the faces; when he is reviewing the bands of children who pass before him, his face is a study in gentleness. At exhibits, particularly at the annual wheat exhibits, his knowledge and enthusiasm are a tremendous pride and stimulus to the growers. Last August there was a grain exhibit in Rome by the farmers of the surrounding country. There was a splendid showing. Mussolini understood well the labor and intelligence it had taken to increase the size and weight of the wheat grains in the four years since his "Wheat Battle" began; he exulted over it, shook hands with the growers, congratulated them; and when the chairman made his speech, listened interestedly, exactly as Theodore Roosevelt did, on the edge of his chair, bursting with enthusiasm. On the group of hard working agriculturists there was no doubt about the effect of this honest joy of Mussolini's over their achievement. The entire lack of pomposity, of superiority over them, stimulated their pride. He made them feel he was one with them in the Wheat Battle. It is the same in other offences of the economic war. He appears on the battle line, counsels, exults over gains, encourages in losses.

Mussolini's powerful and unusual personality, his bold common sense policies, account for what one sees in Italy today—a people united as it never has been before. I spent four months of last year going up and down the country—in town and country, looking into all sorts of activities, talking with all sorts of people, and when I assembled my recollections of things seen and heard, I have a picture of a people going about their business with steadiness and reliability, a people getting what we call an "all round life." That is, one in which the needs they feel are satisfied. It is hard to realize that six years ago these same people were in disorder and revolt. How can it be, one asks, that in so brief a time a people should drop its clubs and pick up its tools? There is only one answer. They found their Moses! They knew him when he came, for he was from among them, their kind of a man. He knew their life and that which they needed.

But let Mussolini—for their Moses is Benito Mussolini—disappoint their faith, and there will be revolt again in Italy. One has only to look at them at their machines, in their [Turn to page 95]



NEW
wonderful
Face Powder
PREVENTS
large pores

An entirely new French Process Powder is this wonderful creation called Mello-glo. Once you use Mello-glo you will realize how different it is from old-time face powders. Notice how Mello-glo is so little affected by perspiration—how long it stays on—how it keeps that ugly shine away. Its thin, downy, film of pure fine powder protects the pores from dirt and impurities. Beauty fades only when the pores become clogged and enlarged. Do not neglect this most vital feature of your good looks. The most important thing is the kind of face powder you use.

Don't let your pores get large
Try this wonderful Mello-glo Powder today. Sold by high-class stores everywhere.
If your local dealer is out of Mello-glo ask him to get it, or use the coupon below



In the original Gold Box

Mello-glo

THE NEW
FACE POWDER

Send 10 cents for sample of Mello-glo powder, with booklet on the new French Beauty Treatment, or \$1.00 for a large box of Mello-glo Facial-tone Powder, including beauty instruction book. **MELLO-GLO COMPANY**
201 Devonshire St. Boston, Mass. (Dept. F)

Name _____
Address _____

Please write here name of your favorite store:

New Way to Make Money at Home

NO SPECIAL ABILITY REQUIRED

Men and women all over the country are turning spare hours into dollars by decorating giftware at home. They have found the way to success in this fascinating work through Fireside Industries, a national home guild organization which gives members a wonderfully simple course of instruction by mail. Complete outfit given to each member without extra charge.

Send at once for FREE BOOK that explains all about the work, cooperative benefits and Guarantee of Satisfaction. Enclose 2-cent stamp for postage.

FREE BOOK TELLS HOW

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES

Member National Home Study Council
Dept. 10-15 ADRIAN, MICH.

There are peas and peas

—but here is the sure way to get the quality you want —

And that's to insist on DEL MONTE—every time!

Then you know you are getting the finest peas that Nature grows—picked while young and tender—packed with unceasing care to keep them sweet and fresh.

Why not follow this easy road to goodness and flavor—on peas as well as other canned foods?

It's so easy! And such a sure way to get the quality you want!



McCALL'S HOMEMAKING BOOKLETS



ENTERTAINMENT

WHAT TO SERVE AT PARTIES. Recipes prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen. A Valentine Luncheon; a special Lincoln's Birthday Dinner; a novel dinner for Washington's Birthday—these are included among the many suggestions for party refreshments. **PARTIES ALL THE YEAR.** By Claudia M. Fitzgerald. Entertainments for every month in the year. Two Valentine Parties. A "Thirteen Party" for Washington's Birthday. A Lincoln Luncheon. And numerous other unusual entertainments. **THE NEW HOSPITALITY.** By Lillian Purdy Goldsborough. Correct table service for formal and informal breakfasts, lunches, dinners, and every party occasion. **SIX PARTIES FOR ENTERTAINING THE WOMAN'S CLUB** (a leaflet, two cents only). Original ideas for clubs and other social gatherings.

HOME DECORATION

THE HOUSE OF GOOD TASTE. By Ruby Ross Wood. Designs of artistic rooms by famous interior decorators, and many suggestions for the beauty-loving homemaker. **DECORATING YOUR HOME.** By Dorothy Ethel Walsh. How to arrange your furniture, choose the color-schemes of your rooms. And other details of home decoration.

COOKERY

MASTER-RECIPES. Recipes prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen. Foundation recipes for biscuits, scalloped dishes, souffles, and other delicacies. **TIME-SAVING COOKERY.** Recipes prepared in McCall's Laboratory-Kitchen. Easily prepared meals and refreshments, when your time is limited or when company drops in unexpectedly. **SOME REASONS WHY IN COOKERY.** By May B. Van Arsdale, Day Monroe and Mary I. Barber. Practical recipes, based on scientific principles, which will make your cookery a fine art instead of a "happening."

HOUSE-KEEPING

THE FAMILY BUDGET. By Isabel Ely Lord. A simple method of budgeting your household and personal expenses—so much for food, for rent, for amusement—in order that your income may be wisely spent and saved. **THE MODERN HOME.** By Lillian Purdy Goldsborough. Up-to-date devices for making housework easier.



ETIQUETTE

A BOOK OF MANNERS. By Margaret Emerson Bailey. Rules for present-day social life. A special section on the etiquette of weddings—what the bride and her attendants should wear, the duties of the attendants, the question of presents, and other information.

HOME AND GARDEN

THE SMALL HOUSE. Compiled by Marcia Mead, McCall's Architectural Adviser. Designs of moderately priced and attractive houses, by well-known architects. The plans cost only \$15—a special price to McCall readers. **DOWN THE GARDEN PATH.** By Dorothy Giles. Directions for flower and vegetable gardening—how to plan and plant your garden, and all the other fine points which lead to success.

CHILD CARE

THE FRIENDLY BABY. By Helen Johnson Keyes; approved by Charles Gilmore Kerley, M.D. Advice to the young mother, who wishes medical assistance in the care of her babies and small children. **THE FRIENDLY MOTHER.** By Helen Johnson Keyes; approved by Franklin A. Dorman, M.D. Advice to the mother-to-be. Designs for a complete layette are also pictured.

HEALTH

EXERCISES FOR ONE AND ALL (a leaflet, two cents only). Exercises for reducing and for developing the figure. **MENUS FOR WINTER AND SUMMER** (a leaflet, two cents only). By Dr. E. V. McCollum and Dr. Nina Simmonds. Dietary rules for healthful daily menus. **MENUS FOR TWO WEEKS** (a leaflet, two cents only). More menus and nutrition suggestions by Dr. McCollum and Dr. Simmonds—the well-known nutrition experts. **INTERNAL BATHING** (a leaflet, two cents only). By E. V. McCollum, M.D. Dr. McCollum's salt solution treatment for chronic intestinal troubles.

CULTURE

McCall's Book List (two cents). Designed for lovers of worthwhile literature, and compiled by an authority on good books in good bindings. The list includes classics, as well as current fiction.

BEAUTY

A HANDBOOK OF BEAUTY FOR EVERY WOMAN. Constructive advice on achieving personal loveliness, and good health.

Each booklet is ten cents; or any twelve for one dollar. Each leaflet is two cents. Enclose money or stamps, and address: The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

WOMEN WANTED to Teach Dancing AT HOME

\$600 a Month!

No previous experience needed. You can quickly qualify to teach classical dancing by the famous Vestoff method. More than 400 men and women are earning handsome incomes this easy, pleasant way. Beryl Sweeney makes \$600.00 a month in her home town of Utica, N. Y. The Todd sisters of Omaha, Nebraska, earn \$400.00 a month. Noella Smith earns \$10.00 an hour.

You, too, can quickly learn stage and classical dancing from Vestoff's wonderful Home Instruction Course. New Motion Picture Method gives you technique of famous dancing stars. Earn while learning.

Want a Career on the Stage, in the Movies?

Vestoff training has started many well known dancers to fame and fortune. In just your spare time at home you can quickly master Ballet, Classical, Eccentric, Greek, Interpretive, Oriental and Toe Dancing.

Write for Free Book

Tells how you can prepare for the stage, the movies or for teaching—how new motion picture method trains you at home under personal direction of Veronice Vestoff, world's foremost ballet master. Send name and address today for this beautiful illustrated booklet, FREE.

V. VESTOFF ACADEMIE DE DANSE
Dept. 202, 100 W. 72nd St., New York, N. Y.

About Babies



Both of these books are FREE

Our catalog illustrating and describing everything in infants' and children's wearing apparel sent FREE for the asking. This catalog explains how you may obtain, without one penny of cost to you, a copy of Dr. Lowry's celebrated cloth-bound book on the "Care and Feeding of Infants."

Our catalog contains the most complete lines of infants' and children's wear ever published, and in addition illustrates and describes the most approved lines of Maternity Corsets, Loose Fitting Coats, Kimonos, Dressing Gowns, Dainty Lingerie, together with the newest Broadway and Fifth Avenue styles in dresses, suits, coats, waists, skirts, etc.

We guarantee absolute satisfaction on everything we send or money refunded. Do not fail to write today for a copy of our handsome catalog, mailed FREE upon application.

Ask for Catalog 128 M **BELLASHESS & CO** Ask for Catalog 128 M
WASHINGTON, MORTON & BARROW STS.
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

GLOVER'S IMPERIAL MANGE MEDICINE

For More Than 50 Years the Same

Quality—Formula—Virtue
Never Has Been Changed

Be fair with yourself. KNOW the facts and face them fairly. Write for Free booklet, "How to Have Beautiful Hair and a Healthy Scalp."

H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.
Dept. D66 119 Fifth Ave., N.Y.

Agents: \$2 an Hour

I want men and women to act as agents for ZANOL Pure Food Products, Toilet Preparations, Flavors, Soaps, Perfumes. Over 350 fast sellers. Orders in every home. Dignified, pleasant work. No experience or capital required.

\$40 in 24 Hours

That's Collander's record. Myron made \$13 his first afternoon. Pearl made \$750 in one month. I will take all of your time or only spare time if you prefer. Your profits will start immediately. Write now for details of this wonderful proposition.

7032 American Bldg., CINCINNATI, O.

WANT WORK AT HOME?

Earn \$18 to \$60 a week RETOUCHING photos, Men or Women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, guarantee employment, and furnish WORKING OUT-FIT FREE. Limited offer. Write today.
ARTCRAFT STUDIOS, West. Bk. 3800 Sheridan Rd., Chicago

THIS IS NO. 1 OF A SERIES

The Graceful Art of Pleasing

WHAT woman would deny the sheer pleasantness of pleasing? Or disclaim a feeling of warm content at knowing she is welcomed and admired! There is an art in pleasing—

Rather, there are many arts in pleasing. One woman pleases by her beauty, another by her poise. Others by youth, originality, refinement, charm.

In this graceful art of pleasing clothes play their part. *Youth* in itself, is attractive and clothes can prolong both the feeling and the appearance of youth. *Beauty* may be enhanced or obscured by clothes. *Charm* and *originality* are not made by garments, but the woman who possesses them will inevitably express them in her clothes. *Poise* is often due to clothes. *Refinement* always shows in them.

Clothes, being the important things they are, deserve even more thought than they are given. They should be chosen not only for their effects in line and color, but for their effect in pleasing.

What better way to give them their due than by planning them carefully, so that each garment is perfect and matching garments harmonize? The simplest means to this end is to choose one's wardrobe with the help of the McCall Quarterly, turning at leisure its colorful pages, passing in review not one or two but all of the season's styles. Then, perhaps, a discussion of various models with one's husband, dressmaker, best friend or with all three. Finally, an unhurried singling out of those most desirable frocks of all the brilliant Paris showing.



SPRING ISSUE

McCALL QUARTERLY

Now on Sale—McCall Pattern Departments
and All Newsstands

THE GREATEST STORY IN THE WORLD TODAY

[Continued from page 93]

factories, at their little tables on the sidewalks, in the markets, in the fields, to know that they are as capable of revolt as ever. They have had two thousand years' experience in upsetting governments of every conceivable variety in their efforts to find one that will give them the protection they seek. Mussolini is having his chance. He will have a fair chance, for they believe in him and want him to succeed; but if he tries them over much, he too will go. They are not in step because of force—though there is force ready to act all around them and they know it—they are in step because they are getting what they want, a leader who protects their lives. And Mussolini has done something more than give them protection in their normal way of living; he has succeeded in giving their simple life an importance to the nation which they never before have felt. He has told them that they are real soldiers of Italy, the ones in whom her future in the world chiefly depends.

I have already set down in these articles that my first impression on coming to Italy was of war—economic war—and that my first idea that Mussolini was a man of unusual power and understanding came when I discovered how he had dramatized for all sorts of people the need of this war, had put into their mouths the reasons for it, showed them the campaigns that must be carried on, assigned to each his part. Everything that I have seen since has strengthened this feeling. When I talk to my chauffeur, my hairdresser, my chambermaid, the workmen I meet in the street, the farmer who is harvesting his wheat or gathering his grapes or bringing his wine to town, I get from each his version of the economic war and what he must do to help win it. It is with peoples as it is with men and women; let them see how to get what they consider worth while and they will, willingly if they are right-minded (and the mass is right-minded), labor and sacrifice. These Italian men and women who are carrying on so steadily today are enduring many burdens beside hard labor. They are taxed to the limit of capacity to pay; the cost of living has outstripped their wages; bread was never so dear in Italy, save perhaps in times of war, as it has been in 1926. In addition to this, they have been compelled by the government to give up, for the moment at least, the local elections and all controversial or critical newspapers. We Americans understand taxes and the high cost of living and know how men can endure them, but we do not understand how men can live without elections and a free press.

I have asked many serious Italians how they felt about these suppressions, and with variations they have told me about the same thing: "Of course it is a sacrifice and possibly a danger, but we are persuaded that it is a necessary sacrifice. Mussolini believes it is possible for us to work out a new kind of state—the Corporate State—it is worth trying, but we must have quiet if we are to succeed; the elections and the 'free press' disturb us in our undertakings, therefore they are suspended until we find that they are needed." "In a rich country like yours, Madam," another Fascist told me, "you can afford the parliamentary and 'free press' vices. We are too poor in Italy to pay for such amusement. It was sending us to the poorhouse; Fascism has determined to end it."

"Then is there no opposition?" the observer asks himself constantly. There is, but you must look for it with a lantern. Here and there an anti-Fascist will talk to you, when you have given him reason to believe that he can depend upon your pledge not to identify him if you quote him. Often they talk freely, but it is interesting how they qualify their confidences. That is, there is no doubt that practically all those who still call themselves anti-Fascists have had their views substantially modified by what has happened to Italy in Mussolini's four years of leadership. To the unregenerated socialist the man is of course an out-and-out renegade. But they get little consolation from many of their [Turn to page 96]



RUTH JEAN STEVENS,
8 years old, daughter of
Mr. & Mrs. A. E. Stevens
2126 Richland Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio

Eight years ago THIS MILK Saved her life

When Ruth Jean Stevens was born—an 8 months baby—she weighed only 3½ pounds. Her mother, ill with influenza, could not nurse the little girl.

"We tried all kinds of formulas," writes Mrs. Stevens, "but none agreed with her till we got Eagle Brand. From the first feeding Ruth was satisfied and could keep it down. It seemed like a godsend to us, as we feared we'd surely lose her."

The fine health Ruth enjoys today dates back to her early start on Eagle Brand. This whole cow's milk modified with sugar takes the place of breast milk most successfully. Exceptionally digestible, rich in essential food elements and vitamins, absolutely pure and uniform.

Start your baby on this famous food. You'll find practical feeding information and stimulating stories about Eagle Brand babies in *Baby's Welfare* and *What Other Mothers Say*. Send for free copies.

Borden's EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK




THE BORDEN COMPANY, 120 Borden Bldg.,
350 Madison Ave., New York City

Please send me free copies of *Baby's Welfare* and *What Other Mothers Say*.

Name _____

Address _____



**Will you give me
10 minutes
to restore natural shade
to GRAY HAIR?**

[Please accept free test that proves its safety]

DON'T believe your hair is hopelessly gray until you have made this amazing test . . . have tried science's latest way to regain natural color. Broadway's stars say it's amazing. 10,000,000 women have proved its safety.

A colorless liquid called Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer does it. You simply comb it through the hair. Natural shade quickly replaces gray. Faded streaks quickly disappear. If hair is auburn, it reverts to auburn. If black, black it will be.

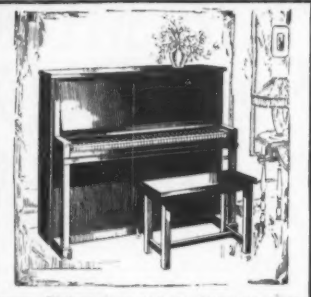
No messy crude dyes everyone can see so easily. No danger of robbing hair of its life. Nothing to wash or rub off. Just a clean, colorless liquid that gives back color and lustre.

It takes only a few minutes. It costs only a few cents for complete restoration. If you wish to test first, write address below for free outfit. If you get full-size bottle from druggist, money will be returned if not amazed and delighted.

Test Free

Mary T. Goldman 1301 B Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black...dark brown...medium brown...auburn (dark red)...light brown...light auburn (light red)...blonde....

Name
Street
City
Please print your name and address.



Picture shows style 15—Price \$845

WING & SON, (Founded 1868)

The Famous Wing \$245

FREE TRIAL TILL MAY

THE OLD HOUSE OF WING & SON, founded 1868, wishes you to try one of its rare instruments in your home FREE till May 1, 1927. Hear its rich inspiring tone. 40 year guarantee. Sent direct to you—freight paid by us. Our direct-from-factory prices will save you \$150 to \$300; if not satisfied return at our expense. Pianos, player-pianos and grands. Easy terms arranged.

The Book of Complete Information about Pianos FREE

Sent FREE with catalog of 38 styles, factory prices, and free trial offer. Write today!

Dept. 20-52
13th Street & 9th Avenue New York

Alabastine

FOR ARTISTIC INTERIORS

Millions now use Alabastine instead of kalsomine or wallpaper. 20 colors and white give you any tint or shade desired for any surface—plaster, wallboard, brick, cement. Non-fading, sanitary, economical, durable—doesn't rub off; yet it washes off quickly when required.

Send 10c for "Artistic Home Decoration," a book by our Home Betterment Expert, Miss Ruby Brandon. Shows beautiful Alabastine interiors in colors. Let this book help you with your decorating problems. **Alabastine Company, 750 Grandville Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.**

\$5

For You

Would you like an extra \$5.00—or more? McCall's will be glad to give you this extra money in return for a little of your spare time in looking after new and renewal subscriptions in your locality.

No experience nor investment is necessary. Just fill out and mail the convenient coupon below.

Mail This Coupon at Once

Dept. 2S, McCall's Magazine,
250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.

I am interested in your offer of \$5.00 extra. Please write me about it.

Name

Local Address

City and State

THE GREATEST STORY IN THE WORLD TODAY

[Continued from page 95]

own. "He is the greatest man you ever had," Trotsky is reported to have said when a visiting body of Italians went to him for consolation. "You made a primary mistake when you refused to take him back after the war." It is amazing to see how some of the former most violently socialistic centers have changed. Even the little republic of San Marino which rises out of these eastern plains is almost violently Fascist. This apparently explains their enthusiasm when in August of 1926 Mussolini made it the first visit of his life, a curious fact since he was born not over 30 miles away.

It is his habit to make sudden dashes out of Rome to Forlì to see his family. It was on one of these quick visits that he was seized with the desire to see San Marino. So with Donna Rachele, as the Italians call Mme. Mussolini, and his three children, they dropped unannounced into the square of the little republic, possibly with the hope of not being recognized. A vain hope, for the first guide who came running to offer his services stopped short and saluted—"Mussolini!" "Say nothing about it," Mussolini said, "we have come as sight-seers, we do not want to be recognized." But that of course was out of the question. In ten minutes the whole capital knew that the head of the Italian Government was on their territory. There was wild telephoning to officials; the few great in San Marino began to prepare refreshments; women made up bunches of flowers, children came bearing them. They surrounded him, followed him as he went from place to place and there was nothing in the town or on the crags that he did not see. Never had the little town had such an exciting day! They still tell you about it: "Mussolini was there, he said so-and-so; here he said so," and they are still selling the illustrated four-page paper that they got out immediately in honor of his visit. One of the interesting comments that is sure to be repeated is that of an old woman, who exclaimed, "They told me he looked like the devil, and behold, he looks like the Redeemer!"

The most important opposition I have found in Italy is that of intelligent liberals. They found it difficult, for many reasons, to unite with the Fascist; and after the Matteotti affair in the spring of 1924, not a few who had faithfully cooperated, withdrew. "I have withdrawn entirely," one man told me, "although I made an honest effort to work with the Fascist. No reasonable man will deny that Mussolini has done extraordinary things for Italy. I know sections in which five years ago no man's life was safe and today no man's life is in danger. But I cannot endure the Fascist manners and preposterous claims. You would suppose that before their coming no one had ever done anything for Italy. It is as if they thought they had invented even surgery and medicine. Moreover, their way of conducting government is not orderly, it has no dignity; I cannot consent. It is dangerous, too. Mussolini is a man of extraordinary energy and magnetism, but no one can be sure what will happen when he goes."

An able professional man of long experience with men and things, and a man who knows Mussolini well, analyzed for me the situation as he saw it. "I have been with him under the most trying circumstances," he said. "He is a remarkable man, a very great human being, perfectly simple, natural, sincere, never a humbug; but I am not a Fascist, and for what I believe to be sound reasons! First, the idolatry that the Italians have for him is dangerous. Italians love a great man, and when they have one they expect him to do everything for them, they no longer attempt to do anything for themselves; they leave it all to him, and they will support him to the death. I have young sons who are fanatics in their devotion to Mussolini; they will die for him tomorrow. Now, they expect too much from him, and when he falls as he may at any time, there is great danger of reaction. People who love so fanatically are bitter in their revolts. Then we can no longer discuss public questions; it is not because the government forbids, it is because the fanaticism of his followers is such that

they will not listen. My boys brook no criticism, no question. Also, there is grave danger from his alliance with the Catholics. The Church is always watching for opportunities to increase its temporal power. Since the war it has been diligently strengthening itself in every country in Europe. Mussolini is in danger from the Church; the Church is subtle, he is not; he is frank, natural, direct and able, make no mistake about that; a great and remarkable man, but he is not an intriguer, the Church is."

So far as I was able to discover, there is no serious attention given by the Fascist Government to the criticisms of the liberal class. Their chief anxiety is lest their chief be killed, or kill himself by overwork. There is a feeling, at least among the few, that then the whole structure might go to pieces. They do not see the Corporate State sufficiently welded to stand the strain of Mussolini's removal as directing head.

The anxiety of the people after the attempt last spring on Mussolini's life led him to tell them that they need have no fear, that everything had been provided for in case of his death. There has been much curiosity about what he meant. What would happen in case of Mussolini's death? Probably the king would declare what is called in Italy a "state of siege." That is, he would put the country under martial law. He would then appoint a premier who undoubtedly would be a Fascist, one of a half dozen strong men whose names have been mentioned as a possible successor. It is not impossible that Mussolini himself has made known his choice of a successor. The new premier would name a cabinet, probably choosing his ministers from among the Fascists, though he might be inclined, as Mussolini has always been, to bring in strong men from other parties. This government would operate according to constitutional procedure. The parliament would continue its work, so would the senate. These bodies are, to be sure, overwhelmingly Fascist; and for some time they probably would continue to be. To back this government there would be the same powerful machinery that is backing Mussolini; the national militia, which is the old Fascist army created in the revolution between 1919 and 1922, and the municipalities which are almost universally Fascist at the present moment. The whole governmental structure which has been manipulated to withstand assault would undoubtedly hold together for a time. Whether it would endure permanently, continue the development of the Corporate State and hold fast to the gospel of discipline and labor, would depend on the strength of the new premier, also on the strength and ability of the leader of the opposition.

The greatest danger in the case of Mussolini's assassination would be from the fanatical element among the Fascists. At certain points there probably would be a revival of suspicion and violence, and the government would have to be strong to deal with the outbreaks. However, as we have already seen, the Duce does not think that he will be taken off. He believes that he will be allowed to finish the work that he has begun. If this turns out to be so, Italy is safe as long as Mussolini remains the man he now is. But will he remain the man he is? The seeds of a man's downfall are in himself.

Yet he never loses an opportunity to emphasize the necessity of these qualities, and his personal life is a daily exhibit of them. These preachings of his not only touch the common sense of mature Italians, but they stir idealistic youth to self-training in control, in sacrifice, in cooperation. If Mussolini should pass now from the scene, he would leave a call, not only to Italy, but to the world, which would be remembered. In coming years, the world over, when politicians and congressmen sit impotent, unwillingly to act lest some selfish party interest be endangered, when the press is a mere chorus of mischievous half-truths, of venomous accusations, of irresponsible counsels, there will be those who will not fail to cry: "Remember Mussolini!"

[THE END]



Try These 3-in-One Household Helps

But first be sure you get the original 3-in-One with the famous Big Red "One" on the label.

To make a perfect Polish Mop for hardwood and painted floors, linoleum and oilcloth, cut the strands of a common kitchen mop to eight-inch length, pour on a tablespoon of 3-in-One. Let stand until oil permeates mop.

Any soft cloth moistened with 3-in-One makes as fine a Dustless Dust Cloth as money can buy.

A cloth wrung from cold water and sprinkled with 3-in-One brightens up fine furniture. Polish with dry cloth.

Oil motor of vacuum cleaner, sewing machine, washing machine, etc., liberally and regularly with 3-in-One. It oils perfectly everything in the house that needs oiling.

Sold everywhere in 1-oz., 3-oz. and 1/2-pint bottles. The latter is most economical for household use. Also 3-oz. Handy Oil Cans for lubricating.

FREE: Liberal sample and illustrated Folder, "79 Uses In Your Home!" Write for both on a postal.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 L.E. William St. New York, N. Y.

33 Years of Continuous Service

NR344

3-in-One

Prevents Rust - OILS - Cleans & Polishes

NEEDLEWORKERS Earn Money

at Home in Your Spare Time

You do the work—we do the selling. It's easy to get started. Just send 15 cents in stamps for Sampler and instructions, so we can see kind of work you do. If work is accepted, we put you on our list of regular workers and send monthly pay check for all work received.

For example, Mrs. B. of Eau Claire, Wis., recently sent us a small sample of her work and we were able to send her immediately \$18 worth of home work. This is an exceptional opportunity to enjoy a nice income from pleasant home work. Send only 15c for the Sampler and instructions today.

Virginia Snow Studios Dept. 253
ELGIN, ILL.

Scientific Facts About Diet

A CONDENSED book on diet entitled "Eating for Health and Efficiency" has been published for free distribution by the Health Extension Bureau of Battle Creek, Mich. Contains set of health rules, many of which may be easily followed right at home or while traveling. You will find in this book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

This book is for those who wish to keep physically fit and maintain normal weight. Not intended as a guide for chronic invalids as all such cases require the care of a competent physician. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
SUITE T-208 GOOD HEALTH BLDG.
BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN

FREE SHOEMAKER'S POULTRY BOOK

Shows and describes 53 varieties of Old Reliable strains of SHOEMAKER Blood Tested Flocks of PURE BRED POULTRY. Backed by 38 years of breeding prize winners. Gives many useful facts about handling, feeding, diseases and remedies. Quotes LOW PRICES on fowls, eggs, CHICKS, Brooder Stoves and supplies. Write for this valuable BOOK—it's FREE.
C. C. SHOEMAKER, Box 51, FREEPORT, ILL.



GOD'S TROUBADOUR

[Continued from page 8]

Cross. This they effected without disputing about useless issues, in absolute unquestioning obedience to the teachings of the New Testament, unhindered by superfluous dogmas and rules.

Yet these marvels of divine grace do not altogether explain St. Francis himself. He was more than a triumphant pleader. He was a triumphant being. His life exceeded his deeds and authorized his words. These words were not intended for the intellectuals of his time. Rightly enough, he deemed them of small consequence provided he could win the Christian allegiance of the alienated and depraved hosts of plain folk. To be frank, he never felt at home with scholars or their pursuits. His delight was with the sons of men, whether high or low, rich or poor, but with a decided preference for the poor. The universal and the everlasting were in him and they made the whole world his meat. He was a first class proof that the heart makes the theologian, and that the best and most effectual preaching is dictated by pure and undefiled love.

What is a saint? According to the well understood definition a saint is "a holy or godly person; one of great moral and religious purity; one who has been sanctified, transformed, illuminated, transferred into a loftier and more divine realm of being, thought and action." The definition is ecclesiastically applied to a believer who has died and been canonized. Any consecrated person or member of the Christian Church is called a saint in the New Testament.

St. Francis fulfilled all these meanings and went beyond them. His dedication to his Saviour overflowed with love and benediction. For him all the virtues were acquired and kept by treading in the footsteps of the Crucified One. To imitate Christ in every principle and particular of conduct was the consuming purpose of this medieval friar. To find Christ was his quest and its climax combined. To it he brought complete conquest of his lower nature. And what he sought for himself he urged upon his fellow laborers. They were as he was, though in a lesser degree. All alike shone in the light that streams from Bethlehem, from Nazareth, from the Judean hills and especially from the Hill called Calvary. They circled around him as their center and he centered in Christ as the sovereign of the whole Fraternity.

I find in St. Francis a courage which no soldier on the battle-field has eclipsed, a cheerfulness which made his fidelity to pain and loss, poverty and hardship, a positive pleasure. Blameless and harmless, a son of God without blemish in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation, he held forth the Word of Life to those that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death. Beneath his ameliorating presence opposition melted like snow in June. A hallowing tenderness suffused the granite temper of the age. For one brief moment it seemed as though "the Kingdom in which dwelleth righteousness" had arrived.

I own that my soul is deeply stirred whenever I study St. Francis. Such a saint and evangelist as he proved himself to be, enduring all things, hoping all things, bearing all burdens, believing everything good of the bad and the desperate, sharing all naked needs, and meeting all risks and perils with a well-coming smile, is nothing less than God's choicest gift to the Church and the world. We could do without any of the gifted of our race sooner than forfeit one single genuine saint. What then can be said of St. Francis as we trace his celestial development from the laughing youth of Assisi to his final hour in the flesh except that he confirms our faith.

It is difficult for those who have not withdrawn from the realms of sense and sin to hear, as he did, the still small voice which testifies of the things of the Spirit. The eye which neither half sees nor half creates cannot perceive the ways of God toward man. The untrained, untamed spirit heated with the ardors of earthly excitement, sated with artificial pleasures, dimmed by the mist of vain desire, giddy from the fumes of voluptuous pursuit, is not fitted to discern the splendid radiance and exultant joy of the soul of St. Francis. We know that [Turn to page 98]

HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD

HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD designers, with more than 100 years of experience to guide them, build carriages that are comfortable and restful for the baby and easily handled by the mother. The prices of these beautiful carriages are surprisingly reasonable.

HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD COMPANY

Boston, Mass.

A Quality Seal on Every Wheel



Telephone Screen

See page 15
LePage's
Gesso-Craft Book



Book-Ends

See page 9 LePage's Gesso-Craft Book



Jewel Case



Lamp Shade

See page 12 LePage's Gesso-Craft Book



Plaque

See page 7
LePage's
Gesso-Craft Book

"Odd, unusual, colorful objects—secret of charming rooms," say Interior Decorators

SOME women just seem to know by instinct, or have learned by clever observation, a principle of decoration which interior decorators, much in vogue at present, use with such fascinating results in making rooms more beautiful. The one thing more than any other that gives an atmosphere of charm and individuality to a room, is the skilful use, here and there, of odd, unusual objects of artistic beauty.

Must one go to expensive art shops for such articles? By no means. A greater value is set today upon articles hand-made at home—different from machine-made things in shops. They are much more the vogue. "I made it myself," is today's happy answer to the guest who admires such an object.

Recipe for making LePage's GESSO
TO MAKE one cup of LePage's Gesso, you need 1 gill can of LePage's Glue, 1 1/4 cups whitening, 3 teaspoons linseed oil and 3 teaspoons varnish. Place whitening in mixing bowl and pour in slowly in this order, LePage's Glue, linseed oil and varnish. Mix until smooth. All ingredients obtainable at nearest hardware store.

But thousands ask us, "Have I the skill to make such articles?" Yes, more skill than you suspect. With LePage's NEW Gesso-Craft Book you are a capable and artistic craftsman. With many illustrations and carefully-written directions it shows you how to make the artistic articles shown above and many more besides. It will make you a more skilful craftsman than you ever dreamed. You have no idea what lovely things you can make—practical and useful as well as attractive. And not only to make your home more beautiful, but for gifts, party favors, bridge prizes, and to sell at church fairs.

LePage's Gesso-Craft is the revival of an old, old art, requiring no expensive materials, or tools. It is a surprise and delight to all who try it.

Send 10 cents for New LePage's Gesso-Craft Book

TRY this new way of making rooms more beautiful—this new way of making gifts at home. Just write your name and address on the coupon below, tear it out and mail today with 10 cents, coin or stamps, and we will at once send you a copy of LePage's new Gesso-Craft Book postage paid. Address LePage's Craft League, Dept. G-4, Gloucester, Mass.

Mail this coupon

LEPAGE'S CRAFT LEAGUE
Dept. G-4, Gloucester, Mass.
Gentlemen: Enclosed you will find 10 cents (coin or stamps) in payment for LePage's Gesso-Craft Book. Please send a copy of this new book to:
Name
Street
City State

LE PAGE'S GLUE

That makes LePage's Gesso-Craft possible



Dissolve two "BAYER TABLETS OF ASPIRIN" in four tablespoonfuls of water and gargle thoroughly.

For
TONSILITIS
and
SORE
THROAT

Swallow some of the solution. Don't rinse the mouth. Repeat gargle every two hours if necessary.

This is an effective gargle proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians.

Safe

Accept only "Bayer" package. Look for the "Bayer Cross."

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.
Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monnaettelachder of Salzeilfeld

Demand PHILLIPS Milk of Magnesia

For over fifty years "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" has been prescribed by physicians as a harmless antacid, laxative, and corrective in conditions attended with acidity of the stomach and intestines, with heartburn, sour eructations, sick headache and flatulence; and in other complaints attended with sour stomach, biliousness and constipation.

Millions have found it ideal, because it is harmless, almost tasteless, mild in operation and never causes nausea, griping or the slightest inconvenience.



"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

THE CHARLES H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON

THE MOUSE LADY

[Continued from page 20]

were twin forget-me-nots which grew in a face of ivory. Her body was clad in white, and glistened as a peeled wand between the hedges. Her hair was mouse-colored, and hung down on either side of her. Her hands were held out before her, half in dread and half in eagerness.

Through dusty lanes she wandered, over hay-meadows and clover-patches; but always she followed the thrush's song. Sometimes it drew near to her; at others it seemed very distant, so that she hastened her steps, fearing it was lost.

In the late afternoon the sky grew overcast and haggard; she felt it to be her own mood reflected. Heavy drops of rain began to patter. She kept her eyes fixed before her and still went on. Toward evening, rounding a bend in the lane, she saw the spurting flame of a camp-fire and heard, hard by, the crunching of a horse turned out to grass.

Beneath a cluster of trees, on the edge of a common, was a two-wheeled cart tilted on end, with a stretch of canvas spread above the shafts to form a rude tent. The fire was kindled in the mouth of the shelter and a man sat before it. He was serviceably dressed, in appearance neither old nor young. He had gray eyes and a cheerful expression, ruddy from exposure; on his head he wore a mole-skin cap. As she caught sight of him the thrush called; its song seemed to come from the tilted cart. Then she saw that his throat was working, and that he had uttered the cry himself.

She made as if she would have gone further, but he called to her and, rising to his feet, came forward, baring his head. His hair, bleached to flaxen in wind and sun, fell all about his face; she clasped her hands to her heart and cried out, startled by his wildness. But, when he spoke, there was kindness in his voice which laid her fears to rest.

"Maidie," he said, "it's raining and you're tired. Come and sit under my cart." He placed her beyond the fire, out of reach of the wet. Seating himself beside her, he watched her gravely. Presently he spoke.

"Of what are you thinking?"
"That the sky is very ancient," she said.

Just then the sun broke through, smiting the clouds with golden rods.

"And now it looks young again," he laughed.

A lark rose singing overhead. They tried to watch its flight; but it turned toward the west and their eyes were baffled by the sunset.

"We can hear the bird," he said, "but we cannot see it because of a greater glory. It's like that with happiness: we hear our gladness and we want to see it; if we see it, we want to hold it; but, if God walks before us, He so dazzles us that we can only hear our gladness; and we, in longing to see it and clasp it to our breast, sometimes mistake it for sorrow."

She did not answer. She was wondering whether it was more joyous to yearn for a thing than to have it—to hear a lark singing or to hold it silent in her breast.

"Where do you come from?" he asked. She pointed across the green distance to where mists drove round the turrets of the sandstone church.

"Ah, from the town! No wonder you're sad: too many people live there. I live in the open. I watch the sun rise and watch him set. I see the moon sail high, and the

stars drift out. I listen to the winds and the growing of the grass and the unborn flowers whispering beneath the sod. I know that everything has its season—gladness and sorrow, summer and winter, youth and old age, life and death; and this I've learned—that nothing has an end. Pleasure and pain follow in a circle, treading close in each other's steps; they're friends. By wandering the open I've been taught to trust in God."

She listened, drawing in her breath; he was answering her unspoken questions and seemed to know her heart. When he had ended, there was silence. Then, forgetting that she was the Mouse-Lady, she whispered, "Oh, that I might live like that—in the open, beneath the stars!"

He gave the thrush's call. His eyes sparkled strangely when he asked, "Well, and who can prevent you?"

Clasping her hands, with a sob she cried, "Oh, if I only dared!"
"You yourself have only to dare,"—and this he whispered, speaking almost to himself.

In the quiet which followed they heard a tiny commotion in the tree overhead; it was like the breaking of most fragile glass. He pointed through the branches to a nest. She knew what he meant: a newborn traveller was fighting his way out from the shell into the wind-swept world.

Then the man continued, bending very near to her in his earnestness, "But Maidie, I ought to warn you that, even for a man, the country is at times lonesome—for a woman it would be worse. It's all right when the sun shines; but it's when night has fallen that one looks to see another face across the camp fire—the face one has dreamed and the face one could love."

He stared so hard that at last, because she knew she would have to answer, he cried, "I don't think I should mind the night, if only there were two of us."

He clutched her by the hands. Fearless for once, she gazed deep into his eyes. Before she knew what had happened, he held her in his arms.

The fire burnt low, and neither of them cared. The sun went away and the moon wandered forth. In the starlight every bud, branch, blade of grass was pearl-covered. At last:

"What is your name?"
"They call me the Mouse-Lady."

He laughed.

"Oh, Mouse-Lady," he whispered, "for one of your name you're very daring." Then he set her on his horse and led her back to the hill-town through the open country. All the way as they traversed the lanes, he glanced sidelong up at her. But she watched the stars; and it seemed to her that those small ghost-children gazed down on her, stretching out their arms, and that Life with his lips against Death's cheek kept guard.

At the edge of the plain he left her; she climbed the ascent through the sleeping houses back to her lonely cottage. Yet though the hour neared midnight and all was silent, the singing of the birds continued in her heart.

Later, footsteps halted in her garden and they went together to the priest who raised the Host in the sandstone church.

Then she passed out from the town forever; and the two, journeying through the open country, returned hand-in-hand to the camp-fire, the hardship and the browsing horse.

GOD'S TROUBADOUR

[Continued from page 97]

the astronomer must be prepared to watch the skies. The site chosen for his isolated tower, as in the case of our great Californian Observatory, is far removed from human traffic. Do I urge upon my readers moments of solitude, interspaces of patient brooding meditation? If so it is because

"We see all sights from pole to pole,
And glance and nod and bustle by,
And never once possess our souls,
Before we die."

Yet the Divine laws of the spiritual

Kingdom do not change to suit our caprices, and the diseases of modern life can only be cured by the cogitation which means anxiety, by the anxiety that means prayer, by the prayer that brings restoration, bliss and freedom to the heart of the petitioner. Other times and lesser spirits came after the Saint's translation, but the miracle remained. That miracle was St. Francis himself and his life of super holiness and super service. It shines forth on the world we know with undimmed luster and is a source of inspiration and of guidance to every branch of the Christian Church.

A Risk Women Have Learned Never Again to Take

This new way ends the uncertainty of old-time hygienic methods



Eight in ten better class women have adopted this
NEW way which provides security that is ab-
solute and banishes forever the problem of disposal.

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, Registered Nurse

DUE to modern scientific advancements, women's oldest hygienic problem remains a problem no longer. The hazardous and uncertain "sanitary pad" of yesterday has been supplanted with a protection that is absolute.

Thus social exactments no longer come ever as ill-timed. Filmy frocks and gowns are worn without a second's thought or fear. The woman of today meets every day unhandicapped.

Kotex—what it does

Unknown a few years ago, 8 in every 10 women in the better walks of life have discarded the insecure "sanitary pads" of yesterday and adopted Kotex.



*Supplied also in personal service cabinets
in rest-rooms by
West Disinfecting Co.

Filled with Cellucotton wadding, the world's super-absorbent, Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as cotton.

It discards easily as tissue. No laundry—no embarrassment of disposal. It also thoroughly deodorizes, and thus ends all fear of offending.

You obtain it at any drug or department store, without hesitancy, simply by saying "KOTEX."

Only Kotex itself is "like" Kotex

See that you get the genuine Kotex. It is the *only* pad embodying the super-absorbent Cellucotton wadding. It is the *only* napkin made by this company. Only Kotex is "like" Kotex.

You can obtain Kotex at better drug and department stores everywhere. Comes in sanitary sealed packages of 12 in two sizes: the Regular and Kotex-Super.

Kotex Company, 180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Kotex Regular:
65c per dozen

Kotex-Super:
90c per dozen

Easy
Disposal
and 2 other
important factors



① No laundry. As easy to dispose of as a piece of tissue—thus ending the trying problem of disposal.



② Utter protection—Kotex absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture; 5 times that of cotton, and it deodorizes, thus assuring double protection.



③ Easy to buy anywhere. Many stores keep them ready-wrapped in plain paper—simply help yourself, pay the clerk, that is all.

No laundry—discard as easily as a piece of tissue

NOW—FROM YOUR OLD MATERIALS

Charming New Rugs in the Latest Colors—at Trifling Cost

A Fine Old Thrift Idea Brought Up To Date

DO you know that the material in your threadbare, out-of-date rugs, carpets and clothing can be reclaimed like new by a patented process, dyed, and woven into brand new, up-to-date REVERSIBLE rugs with the close, deep nap of Axminster and Wilton Velvet rugs? Marie Smith Pfister shows how to transform a room at trifling cost and tells readers of McCall's Magazine where they can get, FREE for the asking, a beautifully illustrated book on "Rugs and Home Arrangement" that every-one should have.



By MARIE SMITH PFISTER
AUTHORITY ON HOME DECORATING

AS one whose mission it is to make homes beautiful I am going to tell you of an economical plan I use in providing harmonious new rugs at a cost that fits the smallest purse. You will be amazed when you learn what truly remarkable effects can be secured in your home for little money wisely spent.

What woman hasn't pictured the kind of rugs she wants?—closely-woven, deep-nap rugs in the harmonious, up-to-date, one- and two-toned effects recommended by all leading interior decorators.

By a wonderful patented process, one of the largest and oldest rug manufacturers in this country will take all kinds of old rugs, carpets, and clothing, and reclaim the material in them so it is as good as new. This is done by a process of shredding, washing, sterilizing, bleaching and combing. The reclaimed material is then dyed any color, and woven into extremely good looking SEAMLESS, REVERSIBLE rugs in the up-to-date one-and two-toned effects.

Reclaimed Material Cannot Be Detected

I was more than surprised upon receiving my first rug to find that in every respect it was brand new. The reclaimed material was not evident to the most practiced eye. This worried me before its arrival because my old material was a hodgepodge of all kinds and colors. I know now, however, that doesn't make the slightest difference. After seeing these rich-looking rugs I have no hesitation in recommending them for the finest homes.

Your Choice of Colors

You are not limited in your choice of colors or patterns. Your new rug can be made in any of the charming new shades—Walnut, Grey Green, Mahogany, Taupe, Mole, Blue, Dark Taupe, Beaver Brown, Wisteria, Rose or Mulberry—in any of twenty-six rich harmonious colors and combinations.

Closely Woven and Luxurious

Like Axminster and Wilton Velvets, these rugs are firmly woven with a soft, deep nap or surface that stands "straight up." They will go well with the finest furniture and most expensive furnishings.

Reversible—Twice the Wear

You will be delighted to find that these rugs are woven SEAMLESS and REVERSIBLE with the same smooth,

firm nap on both sides to give twice the wear. These are features hard to find in store rugs. No wonder these rugs are in over a million homes.

Here is another very important thing. These rugs can be made to your order in ANY SHAPE or SIZE within an amazingly short time—in less than a week.

They Let You Try Rugs FREE

The whole thing is so simple. You send in a bundle of old materials. Within a week, back comes a beautiful new rug. To quote from the manufacturer's guarantee: "Subject these rugs to the hardest kind of everyday wear; compare them with store rugs costing twice as much, then if you are not delighted, send them back at our expense and we will pay you liberally for your old material." A mighty strong guarantee and one you can be absolutely sure they will live up to. The manufacturer pays Express, Parcel Post or Freight charges on your material from all states as explained in the catalog.

You Should Write for This Unusual Rug Book—IT'S FREE

Every home lover will welcome this splendid book, beautifully illustrated in colors. It contains an authoritative



"FIRST: Be sure your new rugs are woven SEAMLESS (in one piece) and REVERSIBLE with the same deep, luxurious nap on both sides to give twice the wear.

"SECOND: Since good rugs will last a lifetime, be sure your new rugs are in the harmonious one- or two-toned effects recommended today by all leading decorators."

Marie Smith Pfister



Rugs You Can
Be Proud Of



showing of all the new and up-to-date colors and designs. It also gives many helpful suggestions by leading decorators on the furnishings of your home. But best of all are the new low prices, just announced. As an interior decorator myself, I promise you that this book is well worth sending for. I am attaching a coupon for your convenience. Olson Rug Co., Dept. H2, Laflin St., Chicago, Ill.

© 1927, O. R. Co.

RUG BOOK FREE

OLSON RUG CO., Dept. H2
Laflin St., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: At Mrs. Pfister's suggestion I should like to receive a free copy of "Rugs and Home Arrangement," illustrated in colors. Also your New Low Prices and Free Trial Offer.

Name.....

Street (R. F. D.).....

City..... State.....

ALLEY CATS

[Continued from page 19]

The clock at last stood at five. Sylvia stretched her arms, closed her typewriter.

"Miss Ray, will you come to my office?" The voice of the Executive Secretary, as she stood between Sylvia and the window, fitted the gloom of the dulling room, fitted her chill personality.

She came out of the private office ten minutes later discharged. "Unsatisfactory—unprepared for the work—" the words had fallen, icy, stinging hail-stones.

"You should go back to school and perfect yourself before you take another position." Then the woman must have seen something familiar creeping over Sylvia's stoical silence. "I'm right about your having resources other than this—salary?"

Sylvia, looking into the keen eye of the professional investigator, felt it probing through the bulwark about her privacy. She saw a folder with her name in the corner—a face-card . . .

Two flaming spots dyed the whiteness of her cheeks. "Yes, indeed! And, if I may, I'd like to leave tonight!"

Crash! Having thus taken the last steps down to the abyss of despair headlong, dizzy with the pain from horribly bruised pride, she was hurrying blindly along Lexington Avenue. A small travelling bag weighed down her arm.

"I never would have stayed in that musty office much longer, anyway." She tried to comfort herself with boyish bravado. But some old familiar hurt came back. Other lashes! Not very distant! The college dean! "I don't think a college education is worth the sacrifice your mother is making to give it to you. It is wasting your time and ours. We think it would be much better for you not to return in the fall."

How much her mother had wanted an education for her, she had not fully known until last August. The summer went—slipping, sliding away, she not daring to tell that she had been dropped! At last, in an agony of desperation, she had begged to substitute for one of the girls in the shop during vacation.

And her mother had given in—only to enter another remorseance a couple of weeks later, when she saw how easily Sylvia adapted herself to the work.

It happened she had never had to tell the whole truth. At the memory an old dryness came in the back of her throat. In August, Minnie, her mother's head worker, opening the Beauty Parlor, at seven-thirty, had found her mother dead—stretched across account books. Cruel things that added higher in the debit than the credit column—that gave to some stock broker everything that was left—even the business!

She found she had instinctively turned from the Avenue west, into a street in the Fifties. Was it her own homing instinct carrying her into this street, which she had so carefully avoided lately? She was passing an unlighted window, where the starey eyes of a wax figure met her eyes with a kindly, but saccharine smile. Almost guiltily, she glanced at her mother's Beauty Parlor out of the corner of her eye; then stopped.

"Minnie's pulled your hair too tight over the ears, Henriette!"

The street lights flickered across the gold and silver labels of the cosmetic boxes. She had loved to pull off those labels when she was a little girl. She remembered Minnie slapping her hand for doing it. She had loved the spicy smell of the ruby hair tonic. Minnie used to rub it on her head, and then—just for fun—do her hair high for her "like a lady"—like Henriette's in the window. It was queer not to feel the dislike for the place that she had expected to feel.

The Plaza blazed ahead. As she crossed the threshold, the chameleon adaptability settled upon her. She took a throne chair conspicuously near the entrance, crossed her knee, dangled a dainty foot before her, and was ready to pay for her dinner.

She was already paying for it, as she arose later with affected enthusiasm to greet a puffy-faced man.

"Greetings, Tony! Aren't you the promptest ever! Where are the others?"

"Hello, Sylvia! We're meetin' them at a new little café—great place, they say! Real food! Real life!"

"Real life!" Tony acting a part as well as she! Looking at him there in the taxi, as she chatted along a merry line of little nothings-at-all, she seemed to see him always jogging along breathless, a lap behind, pretending he liked "something doing," when she felt sure if he could call for what he really wanted, it would be something soft . . . comfortable . . . not more active than the sporting page.

She was glad when they got to the café. Flora, meeting them there, conspicuously gowned, playing the lead, seemed more rightly cast. Her strident laughter found its natural resting-place among the cat-calls of the orchestra, the restless lights.

The fourth member she had hardly noticed when introduced, except to wonder in passing—why.

Flora's noisy welcome had buried her "why." And now they were all buried under the steam and bustle of the rarest of the season's dishes, the sparkle of White Rock, the flash of Tony's flask. Tony was talking.

"What was that, Tony?" "I said you're lookin' pretty tonight, girlie—only kind of tired. Aren't you workin' too hard? It don't pay!"

She turned to him with a curious, sympathetic smile. Tony, after all, so clumsy and so kindly! Flora and her new tall "affinity" were threading their way among the tables to the dancing space.

"Something's happened to my appetite, Tony. It's just plain run away. And I'm simply furious not to be able to eat this good food." She pushed back her plate and rested her elbows languidly on the edge of the table, her cheek on the clasped fingers. "I guess you're right. What I am is weary! It's just as lucky you don't care about dancing. I don't believe I could wiggle a foot."

But Sylvia had caught sight of the man's face, towering about the other dancers. It was drawn, twitching, uncomfortable. And, with it all, a sensitiveness, a fineness that made her again wonder. "Who is Flora's latest, Tony?"

"Some piano player she picked up when she went down to the agency. She liked to hang around there and bring me tips. They told her he was the budding Paddy. They don't cut much ice in our line, though. But Flo—she thinks she's makin' friends with a lion, I guess!"

"Are we going to hear him play?" "Yes—out to the Bronx show. Looks like a dead one—as if he'd been buried and dug up, don't he? Couldn't even go a highball. I guess Flo'll get enough of him in one night."

She looked at the man again. He too, trucking favor with the Brickleys for the things their money meant! She felt a bond of sympathy with him.

They did drive out, later in the evening, to hear him "beat the box"—according to Flora. "PIERRE MARQUAND" the card-board inserts announced him.

He followed "CARMENCITA," the acknowledged attraction. Most of the audience were on their feet, rattling their seats, pushing out into the aisles, while he was making his way, more awkward than ever, on to the stage, and bowing to the discordant group. Then he sat down at the piano, and his hands, falling upon the keys, held them captives.

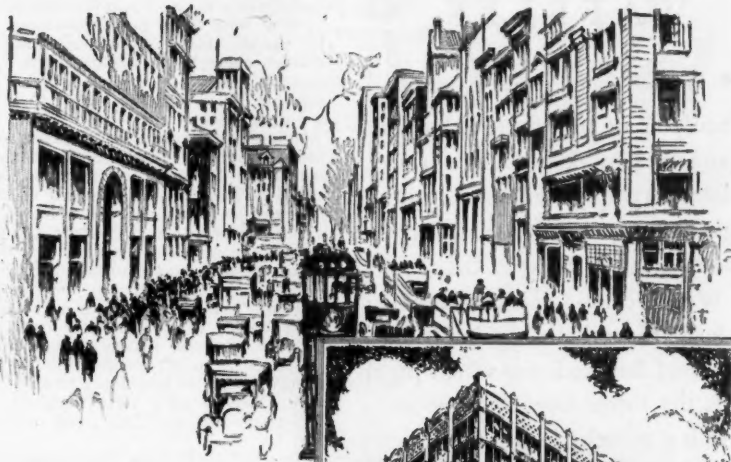
Sylvia sat forward. She was not emotionally stirred. She was fascinated by his merciless, contemptuous power. He drove the notes before him with a scourge. It was as if they did tricks for him—like the other vaudeville stunts, like the beasts held under the control of a lash, standing on hind legs, jumping.

Just once, in a swift cadenza, something different passed over his face and out through his fingers—something sweet and enduring. But it was gone. He was hurling bright-colored balls into the air, in competition with the red-velveted juggler who had come before—more and more balls—swifter and swifter! A brilliant arpeggio—and he caught them all in one crashing chord.

The applause was fragmentary. More contemptuous, more awkward than ever, he bowed, passed from the stage. And the inserts announced the clowns.

At the entrance he tried to say good night. But Flora would have none of it. "Going home now? [Turn to page 102]"

The NEW WAY TO SHOP IN NEW YORK



In the Comfort of your Home—Select All your Apparel from the Style Centre of America—



WHAT woman does not want to shop in New York—to go from palatial store to store along fashionable Fifth Avenue and busy Broadway. Every business day in the year, trains from every state in the Union carry into New York thousands of shoppers who come to select their apparel needs in the Style Centre of America. But how many hundreds of thousands of others there are who cannot come to New York to do their shopping, but dearly wish that they could. And it is to them that we direct this message.

Bellas Hess & Co., one of the largest stores in New York offers you who can't come to New York, a new and easy way to actually shop in the biggest city in the world.

Right now, three million of the best dressed families in America buy their wearing apparel this new, easy and convenient way from Bellas Hess & Co.—America's foremost Fashion House Selling Direct By Mail from New York City. These three million families, many of them perhaps your friends and neighbors can testify to their complete satisfaction with this advantageous way of buying.

You too can stay at home and do your shopping in New York. Simply clip the coupon from the bottom of this announcement, write your name and address on it and mail it to us. We will immediately send you the largest and most magnificent style book issued by any house in America. It is the same page size as your favorite fashion publications—Ladies' Home Journal, Pictorial Review, Woman's Home Companion or McCall's Magazine.

There are 248 pages, beautifully printed on high grade paper in rotogravure, brilliant four colors and black and white. Each page is a show window in which we display the very smartest and most fashionable New York styles right at the very moment the best dressed women in New York are wearing them. Magnificent coats, beautiful dresses, stunning new shoes and the most popular styles in sweaters, blouses and skirts. All that is latest in becoming new millinery—also dainty underwear and hosiery, woolen, silk and cotton yard goods, perfumes, toilet accessories, summer furs, etc., etc.

Then for men who want to be dressed in the New York manner we have well styled, beautifully tailored clothes; everything also for boys and girls of all ages, right down to the tiniest infant.

In this tremendous store—one of the biggest in all New York, you can do your shopping luxuriously and comfortably in the privacy of your own home and in the comfort of your armchair. It may be inconvenient for you to come to New York but this beautiful big style book brings fashionable New York to you. We guarantee you values that are equal to the best in America, high quality that needs no excuses, and twenty-four hour service that assures you of prompt deliveries. Our iron clad, money-back guarantee promises you full satisfaction in every transaction with us.



BELLAS HESS & CO.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Free style book coupon,
BELLAS HESS & CO. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Gentlemen:—Please send my FREE COPY of your Spring and Summer Catalogue No. 128.

Name.....

STREET.....

TOWN.....STATE.....

M. M. 2 27

FOR PANCAKES and WAFFLES

When you are in a flurry to have a piping hot pancake ready every time a plate gets empty—then's when you begin to appreciate the convenience of a can of Wesson Oil.

With Wesson Oil it's no trouble to keep the griddle at that right degree of hot slickness which prevents the batter from sticking and gives it a crunchy brown crust.

Wesson Oil is already in liquid form. Therefore you don't have the petty bother of scooping out a hard, solid fat, and then waiting interminable seconds while it melts in the pan. Just a free, easy pour from the Wesson Oil can, a quick gauging of the proper amount, a second or so to heat, and a final deft dropping of batter into pancake shapes.

Wesson Oil is so very fine in quality, so delicately rich in substance, that it is perfect for making pancakes and waffles that are delicacies. Unlike some fats (drippings for instance) this fine salad oil contributes no taste of its own to mar the faintly sweet, delectably "brown" pancake-flavor. Cooking with Wesson Oil makes crisp, light, wholesome pancakes—wholesome because Wesson Oil can be heated hot enough to fry in long before the disastrous "burning" point is reached.

Maybe you use one of the numerous prepared flours. But if you prefer to make your own pancake and waffle batters, you'll be interested to know that Wesson Oil is also ideal for use as shortening inside the pancake and waffle batter.

Wesson Oil

ALLEY CATS

(Continued from page 101)

Why, Petey, the night has just begun. Do you have to make a ten o'clock feeding? We can offer you a little nourishment at the apartment. How about it, Tony?" Thus, Flora, with her own particular scourge, drove them all into the limousine, and they were flying down Broadway.

At the apartment they had more music—Flora's music, Flora belching forth the inevitable "honey . . . money! Squeezing . . . teasing!" in rhythm to her swaying body.

Sylvia sat in a corner of the davenport, watching with half-closed eyes the heathen incantation. A curious, engulfing languor crept over her. At the other end of the davenport sat Tony, opening and closing his buttonholes of eyes, chewing a cigar—bulky in the middle, like himself.

The man at the piano turned to Sylvia. "When may I escort you to your home, Miss Ray?" She longed with a terrible, aching longing to go—get away from all this. But she was answering—again, as if it were a reflex action—"I'm sorry. I'm staying here to keep Flora from being lonely. Tony is going away tonight."

"I—going—where?" Tony took out his cigar.

"Here, try this!" Flora came around the end of the piano, and put up a sheet of music. "Oh, my dear, Tony's given up the idea. Guess he was afraid he'd miss something with you here for the weekend. You won't mind sleeping here on the davenport, will you?"

Pierre got up. "I must be going!" She wanted to go, too. She did not want him to leave her behind.

But it was Flora who was talking—speaking her words. "Take me with you, Petey—just as far as the café. One more little dance, and then you can leave me at the elevator. Please! Pretty please!"

He hesitated, and turned helplessly to Sylvia. "You and Mr. Brickley, would you care to go?"

"Tony?" Flora's rasping laugh made Tony open his eyes again. "Poor old Tony! Sylvia will stay and play with you a few minutes while Petey and I run across the street for another fox-trot!" That same threatening look, accompanying the words, forced Sylvia, who had risen, back into her corner of the davenport.

Then she realized why she was afraid. She was alone with Tony. Flora had gone to powder her nose, and get her wrap. Pierre—her heart contracted into a hard lump—had gone out into the hall. And then somewhere out there, she thought she heard a door close.

Tony, also, seemed to know that they were alone. He opened first one sleepy eye, then the other—wide—with that expression she had hated. The fat form began to make frog lurches across the space between them, plopping up and down heavily on the springs. A fat, red hand, preceding it like an uncertain rudder, groped its way toward her. She started to get up, but the hand had closed over hers—a damp, horrible vise.

"You'n I, Sylvia, we'll jus' stay right here, won't we?" She tried again to rise. Her limbs were paralyzed. "Tony, you're a fool!" She clutched the soft arm, managed to shake off the grip, got up. And, once on her feet, strength began to flow back. She must get away—at once! "Fetch me a cigarette, Tony—like a dear!"

As he did so, Sylvia passed noiselessly out of the door, through the door of the apartment, held open by an unseen hand. The five, echoing flights of stairs, the gaudy marble vestibule mocked her swift, flying feet, as she passed into the night. But the echoes on the stairs had been other hurrying feet. A coat was thrown over her. Long fingers closed on her arm and hastened her along—down the brightly lighted Avenue, into a sombre side street, towards the Park.

He had come. Pierre had come with her. She stopped being afraid. And yet she was crying—at first tears—then hard, racking sobs, which she made no effort to stop.

"I feel as if I had been dragged—out of slime—oozy, filthy slime."

"I knew—I suspected him—her."

"Is that why you—went out in the hall? To see?"

He nodded.

"What can you—think of me?" She looked up shyly, out of the wet handkerchief.

"I was thinking of what you said—about coming up out of the mud. Some one's written a poem about a water lily growing that way." He spoke with an old-world chivalry. "I suppose we'd better not sit here." He got up as he spoke. "Where do you live? I'd better take you there, now."

"I—don't live anywhere."

He showed his surprise only by a quick, searching glance. "Some friend—surely you have a friend?"

She shook her head miserably. "Not—like this—at this hour."

He was thinking aloud. "I haven't enough money to give you to go to a hotel."

"Besides, where would they take me—dressed like this. And without a bag!"

He drew out his watch. "Two o'clock! Three hours to daylight. We could keep warm for three hours by riding in the Subway, or sitting in the Grand Central."

"Oh, I can't—and have people watching me—like this! Why can't we walk?"

And so they did. They walked and walked. Moist globules hung to the thick darkness before dawn, caught, refracted the rays of the street lights. A cold veil clung to their faces and hands.

At last she said, "I'm tired, Pierre—may I say 'Pierre'? Wouldn't it be warm enough to sit down there—on those steps—and rest a little while?" She pointed to an arway, where they could see the shining eyes of a cat.

They groped their way down. The cat hissed, and started to run away. There were ash barrels, and newspapers on top. He spread them on the steps. The cat had come back and was purring loudly, and rubbing against their legs.

"She's awfully tame for an alley cat," Sylvia leaned over and stroked her back. "I don't believe she's been one very long. Perhaps she's been left out over night."

Then she slipped off the coat. "You must have some of this. We can put it about us both—this way—and button the lower button. Isn't there room for kitty inside, too? She'd be a nice muff. Besides, I feel a sort of kinship." He did not object to that, either.

Behind the barrels, they sat, waiting for the day.

"Oh, how selfish I am," she suddenly cried. "I've just thought you shouldn't have come away with me!"

"What do you mean?"

"Your engagement to play! You won't get it now."

"What do I care! You don't think I really wanted it. I hated it—that whole awful business! How did I play? You know—like a hand-organ! It's only money—money makes you do things like that."

"But—you stayed there! Why did you, if you did not want to get that engagement?"

"I stayed, because I wondered about you. I didn't see how you could be there. Why were you there—with those people—a girl like you?"

She could feel a humiliating red burning her face in the dark. "I didn't have money enough to have any fun. I took it where I could get it free."

He slipped his arm back of her to draw her closer, so he could button another button.

"I didn't like it—them. I was trying to think I did. But I hated it—them. I wanted something else. I've always wanted it." She sat up straight, as if like the alley cat, she could see through the night's blackness. "You told me what it was tonight."

"I—what!"

"It's what you're wanting all the time—not money at all!"

"Without money, there is nothing!" he said doggedly.

"But you said something else when you played that prelude," she insisted. "It was like pain—" she mused, "the pain of a knife, cutting away sham—but you're glad of the hurt. Isn't that it? Don't we both want something—anything that's real?"

She twisted her feet [Turn to page 103]

How to Build a HOME

Home Builders Guild offers complete guidance to Home Builders



ALMORA
Five Rooms and Bath—One of 628 Shown in This Book
A Beautiful Home Which Can Be Built At Low Cost

An Amazing Offer

628 beautiful photographic reproductions, many of them in color, and over 700 plans of beautiful homes in frame, stucco, brick and tile, together with over 600 pages illustrating and describing all types of building material and home equipment have been prepared for you. This book shipped free to anyone interested for the asking. If you are going to build a home now or later, you will be interested in making your selection from these beautiful illustrations. Pick exactly what you want before you build. You will find here represented practically every type of architecture with added touches of beauty and convenience that make it the most remarkable collection of home illustrations ever brought together. This entire book, over 1200 pages, will be shipped to you free, without any obligation, for ten days examination together with an explanation of our plan under which you may keep it and get the full benefit of a complete home-building service.

The Home Builders Guild does not expect to make a cent of profit through the distribution of these books. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose by forwarding your name and address, together with a statement as to whether you expect to build now or at a later date.

Shipped Anywhere FREE!

This complete book sells regularly for \$10.00—but will be shipped FREE—If you are planning to build, to give you an opportunity to select a delightful home from its pages. Send for it now and let us explain how you can save money on any home, no matter where you build.

Home Builders Guild, Dept. (215)
Div. of Home Builders Catalog Co.
1315 W. Congress St., Chicago

You may send me your book of beautiful homes and details of your home builders service offer with the understanding that I am not obligated in any way. After examining it, I am to have the privilege of accepting your offer of home builders service, with complete building plans, specifications, etc., at a special price and keep the book.

Name.....
Address.....

Chase Pain Away with Musterole

When winds blow raw and chill and rheumatism tingles in your joints and muscles, rub on good old Musterole.

As Musterole penetrates the skin and goes down to the seat of trouble, you feel a gentle, healing warmth; then comes cooling, welcome relief.

Better than the old-fashioned mustard plaster Grandma knew.

For crampy colds, sore throat, rheumatism and congestion of all kinds, rub on Musterole. Don't wait for trouble; keep a jar or tube handy.

To Mothers: Musterole is also made in milder form for babies and small children. Ask for Children's Musterole.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio



BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MAKE MONEY in spare time
\$15—\$25—\$50 a week extra! Earned as our representative. 31-year-old firm, largest of its kind. Smart line of domestic and imported fabrics. Also novelties. Thousands of satisfied regular customers. Write for particulars.
The Lamsdowne Co., Inc., 520 W. 58th St., N. Y. C.

WONDERFUL POULTRY BOOK 40 BREEDS
The Nation's Great Poultry Manual tells about 40 breeds of poultry. Includes: Eggs, Chicks, Poultry, Hatching, Feeding, Housing, Diseases and Remedies. Makes LOW PRICES on best Fowls, Eggs, Chicks, Supplies. Follow us 4 months. Send only 1c to help mail. BERRY'S POULTRY FARM, Box 68, Clarinda, Iowa



MURINE Clears Up Bloodshot Eyes

When your eyes become bloodshot from over-use, lack of sleep or exposure to sun, wind, dust or tobacco smoke, apply a few drops of harmless MURINE. Soon they will be clear again and will feel as fine as they look. Millions of men and women now use this long-trusted lotion each night and morning to keep their eyes *always* clean, clear and bright. It is delightfully cooling and refreshing when eyes feel hot and tired. Use MURINE regularly throughout the winter to relieve eye-strain caused by the glare of the sun on snow. MURINE contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Free Mail this coupon to Murine Co., Dept. 92, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago, for free book on how to add new beauty to your eyes.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



No Medicine could do this for her

She was suffering from numerous ailments. Her complexion showed it plainly. Her nerves were on edge. All because nature was unable to dispose of harmful residues. In a very brief time she corrected her condition with Lacto-Dextrin. Food is nature's greatest medicine. In two sugars, lactose, secured from cow's milk, and dextrine, derived from grains, nature has given us a remarkable means of purifying the system. These carbohydrates, deliciously combined in a refreshing form, encourage the growth of the acidophilus bacteria. These are protective organisms that prevent putrefaction. At the Battle Creek Sanitarium, Lacto-Dextrin has been used with great success. It's so pleasant to take. And results are always beneficial. Authorized stores have it. Try it and enjoy new life.

LACTO-DEXTRIN

Battle Creek Food Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Please send free and postpaid a copy of "HEALTHFUL LIVING." ☐ Send name of authorized store featuring Sanitarium Health Foods. McC. 27

Name _____
Address _____

DENT'S TOOTHACHE GUM

Relieves Toothache—All Druggists
Use it until you can see your dentist

ALLEY CATS

[Continued from page 102]

into a new position under the coat, and rubbed the cat back of the ears. "I never knew so real a person as you," and then added, with a little laugh, "why you don't know how to pretend. It's just as Flora said—you always put your worst foot forward; that is," she spoke softly, "unless your hands are doing what they really want to do!"

"You're a queer girl!" Her head just reached his tall shoulder. She let it rest there contentedly, saying in a low, happy voice—like a cat's purr, "I've thought of something else. It's more about feet and hands. They're such odd things. If your best foot isn't honest, it's your worst foot, and the other way round. Feet are all right. They go straight, don't they, if the hands are doing what they want to do?"

"Oh, I say!" he laughed. "But I guess I see! How do you know about things like that?"

"I never did—till now. You know, Pierre, I've never talked to a man before. I've always talked at them."

He sat silent for a while. "I see what you mean," he said at last.

"Opportunity's the thing! If I can only carve it out for myself—hold on—two more years! At the Conservatory—if I can finish, and get the diploma—they'll give me a chance to teach there. And a chance to play, too, on the concert stage. They say I have it—in me."

"I know you have, Pierre!" And then she sighed. "Pierre! Do you hear—that soft whirring—like wings? Perhaps it is they, telling us it is all right."

"The wings of the morning, Sylvia. The beginning of another day. Look!" He pointed to the opening of the areaway—dusk brown changing to gray light.

He threw aside the coat, and helped her to her feet. "Some—the Brickleys, for instance—might say our wings were the wheels of the milk-cart."

She put down the cat—an ugly tiger with pale yellow eyes—but her hand lingered gently on its back. They crept out and walked again. The cat, mewing, followed them down the street.

In front of a restaurant on Lexington Avenue, he thrust a dollar bill into her hand, and tried to say goodbye. But his old self-consciousness had returned.

She shook his hand, looked up at the lank, dust-covered figure of the man. "Let's say 'good morning' Pierre. It's so much more—promising." And, as he hurried away, she saw with a smile that the cat was following him.

The yellow-haired woman pouring out coffee in the restaurant handed Sylvia a cup with asperity. But a radiant ecstasy in Sylvia's expression must have softened hers.

"Been out all night, sister?" she asked, not unkindly.

Sylvia smiled and nodded. She sat

down near by, putting the cup on the chair arm. She and the few other stragglers accepted each other, and lingered long over their sips. She also accepted with no resentment the further encroachment on her privacy, when she heard the woman's voice again, at her shoulder.

"Business's dull. I got thinkin', wonderin' about you."

Sylvia pulled up a chair for her to sit down.

"I saw him leavin' you out there, and thought at first you were like the rest that hang about at this time o' day. Hard bunch! But you don't look like that."

To her own surprise she was answering simply, "He was very kind to me. I had no place to go."

"Here, go and see her! She's a friend o' mine." The woman tore off the edge of a newspaper, and wrote a name on it. "She gives a lift before you get too far down. I happen to know."

"Thank you!" She took it, and read it mechanically. It was the name of the Executive Secretary of the Society for the Protection of Girls. One of life's little jokes! But somehow it had no sting.

For she knew that she was going home—to her mother's Beauty Parlor.

When Minnie opened the shop at seven thirty, Sylvia was waiting by the door.

"My dear! My—"

"I've come to fix Henriette's hair that other way, Minnie! The new boss! Do you think he would hire me?"

"Yes—yes—of course, darling. But why—?"

"It's all right, Minnie. I'm all right now. But I'm so tired. Mayn't I go in there and sleep?" She pointed to the room where they gave the facial massages.

"Yes—yes, dear, of course!"

Sylvia closed her eyes with a happy sigh. She seemed to be floating in a delirium filled with the fragrance of creams, lotions, toilet waters. In the distance was the whirr of the vacuum cleaner—soft, pleasant, like her own laughter as a child, when she played on the floor of the waiting-room in the sunshine.

The lapel of the coat tickled her cheek. She put up her hand and pulled it closer. The coat . . . He would have to come back for it. She smiled again. If only . . . sometime . . . she could help him get the things he wanted . . . The idea seemed to link her with her mother.

The whirr had changed to a gentle, monotonous murmur—her mother's voice speaking . . . giving dictation.

"It is Opportunity when you are working for some one you love."

"Love"—two curves—one across, one down. His shoulder, where she had rested her head—his arm when he had slid it about her, so that he could button the coat across . . .

THEY WERE AMERICANS, TOO

[Continued from page 91]

she demanded:

"Where are you taking him now, you fiends?"

"To the Simsbury Mines."

The very name broke her resistance, and her arms fell, her knees shook as she pleaded: "Oh no! Not there! Not my father! Not my poor old father! Not there!"

An elbow like a dull bayonet struck her in the breast and knocked her over, and the feet of the scuffling men trod on her as they forced her father through the door and out. Georgiana, with fingers crushed, and bruises all about her delicate body, had reason for despair. It was only two years before the war that Connecticut, bankrupt and desperate for economy, resolved to save the price of a needed penitentiary by keeping her worst criminals in an abandoned copper mine in the side of a steep hill at East Granby, some fourteen miles northwest of Hartford. It was called "Newgate" in ironic tribute to a stronghold which was a paradise compared to this dungeon, as cruel a dungeon as ever was contrived by savages or civilized men. If ever there had been any merit in the theory that harsh imprisonment frightens the wicked to reform, and that terror compels virtue, this den should

have purified all Connecticut. In fact, as usual, it became a festering plague-spot of "unutterable abomination," a school of infamy.

Georgiana had heard of the horrors of the place, exceeding even those of the Black Hole of Calcutta and the fabulous prison ships where the British kept American captives. She ran madly about Midhaven making frantic appeals to the townspeople to forgive her father and bring him back; but she was received as cordially as a leper or one under ban of major excommunication. After a day or two of insane prayers to heaven and tempests of mad grief, she grimly resolved to go to her father and help him as best she could, cost what it might.

The next evening she packed saddlebags full of provisions, hid what money there was about her clothes, and mounted the one horse that had not been stolen or carried off by force. She took along her father's musket, flints and powder horn and all the bullets she had run. She rode all night, skulking in the gruesome woods when she heard the hoof-beats of patrols, raiders or cattle-thieves. The next day she hid half-frozen in a dense thicket, never dream— [Turn to page 104]

for every child



a welcome treat -just spread it on bread or crackers

FOR sturdy growing boys whose appetites are ravenous. For small girls and tall girls. For every child, of every age, the golden Beech-Nut spread is always a welcome treat.

How convenient this is for mothers. One jar of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter furnishes healthful nourishment to *all* the children—at lunch, at supper, and between meals. Peanuts have high dietetic value. Add to this, true Beech-Nut purity, real Beech-Nut flavor. Your grocer sells Beech-Nut Peanut Butter—in vacuum glass jars only.

BEECH-NUT PACKING COMPANY
Canajoharie, N. Y.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

"Foods and confections of finest flavor"



New Giant Flowered Snapdragons

Rare new type, magnificent for cutting, largest and most colorful yet introduced. Easy to grow. Finest you have ever seen. Five colors: rosy lilac, pure yellow, flaming copper-scarlet, deep burgundy pink, and giant white. Pkts. 25 cts. each, or all 5 for \$1, postpaid. Supply limited; please order promptly.

1927 Garden Book FREE

Get This Helpful New Catalog

Be sure to ask for a free copy of Garden Book, describing all the good things to grow. Many fine, new selections for 1927. Write today.

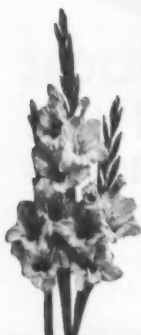


The LIVINGSTON SEED CO.
75-E CHESTNUT ST. COLUMBUS, OHIO.

Success is sure with Kunderd Gladioli

Those who purchase Kunderd Gladioli are sure of getting the newest varieties, the largest blooms and the most exquisite colors. Write for the new Kunderd catalog now and place your order early. The book contains full cultural instructions and interesting garden lore. Illustrated in colors. Mailed postpaid on request. Address

A. E. KUNDERD
229 Lincoln Way West
Goshen, Ind., U.S.A.
The originator of the Ruffled and the Lacinated Gladioli



Kunderd Gladioli
Stand Supreme

Vaughan's Gardening Illustrated

A seed catalog unlike others, a beautifully illustrated magazine of home gardening information, the culmination of 51 years of thoughtful service to the American home gardener. It contains

110 COLORED PLATES

—the most complete collection of correct illustrations of annual flowers in true colors ever published in an American Seed Catalog. Also many inspirational and instructive

Articles by Experts on the latest fashions and discoveries in the art of gardening. Special 1927 offer: pkt. Vaughan's Double Flowered Zinnias, mixed, 10c. Catalog sent with seed or mailed alone FREE.

Vaughan's Seed Store, Dept. 16
10 W. Randolph St., Chicago
47 Barclay St., New York City

FAMOUS DINGEE ROSES

Have arrived at your door. Old favorites and rare varieties grown on their own hardy roots by the oldest and leading rose growers in America. The cream of the world's production for 17 years. Let us send you our improved

NEW GUIDE TO ROSE CULTURE

for 1927, now ready. Offers 500 kinds of roses, other plants, bulbs and seeds, telling how to grow them. Profusely illustrated in natural colors. A practical work for the amateur, giving full instructions in the planting and raising of roses based on a lifetime experience in flower culture.

The Dingee & Conard Co., Box 232, West Grove, Pa.

NOW READY—OUR NEW 1927 CATALOG

Showing New and Rare Varieties

Of exceptional beauty is the new Red-Leaved Japanese Barberry. Many other rare varieties of Shrubs, Ornamental Trees, Perennials, Roses, Dahlias, etc. We are featuring this year a new Giant Black Raspberry and a new Cortland Apple. We'll direct to you at lowest prices. Write for new catalog now.

WOODLAWN NURSERIES
887 Carson Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

VICK'S Garden and Floral GUIDE

For 1927 now ready. For 78 years a leading authority on Vegetable, Flower and Farm Seeds, Plants and Bulbs. Better than ever. Send for free copy before you forget. JAMES VICK'S SONS, Rochester, N. Y. 3 Stone St. "The Flower City"

THEY WERE AMERICANS, TOO

[Continued from page 103]

ing that the Committee of Safety was ransacking the house, having confiscated the entire property of the traitor Captain Ware.

On the second day she reached Granby, and pushed on to the hideous steeps where the Simsbury Mines had spewed out such rubbish as even the white charity of winter could not redeem. She visited the barracks and asked for her father. The dreary soldiers on guard referred her to a shabby officer who curtly refused her. She hung about till the guard was changed, and renewed her appeal, harrowed with the unbearable thought that her father was entombed far down beneath her feet. In vain she tried cajolery and bribes of money. She tried to play Delilah, but too many watched. She took possession of a tumbled shack where some poor miner had found partial shelter in the old days. She swept and washed it, repaired a broken stove, broken-legged table and a tippy stool, and made herself a bed of blankets in a corner. And this was the home she dwelt in, sinking into a lethargy of almost madness, her mind kept alert only by the necessity of rescuing herself now and then from drunken soldiers whom she dared not slay since their deaths would have ended her hope of access to her father.

At last her unyielding obstinacy was rewarded—and with such a reward! A new commandant, who relieved another and more surly dog, looked on her with a little pity; and thinking that her father had not long to live, told her of his need of hot broth and better nourishment than the fare that filled the prison. She sped to her hut and made the best of her petty resources, hurrying back with a canister of soup, some bread she had baked and a roasted fowl. She was so pitiful, so grateful for the hideous mercy granted her, that the officer checked her, saying:

"You'd best not go. The climb is almost more than a strong man can stand, and the sights you'll see—they're not for a woman's eyes."

"For my father's sake, sir, I should gladly go through any horror." She gazed into his aching eyes and pleaded: "The broth is growing cold."

He sighed and motioned the guards to lift the iron lid in the floor. She looked down a grimy stairway to a murky cellar where there was a prison kitchen; and a nauseous aroma came up from the mess on the fire. Georgiana gathered her petticoats about her, and descended with the canister and the bundles in one arm. The steps were slippery and she would have fallen if the officer had not caught her elbow. In the kitchen floor was an iron trap so huge that the lifting tackle exhausted the strength of two guards. The hinges squealed, and she stared into the yawning maw of the prison. A guard held a lantern for her, and she backed down a six foot ladder to an iron grate. Another hatch-cover must be hoisted here before she could lower herself into a well three feet across, and pick her way down a ladder nearly forty feet tall. She stepped from it to a small ledge of rock where the guard who led the way steadied her till her feet were set on another ladder to another shelf; and so on from depth to depth until she reached the central pit and could stand on a platform of wet, rotten boards on whose cold surfaces water globed and fell in an everlasting slow rain.

She paused and wondered if her sick heart could survive this terror of the dark and of the depth and graveyard dank; and this new ineffable dread of being caught and squeezed and held fast forever by the surrounding rock. If Dante had chosen to write of his exquisite Beatrice going into the lowermost depths of the pit, he might have found words for horrors such as this girl saw. For the Simsbury Mines were real; an obscene, all but forgotten fact in the history of American liberty. Nothing could have given that timorous maiden strength for so ghoulis task but her love for one who needed her.

She stood for a while till her heart stopped fluttering and her lungs strengthened themselves against the fetid air. In this rancid darkness a hundred things that had been men were living like mag-

gots in a corpse. All their ugliest necessities of life, of disease, of existence were kept here with them. Their only music was the unending tinkle-tinkle-tap-tap of the water from the rocks, and all their entertainment was the twinge and shudder of rheumatism and ague. Bunks of rotted wood were the hog-sties for the repose of the guests in this tavern. As if to mock them with the last irony of flattery, their feet were chained to iron bars in the floor, and their necks were chained to beams in the roof.

None of them could see that a girl was their shadowy visitor. Yet at her apparition there was a clangor of rusty shackles, a moaning, a shifting, a volley of curses from the defiant, a babble of prayers from the others, a hubbub of words like "mercy" and "pity—oh, pity!" Georgiana needed all her resolution to keep from dropping in a heap. She gripped the soft wood to hold herself up, but it came off in her fingers. She faltered:

"Which is my father, please?"

The guard with the lantern kicked aside the stiffened limbs of muddy human reptiles that floundered out of his way, and led Georgiana to an open box. In the gleam of the lantern, the dew that dripped from its edge became a chain of sliding pearls. Back in the hollow dark two eyeballs glowed like a wolf's from a mass of hair and beard. A madman crouched there, and as he moved, his chains clanked, that on his neck swinging with the look and the noise of a rattlesnake.

"That can't be Captain Ware!" Georgiana whispered. The guard nodded, and from the wolf's den came a croak of raucous hate.

"Whoever you are, curse you for a traitor!"

"Father!" Georgiana gasped, and flung her arms about the drenched and deathly clammy beast he had become.

With a great clatter of chains, a fumbling, a hissing and groaning, he made sure that he had not gone mad, and then he howled:

"My child! my baby! my blessing! Oh, my little girl!"

His maundering stopped short as his brain was stabbed with the thought that she had been condemned to share his fate. Then there was a ferocious thrashing, a plunging against the manacles, and an inhuman howling of protest.

"They've sent you here? They've buried you alive with me? They've—oh, no! Even they couldn't do that! Oh you can't—you couldn't—"

"Father, father! I've only come to see you, to bring you broth and medicine. Oh, don't torment yourself! Don't kill me with pity for you. Don't let me cry! Don't let me cry!"

But she wept, and the poor souls about her were in such poverty that the sound of a woman sobbing refreshed them somehow. It had a human sound. They wept with her, and their hearts were cleansed with sympathy, their light-starved eyes felt warm with tears. The guard brought up his lantern, and Georgiana spread out the little banquet.

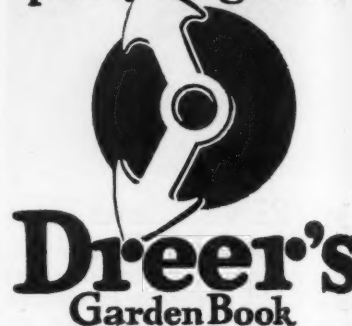
The guard warned her that she must not delay, and she pressed her lips again and again to her father's grisly cheeks before she could leave him. The upward climb was almost beyond her power. She felt that she ought to make her home with her father, and only the duty of visiting him again gave her the needed strength.

The next day she was back at the guardhouse with her canister and basket; and the captain who had yielded once, had lost the right to refuse. And that was her life thenceforth.

AFTER almost a year of imprisonment in the Middle Dutch Church, small-pox and dysentery had made such a wreck of George Atlee that he was hardly worth the name of living man. When an exchange of prisoners was agreed on by a cartel with Washington, it amused the British to include in their list a batch of wrecks who could be of no possible use to the rebels and George Atlee was among them.

But wan and listless as he was he managed to live to reach Midhaven, where he heard the history [Turn to page 106]

Now is the time to plan your garden



Dreer's Garden Book
not only helps you decide which Flowers and Vegetables you want, but tells you how to have success with them. The 1927 edition lists everything worth while in Seeds, Plants and Bulbs, with numerous illustrations. A copy free if you mention McCall's Magazine

HENRY A. DREER
1306 Spring Garden St. Philadelphia, Pa.

SEEDS

Reliable and Full of Life
SPECIAL OFFER

Made to build New Business. A trial will make you our permanent customer.

PRIZE COLLECTION Radish, 17 Varieties, worth 15c; Lettuce, 12 kinds, worth 15c; Tomatoes, 11 the finest, worth 20c; Turnip, 7 splendid, worth 10c; Onions, 8 best varieties, worth 15c; 10 Spring Flowering Bulbs, worth 25c—65 varieties in all; worth \$1.00.

GUARANTEED TO PLEASE
Write today; mention this paper
SEND 10 CENTS

to cover postage and packing and receive this valuable collection of seeds postpaid, together with my big "Famous Get Acquainted Seed and Plant Book," tells all about Buckbee's "Full of Life" Seeds, Plants, etc.

H. W. BUCKBEE
Rockford Seed Farms
Farm 105 Rockford, Ill.

BUIST'S SEEDS

THE SECRET OF successful gardening is largely a matter of securing the right seed. BUIST'S SEEDS, the result of 3 generations of scientific selection and development,

PRODUCE QUICK & POSITIVE RESULTS
BUIST'S 1927 Garden Guide

An illustrated catalog of home gardening information that tells you *how* and *when* to plant the garden you have always wanted

Send Today for Free Copy
Our Prices Invite Comparison
Free Flower Seeds with Order of 50c and over.

Robert Buist Company
Dept. M Phila., Pa.

SEEDS

Fresh, Reliable, Pure
Guaranteed to Please

You can have a wonderful garden all summer long, fresh, crisp vegetables every day if you will plant our Northern Grown Seeds.

SPECIAL OFFER
We will mail postpaid one

FOR 10c package each of Early Arrow-head Cabbage, 60 Day Tomato, Self-Growing Celery, Princess Radish, Fullerton Market Lettuce, and 12 Varieties Choice Flower Seeds.

Write today! Send 10 cents to help pay postage and packing and receive "Famous Get Acquainted Collection" and our New Instructive Garden Guide.

Great Northern Seed Co.
Dept 154 Rockford, Illinois

GLADIOLI

"THE FLOWER BEAUTIFUL"
50 Choice Mixed Bulbs, full blooming size, 10 varieties and colors; postpaid for only

25 Gladioli Bulbs, no two alike, all colors of the rainbow, mailed postpaid for only

SPECIAL BULB AND PLANT OFFERS
6 Cannas, best varieties, \$1.00—Shady Phlox, 5 varieties, \$1.00—5 Iris, 5 choice varieties, \$1.00—8 Tuberoses, ever-blooming, \$1.00—5 Dahlias, California large flowered, \$1.00. Any above offers sent postpaid. Illustrated Bargain Book of Gladioli and other bulbs and plants free.

WILDHAGEN BULB FARMS, Box 554H, Waterloo, Iowa



YOUR GARDEN ALL AROUND THE YEAR

BY DOROTHY GILES

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD HEATH



When the cuckoo comes to the bare
thorn
Sell your cow and buy your corn.

JANUARY snows keep the plants beneath them safe and warm, and January thaws release precious moisture to free the brooks and hidden springs, but alternate freezing and thawing work untold harm, and pools of slush standing about the garden should be drained off if possible. Note the low places in your garden to fill in or drain them as soon as the ground can be worked after the frost. Avoid planting perennials in those spots.

Scatter crumbs and put out bits of suet for the birds. Even the thieving jays are welcome in the year's barren time.

Send for and study the nurserymen's lists. You will have time for this now when there is no work to be done out of doors. Make a note book or a card catalogue of information about new varieties of roses, peonies, dahlias, iris, phlox; recipes for sprays and fungicides; advice on pruning, fertilizers and soil conditions. Write for your McCall Garden Club List of the Best Garden Books. You can borrow these from your Public Library or buy them for your own shelves. Read as many of them as are available; they will do more than teach you the *why*, *how* and *when* of gardening, they will open your eyes to the beauty you as a gardener are helping Nature to create.

Make a drawing to scale of your garden. Never mind if you can't draw artistically; with a ruler, a compass and a T square you can draw accurately, and that is all that matters. Study it and decide now what changes or additions should be made in beds, borders or shrubbery to perfect the symmetry of your design. Remember that a collection of flowering plants, however fine the individual specimens may be, do not make a garden any more than the assemblage of household goods in a department store constitutes a home. The word *garden* implies choice, arrangement, design—a complete work of art created out of many diverse elements.

Order your seeds early, both vegetable and floral, and include in the list some that are new to you. The old favorites, the tried and true, go down as a matter of course, but part of the adventure of gardening is to make new friends as one progresses in the art. About Washington's Birthday start seeds of antirrhinum, ageratum, petunia, and stocks in flats under glass in the house or in the hot bed. Prune grape vines, and go over the fruit trees, trimming them for shape. Look over the garden tools and make all necessary repairs. Some time in March set up the cold frame and make sowings of tender vegetables and flowering annuals. About now look out for the first robin!

April, May, June

A cold May and a windy
Makes a full barn and a findy.

April opens the gardener's busiest season. Plough, if you have a large place, and fork the beds and flower borders as soon as the ground dries out after the frost. Dig the asparagus bed first and leave the perennial border to the last so that the peonies, phlox and delphinium may be sprouted sufficiently to guide your hand. Fork deeply, turning under the rotted manure that covered the borders all winter to further enrich the roots. Add at this time generous handfuls of bone meal and wood ashes; lime, too, if the soil seems sour. Use the litmus paper test to determine this.

Trim the edges of the beds, and set out

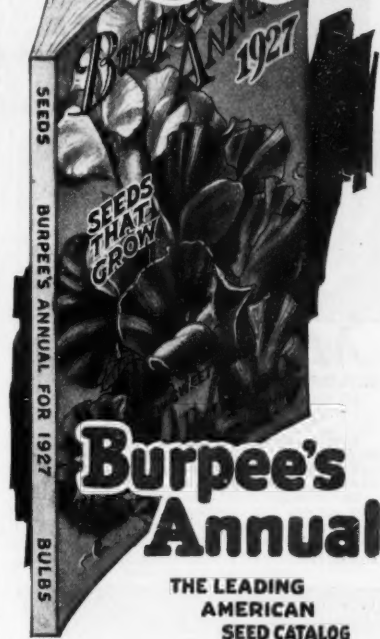
as early as may be, border plants. Much of the beauty of a garden planting depends on bringing color and foliage mass down to the ground level. Use for this purpose petunias, ageratum, pansies, violas, agrostemma, pinks of all sorts, alyssum and plants of rose geranium. Marigolds, cosmos, asters and zinnias, with which to fill in the bare spaces between the perennials, should be set out after May tenth.

Go over the peach trees for borers. Spray apples three times with a lime sulphur solution. Order fruit trees and bush fruits from the nurseryman and set them as soon as they arrive. Soak the roots well before planting and cut away any that seem bruised. Look about the garden for corners where you can plant two or three currant and gooseberry bushes. These are decorative and—think of the jelly and jam!

About May tenth set out plants of tender vegetables: tomatoes, peppers, egg plants, also the annuals raised in the hot bed and cold frame. Sow seeds of phlox drummondii, nicotiana affinis and nasturtium, the last named where it is to bloom. Enrich the ground where the annuals are set. More failures derive from planting in impoverished soil than from faulty seeds. Water the annuals every ten days with a weak solution of nitrate of soda until the buds form, to promote growth. Watch out for cut worms and fight them with soot. Plant dahlias; stake. [Turn to page 112]



Burpee's Seeds Grow



THE LEADING
AMERICAN
SEED CATALOG

For Your Flower or Vegetable Garden

Only the Home Gardener really knows the friendliness of "growing things"; how quickly they respond to attention—how faithfully they greet one with each new day's growth—how they actually seem to appreciate their owner's care.

Make sure that your seeds are from the finest varieties of the flowers and vegetables you wish to grow; full of vigorous, healthy life, fresh from the fields of an experienced grower. Then your Garden will be a Joy indeed.

Get **Burpee's Annual** and you can't go wrong. All the plants in which you are interested are described in it together with our new Sweet Corn, new Tomato, new Dahlias and new Sweet Peas; with suggestions for their planting and later care.

Mail us the coupon below for a free copy.

To your garden
fresh from the Grower's fields.

**BURPEE'S SEEDS
GROW**

Quick Mails
Make Neighbors
of us all.

TEAR HERE
W. Atlee Burpee Co.
SEED GROWERS PHILADELPHIA
Please send me a free copy of Burpee's Annual
Name _____
R.D. or St. _____
P.O. _____
State _____

SPECIAL OFFER of TESTED SEEDS



If you write for our 1927 Catalogue we will send the famous HENDERSON Collection of seeds—one packet each of Ponderosa Tomato, Big Boston Lettuce, Early Scarlet Turnip Radish, Henderson's Invincible Asters, Brilliant Mixture Poppies, Giant Waved Spenser Sweet Peas.

HOW TO GET THEM

Simply state where you saw this advertisement, enclose ten cents for mailing the Catalogue, "Everything for the Garden," and the seeds will be sent without extra charge.

EMPTY ENVELOPE COUNTS FOR CASH

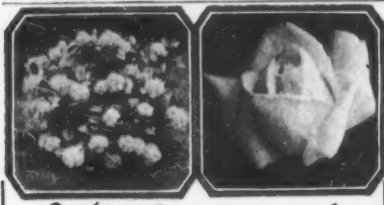
These tested seeds come in a coupon envelope which, emptied and returned, will be accepted as a 25 cent cash payment on any order amounting to \$1.00 or more. Don't delay; write at once.

1927 Catalogue Now Ready
Bigger and Better
than ever, the most
beautiful and com-
plete horticultural
publication of the
year, a book of
204 PAGES

16 color pages, 72
pages in Rotogravure
and over 1000 half-
tone illustrations di-
rect from photographs
of results from Hen-
derson's seeds—the
finest catalogue we
have ever issued.

PETER HENDERSON & Co.

35 & 37
CORTLANDT ST.
NEW YORK CITY



Maloney's

TREES, SHRUBS, ROSES, ORNAMENTALS, BERRIES, VINES

All the choicest varieties we grow are described and what, how and when to plant told in the Maloney Free Nursery Book illustrated in color. Send for this book and see how inexpensive it is to increase the beauty and value of your home, how easy it is to do your own planting. Our Landscape service will aid you.

Buy extra fine rooted, fast growing stock direct from our 400 acre nurseries at growers' prices. Money back if not satisfied for everything you order from us is positively guaranteed.

Maloney Bros. Nursery Co., Inc., 3 Main St., Danville, N.Y.
Established over 40 years

Send for Big Free Catalogue



6 wonderful Roses 50¢

Think of a chance to get these six beautiful roses at such a low price—hardy, ever-blooming roses, and on their own roots—an exclusive selection of roses that will give you untold pleasure and delight. Here they are—send your order now:

Pink Radiance; Sensation; Mad. Butterfly; 50¢

Killarney; Sunburst; White Opelia—all for

MORE FLOWER BARGAINS—Get These, Too!

4 Choice Dahlias (mixed).....50¢

8 Gladioli (choice varieties).....50¢

6 Pompon Mums (assorted).....50¢

3 Choice Flowering Begonias.....50¢

3 Orchid Cannas & 2 Butterfly Bushes 50¢

8 Pkts. Flower Seed (Phlox, Petunia, Zinnia, Aster, Cosmos, Snap-

dragon, Larkspur, Dianthus, 25¢

Any 5 of the 50¢ collections for \$2.

FREE Illustrated Catalog

All orders sent postpaid and guaranteed safe arrival. Plants reserved until plant-

ing time unless you specify otherwise.

Order today. Also send for FREE Catalog.

MISS ELLA V. BAINES, Dept. E-101, Springfield, Ohio

6 Packets of Seed of New Flowers & Big Seed Book for 10 cents

6 Packets NEW Large Flowered Zinnias, Poppies, Cosmos, Asters, Stocks and Hollyhocks—

originated by California's greatest flower wizard—also BIG NEW 1927

STARK BOOK showing NEW Flow-

ers and Vegetables. ALL FOR 10 cents

IN STAMPS. Write Quick!

Address Box 2716 **STARK BRO'S**

at LOUISIANA, MO., for 111 Years

Star Roses

There's real joy in roses—sturdy "Star" roses that bloom from May till frost. Our

"Star Guide to Good Roses," 100 pages, profusely illustrated in color, tells all about the only guaranteed roses. A new 32-page booklet, "Success with Roses," makes rose growing easy. Worth dollars, costs only

25¢—which is refunded on your first "Star" purchase. Send 25¢ for "Success"; "Star Guide" FREE. Write today!

THE CONARD-PYLE CO.

Star Rose Growers

Robert Pyle, Pres. Box 128, West Grove, Pa.

Guaranteed to bloom

BULBS

10 kinds Gladioli mailed for 10¢ and names of four friends who grow

gladioli. Will include FREE bulb of the beautiful Mirabilis.

BULBS

S. W. PIKE, Seedsmen Box 12 ST. CHARLES, ILLINOIS



For 25¢ Gladiolus

Big Catalog FREE

Filled with Nursery Bargains from my 600-acre nursery. Phlox, Tansy, Sunrose, Ever-crimson, Edward. All in natural colors, also landscaping plans at direct-from-nursery-in-you prices that save you 50 per cent or more. Send 25¢ for FREE Catalog. 10¢ for 100¢, or 10¢ for 7. This special advertising offer will convince you.

10¢ For Five Evergreens

Popular varieties, 2 year, 4 to 6 inch seedlings. Or 6 each 3 different varieties, 1½ year, 1½ inch seedlings. In all for 25¢. In accepting this send name of some neighbor who owns home.

APPLE TREES

Best varieties, 1-year well rooted and thrifty. For only \$1.

EARL FERRIS NURSERY

515 Bridge St. Hampton, Iowa

A Rose Garden!

The finest hybrid June and Monthly roses, hardy climbers, moss roses, etc.

Dependable stock, from our 75-acre rosery, acclimated to northern winters.

Many wonderful new varieties, at exceptionally low prices. America's oldest and largest nursery. Established 73 yrs.

FREE Complete garden and orchard book, shows what, when and how to plant for best results. Send for it today.

Storrs & Harrison Co.

BOX No. 179 PAINESVILLE, OHIO

CONDON'S NEW CABBAGE

"Disease Resistant"

Quick as lightning. Hard as stone. One of the earliest in maturity. To secure our Northern Crown "Sure Crop" seeds and plants we will mail you 150 seeds of Condon's New Prosperity Cabbage and our 1927 Page 1, 9, 57

FREE

Send 15¢ to Cover Postage

CONDON BROS., Seedsmen

Box 147, ROCKFORD, ILLINOIS

BUY Berry Plants DIRECT

The most economical and safest way to buy berry plants, fruit trees and all other nursery stock is direct from the grower. You save the difference. This method of advertising and selling puts us in direct contact with our customers. All plants true to name, fresh dug and backed by our "satisfaction guarantee." Write for our nursery sales book in natural colors. It is free.

O. A. D. BALOWIN NURSERY COMPANY

Box 218, Bridgman, Michigan

The Everlasting STRAWBERRY

Bears 2 Full Crops Yearly

Spring and Fall. Great yielder of big beautiful berries. Write for FREE Catalog of Berry Plants, Trees, Shrubs, Vines, Perennials, etc.

L. J. FARMER, Box 2605, Palaski, N.Y.

ROSES of NEW CASTLE

is the title of a beautiful book on the culture of roses and other plants; gives expert experience of a lifetime. Exquisitely illustrated in natural colors; offers and tells how to grow these famous plants. Write for copy today. It's free.

WELLS BROS. CO., Box 212, New Castle, Ind.

850,000 GRAPE-VINES

66 varieties. Grown in grape belt by experts. Also Fruits, Shrubs, etc. Genuine. Best rooted stock. Descriptive catalog free. West Hill Nurseries, Inc., Box 5, Fredonia, N.Y.

BULBS

10 kinds Gladioli mailed for 10¢ and names of four friends who grow

gladioli. Will include FREE bulb of the beautiful Mirabilis.

BULBS

S. W. PIKE, Seedsmen Box 12 ST. CHARLES, ILLINOIS

THEY WERE AMERICANS, TOO

[Continued from page 104]

of the town's share in the struggle for freedom. When he learned of the fate of Captain Ware and Georgiana, he almost died of sympathy. Under his mother's devoted care, his strength was brought back slowly, though he was plainly marked as a non-combatant. It was not hard for him to arrange assignment to provost duty. When he mentioned his experiences in the worst of British prisons and asked to be assigned to the worst of American prisons, it was assumed that he would not err on the side of mawkish tenderness.

After delays that his impatience could hardly brook, he was ordered to report for duty at the Simsbury Mines. He informed his chief that one of the prisoners was the incorrigible villain Captain Ware who had tried to murder his father. Then George was sent down with a guide to inspect the prison. With a brain so benumbed that he could hardly force it to remember the things he must learn, he listened to the instructions about his official duty in order that he might be able to do what his soul accepted as its duty.

There was no faintest scruple of doubt in his soul what this duty was. Nothing on earth or in heaven could justify that prison. Putting men in torment was God's business, not men's. His heart ached to run to Georgiana and feast his eyes upon her, feast his lips with kisses. When he heard that she came every day and climbed down into that Sheol with food for her manacled father, he marvelled at her, adored her as something more than human. He left the guardhouse for a stroll and made his way to her door. When he knocked her voice came through, struggling to sound resolute:

"Go away. I am armed. I'll kill you if you come in."

He cried against the stout oak. "Georgiana, it's George Atlee! I've come for you, my love!"

He had a long parley with her before he could persuade her to trust him enough to open the door. George caught her in his arms and they wept together for a long time, in sheer sorrow for the happiness they had not had till now. When she spoke, her first word was: "My father, my poor father!"

"I've come to save him at any cost."

"To save him? You've turned Tory, then?"

"No, but I've never turned devil. I saw what had been done to him, and I would rather take his place than leave him there."

Before George left her, everything was understood and agreed upon. Georgiana's good-night was a last warning.

"Remember that you are to do nothing until I have made everything ready and given you the word. And then you are to do but the one thing and make no further attempt to help me."

When Georgiana appeared during the days that followed with food for her father, she snubbed George contemptuously. He became a byword in the guardhouse. One night at ten o'clock, when he was in command of the drowsy sentinels,

Georgiana appeared and, ignoring George, explained to one of the guards her father's need of a medicine that she had had to fetch from Granby. The guard laid down his musket, bent and heaved up the trap door, and turned—to find Georgiana with his gun leveled at him charged to fire. He cried out, and the other guards, waking, started up to run for their muskets, but fell back at the cry of Georgiana who swept their path with the muzzle of her weapon. George Atlee commanded her to surrender but she fired at him and filled his arm with shot. He fell groaning.

But before the guards could rush her, there was a gush of hideous, slimy men from the pit. While they beat down the guards and trussed them up, Georgiana's father was hoisted out of the pit and supported through the door by two of the least crippled prisoners.

When the jail-break was complete and the last of the prisoners had vanished with farewell warnings of the danger of pursuit, the sentinels squirmed out of their thongs. It was well on toward morning before there was any effort to organize pursuit. Only a few of the fugitives were ever recaptured; and the Wares were not among them.

A court of enquiry was called and a court martial threatened. Old friends at Midhaven thought it strange that Captain Ware's daughter could not have freed him till after her lifelong sweetheart joined the guard. But the other guards testified to her unbroken contempt for him, her father's loathing and her farewell words. Besides, it was hard to rule out the fact that she had shot George down. His wounds were his exoneration.

When George's father proposed that George be granted old Captain Ware's property as retribution, the whole village thought it an inspiration—a neat revenge on the little cat who had tried to kill him at Simsbury. George accepted the deeds, and had them recorded beyond legal question. Then he began to talk loudly of the well-known but not well-worn counsel: "forgive your enemies and love them that hate you."

The parson said there was Scripture for this ideal. Consequently when Georgiana suddenly appeared in Midhaven, and George took her to the parson, the parson had to marry them or throw all his principles overboard. Worse yet, old Captain Ware came down from Canada one night to visit his daughter. There was loud talk of another tarring and feathering, but Colonel George Atlee said, "Haven't I earned the right to choose my own visitors?"

That visit lasted as long as Captain Ware lasted. And before long old Major Atlee was over in the house again, wrangling with his ancient crony-enemy so violently that he often threatened to scorch him with the red-hot loggerhead—but always preferred to bury it in the sizzling flip. George and Georgiana did not mind their quarrels. They had quarrels of their own—quarrels over which one loved the other the more; and over which one had been the better traitor in the days of the great war.

THE STORY OF LITTLE CHARITY

[Continued from page 50]

instead of the right-hand way—

He is galloping far from Ipswich. He won't find it today."

THE door burst open and in trooped the servants.

IN came the Colonel's lady, to Charity straight she sped, and laid a trembling loving hand on the little curly head.

She looked across at the Colonel, who briefly told the tale.

Of a little servant whom warnings and threats could not make quail.

And then when the tale was over, and family prayers were said,

Charity curtsied gravely and quietly went to bed.

The next picture showed them all assembled, the Colonel and his wife in big chairs, the servants all round them. The

Colonel was reading. "This is a letter written by General Washington's aide." Then he handed another letter to Charity and was evidently asking her to read it.

THERE in the paper she read it, no longer a bond-girl was she—

For the paper said that from this day she Charity Ashforth would be.

Here adoption papers—the proof lay here in her hand,

But it really seemed too great a thing for a child to understand.

So she only curtsied before them, and tried in vain to speak,

Till Mrs. Ashforth came to her and laid her hand on her cheek,

Looked at her who so bravely had done a patriot's part,

And with a mother's gesture gathered her to her heart.


[Continued from page 12]

[Continued from page 13]

25¢ CLASS FREE

Design shown made with any equal amount lettering, 2 colors enamel.

BASTIAN BROS. CO.



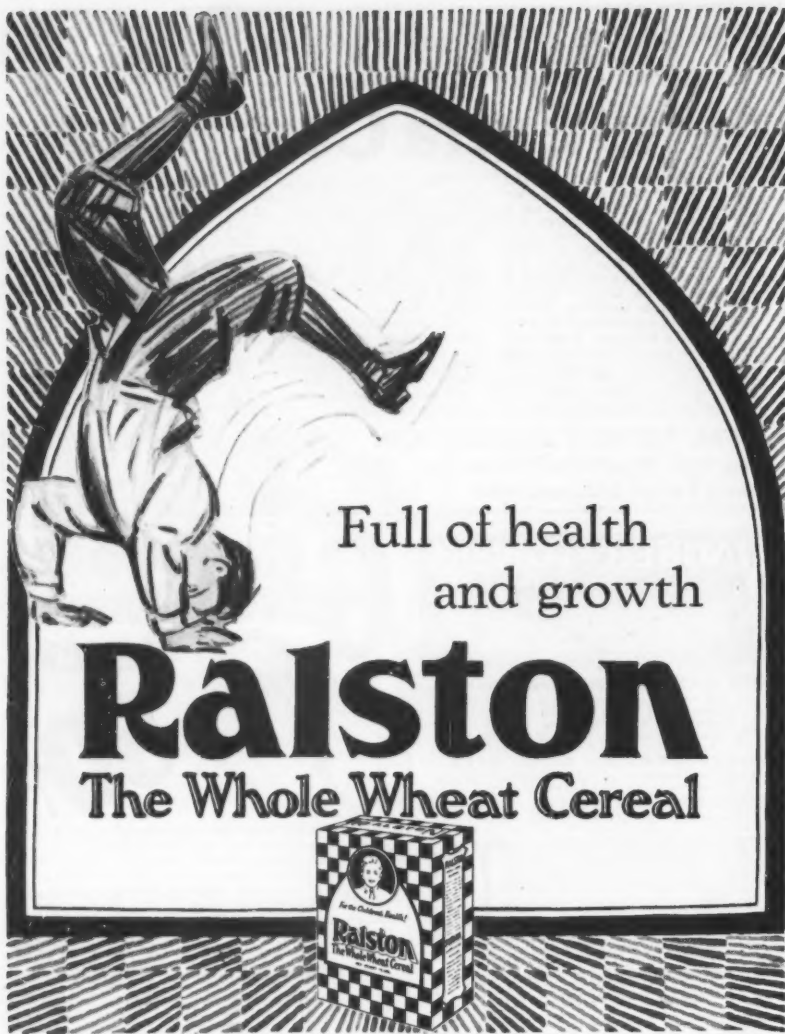
PINS CATALOG

Silver Plate 25¢ ea; \$2.75 doz. Sterling silver 40¢ ea; \$4.00 doz.

723 Bastian Bldg. Rochester, N.Y.

WEDDINGS

100 Invitations or Announcements \$3.50
 100 Visiting Cards \$1.00. Write for samples.
 400 Wedding Stationery \$1.00. Write for samples.
 406 Evening Star Bldg., Washington, D.C.



Full of health
and growth

Ralston

The Whole Wheat Cereal



Letters in our files from

43,612 Doctors

endorse

GLYCO-THYMOLINE

for mouth wash

nasal spray

or gargle

Remember this when your head feels "stuffed up," when you start sneezing, when your eyes and nose start running, when your throat is dry and ticklish. Glyco-Thymoline is sold by all druggists. Three sizes—small, medium and the big pound bottle, shown at the right.

Trial size bottle mailed promptly if you send 10c
Address Kress & Owen Co., 361 Pearl St., New York



THE MAGIC GARDEN

[Continued from page 18]

with straining eyes. They listened to the salvos of applause when, slender and beautiful, gracefully and with exquisite skill, John Guido stood before a great audience and played great music.

Then a thing happened that was so surprising that Paul Minton took Amaryllis in his arms and held her tight without the slightest regard as to whether anybody saw what he was doing. Nobody was looking at them, anyway. Every one was looking at the beautiful youth playing, playing exquisite music. The program said that it was his first public appearance. When he had played the great things and the fine things, and when he had answered encore after encore, at the very last he stood out and he waited for a moment as if he could not quite decide. Then he lifted his violin. He lifted his bow. He shook back his hair and he laughed until the gleam of his white teeth could be seen across the great building, and lightly like thistle-down and fairy footsteps, lightly like Jack Frost coming in the night to paint the windows with pictures, Tap-tap, tap, tap—Tap, tap, tap, the bow fell and John Guido began to play "Amaryllis."

That was when Amaryllis' old Dad had to hold her tight. Afterward he sent the usher up the aisle with a great bunch of red Amaryllis and down in the heart of it there was a little note that said: "I have heard you play my music. Now I must go back and leave you to finish your work, but when you come to the little white house that's waiting for you, as I promised, I will come back to you. There is nothing in all the world so beautiful as your music. When you cannot make it any more beautiful, then come home, and you will find me waiting. Amaryllis."

So Amaryllis went home and for several more years she went straight ahead studying her own lessons, keeping her father's house, writing to Peter half motherly, half sisterly letters, being the very light of her father's eyes. During those two years all her spare time she lived in the little house. Those were years when Amaryllis really grew. She was getting to be a woman now, very close to eighteen. She had grown to woman's size. She had grown to woman's mental stature, and she had grown to beauty so much greater than any beauty that could be seen in girls around her that she shone out as one star brighter than all the rest shine in the heavens because she belonged to John Guido. She had kept herself for him alone.

The world of the big island is never quite so lovely as it is in May when all the old pear trees and peach trees and apple trees are in bloom; when the grass is brilliantly green and home-coming birds are shouting the ecstasy of their mating songs.

It was on a morning like this in the big house where Amaryllis reigned that she answered the telephone. She was looking over her domain and feeling highly comfortable and pleased and happy.

She was wondering, as she wondered nearly every hour of every day of her life, what John Forrester and John Guido, his son, were going to think when they stepped into their home and found it changed.

She had been following John Guido from Rome to Berlin, from Berlin to Madrid, from Madrid to Paris, from Paris to London, and after London surely home would be next. It was at this point that the telephone rang. Because she was near it, Amaryllis answered it. The call was from the bank that handled Mr. Forrester's money and the leasing of his property. With one particular man who handled this particular business, Amaryllis had made friends. She had left instructions that he should keep her posted as to when the Forresters were coming so that the supposititious tenants might have time to move from the house.

When she answered the telephone, the voice of this particular man called for her and then went on to say that they had just received a letter informing them that on the twentieth of May the Forresters would be sailing. They wanted to go straight to their home and they would be glad if the tenants could have vacated it before that time.

Amaryllis tried to be quite businesslike.

She said very primly that the tenants would have left the house and that the keys would have been turned in at the bank. They might cable Mr. Forrester to that effect.

Then she hung up the receiver and stood still. Possibly in ten days more John Guido would be back to the garden of magic with the bed of striped grass, and the mystery of the meadow, and the song of the brook that grew so impetuous that men said it roared. Amaryllis came so near feeling as if she were going to fly that she lifted her feet and inspected them very carefully to see whether they might not have developed wings like those of Mercury in the mythology book.

That night when Paul Minton came home, Amaryllis was waiting for him half-way down the drive. She made a flying leap that landed her on the running board of his car and opened her lips. Before she had time to say a word, her father had closed them with a kiss and what he said was: "Cable today. Peter will be here in about ten days."

Then in excitement so tense that neither of them was very particularly articulate, they discovered that the same boat was going to bring Peter home and John Guido and Mr. Forrester. There was a meager possibility that at some time in the length of a voyage on that boat they might run across one another and might become acquainted. Amaryllis thought about it all night when she should have been sleeping. The next day Peter had a cable that read: "Delighted. Same boat an artist, John Forrester; his son, a violinist. Want you to be good friends. Get acquainted with younger Forrester, but do not mention me. Secret. Tell you later."

Then followed ten days that were the busiest of all Amaryllis' life. Paul Minton sympathized with her and helped her. Peter's room was made especially fine and some new pieces of furniture were put in it. Peter's horse was groomed until a shadow could be seen on its shining flanks, and Peter's dogs were taken care of a little more particularly than they had been ten days before.

Paul Minton went with Amaryllis over to the little white house and he was shocked at the expenditure he had permitted and entranced with the results. There was no question but that Amaryllis had the home-making instinct. He had to admit that he had not seen anything anywhere that seemed so quiet, so serenely still, and so entrancingly sweet. Perhaps the highest tribute he paid her work was when he put his arms around Amaryllis and said: "Amaryllis,"—because that was his own private and personal pet name for her—"Amaryllis, I am all sort of breathless here. I feel as if I should walk on tiptoe and whisper."

Amaryllis threw her arms around his neck and hugged him tight and her eyes were wet.

Close to his ear she said it low: "You just better do it, Dad! You just better whisper, because Love is asleep here and when it wakes up, oh, boy! there is going to be music and song and laughter, and there are going to be little people and the brightest sunshine that this old island ever knew when Love wakes up in this little white house!"

Then they went home and Amaryllis went into the library and into her father's quarters to see what she could do for him. Just as she came out, she caught him squarely coming from her own particular suite of rooms. When she looked at him inquiringly, he said: "Amaryllis, I was just casting my optics around to see if I could figure on anything else that I could put into your rooms that you would like to have. Could you help your old Dad?"

Amaryllis laughed and said: "Dad, don't let your affection take the form of spending more money on me. All I want you to do is just to love me. There isn't a thing in the world that I need in my rooms that I haven't got."

Then Amaryllis went up to her father. Very softly, almost whispery, she said: "Father, do you suppose that she, do you suppose that Mother has anything in her life so precious as the thing we have? Do you suppose she's got [Turn to page 111]



So easy to digest, this food melts in your mouth

TAKE a little bite, or a big bite, of a thoroughly ripened banana. The tasty, appetizing morsel will literally melt in your mouth.

A simple test—but it shows the ease with which a perfectly ripe banana is digested.

To careful parents, it is a happy reassurance that the fruit their hungry, active children like is also one of the most easily digested foods they can eat. It should be. For the ripening process does for the banana even more than cooking does for similar carbohydrates, or energy-producing foods. Even young children thrive on this wholesome, all-food fruit.

When combined with milk, ripe bananas constitute a perfectly balanced ration.

Packed in nature's sanitary wrapper, bought by the hand, Unifruit bananas are the cheapest, safest all-purpose fruit you can buy. They can be served as entree, vegetable, salad, dessert or fruit.

Over eighty tempting recipes for serving these bananas have been prepared by Camille Den Dooven, former chef to His Majesty, Albert, King of the Belgians. These recipes are contained in an illustrated cook book, "From the Tropics to Your Table." We will gladly send you a copy free if you mail the coupon below.



MRS. FRANCES W. HOPPER, R. N., in charge of the Josephine Home for anemic and under-nourished children, Peekskill, N. Y., says: "Ripe bananas have a place in the regular diet of our children. We know that bananas when thoroughly ripe are easy to digest and are an appreciated and highly beneficial food."

UNIFRUIT BANANAS

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

A United Fruit Company Product

Imported and Distributed by Fruit Dispatch Company

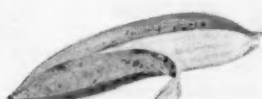
FRUIT DISPATCH CO., Dept. 42, 17 Battery Place, New York

Please send me a copy of your recipe book, "From the Tropics to Your Table."

Name _____

Street No. _____

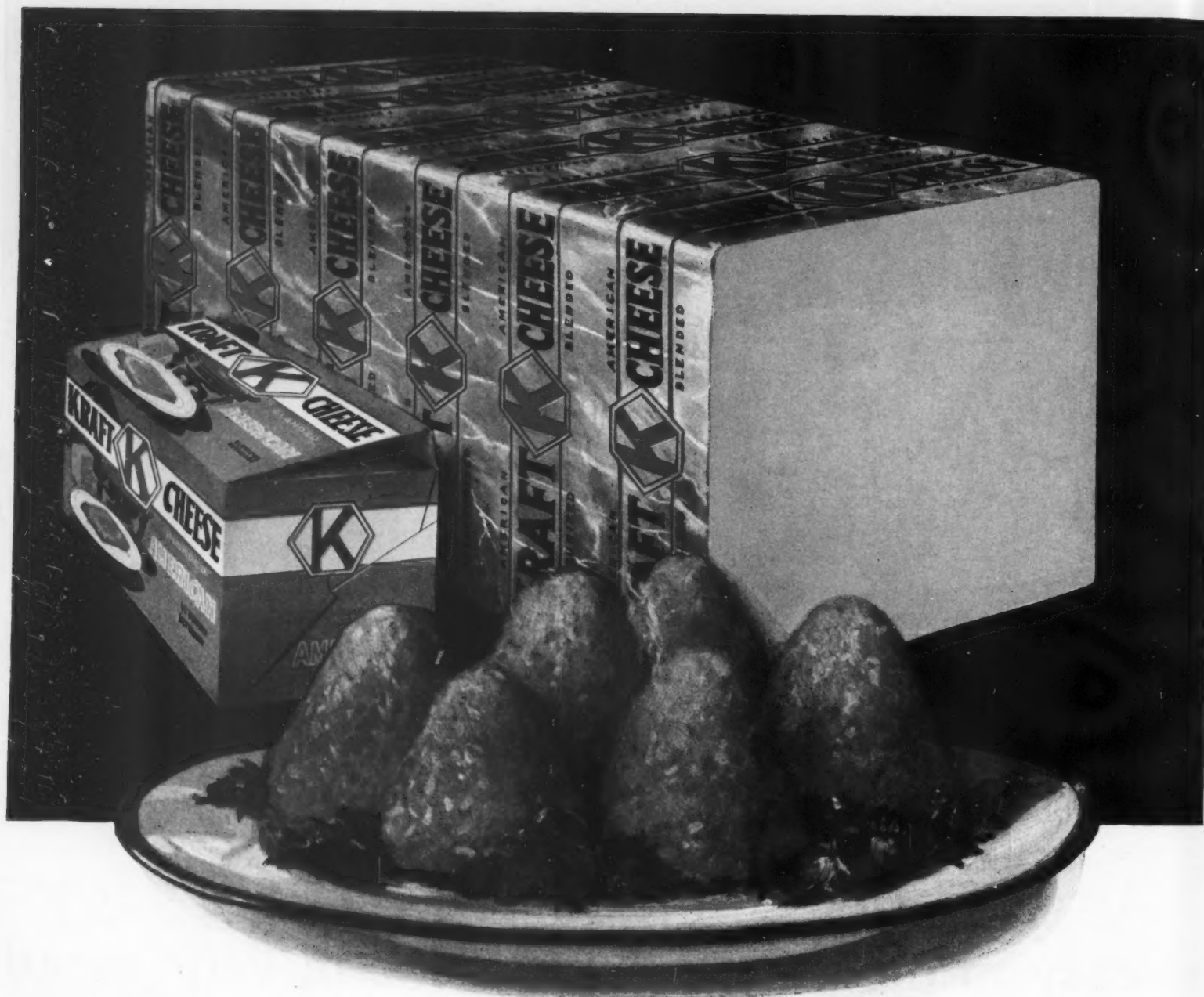
City _____ State _____



PARTLY RIPE . . . When you buy bananas in the hand they are usually green at the tips. In this state bananas are readily digestible when they are cooked and eaten as a vegetable.

YELLOW RIPE . . . After the bananas have remained in a bowl at room temperature for several days, all green color disappears. The fruit now has a delicious flavor and is readily digestible.

FULLY RIPE . . . This shows the banana when fully ripe. The skin is flecked with brown. This all-food fruit is now at its best for flavor and nutriment, and of all foods, it is one of the most easily digestible.



KRAFT Grated Cheese

is a dehydrated American cheese to be used for all cooking and seasoning purposes. It is a typical Kraft product—which is full assurance of quality—and in this convenient form saves the labor of drying, grating and all loss of unused portions. It dissolves and blends thoroughly with other foods and is never stringy or tough. Whenever you want cheese in its most convenient form for cooking or seasoning purposes, you should call for Kraft Grated Cheese.

Send for FREE Recipe Book
406 Rush Street, Chicago



When the appetite wanes —

when old favorites seem to have lost their appeal . . . when you're vainly searching for something new in appetizing foods . . . try one of the numerous dishes made delicious by the use of Kraft Cheese. It will be a pleasing surprise. For even leftovers can be made into marvelous new combinations that are a feast to the eye and a delight to the taste.

It is our boast that Kraft Cheese has never yet disappointed the purchaser. Its mellow, delectable flavor has won thousands to more frequent use of this healthful, strength-giving food. Try the various kinds of Kraft Cheese—you may find a new favorite among them. You can buy it by the slice from the five-pound loaf or in one-quarter, one-half or one-pound packages.

KRAFT CHEESE COMPANY, General Offices, CHICAGO

KRAFT CHEESE

It Slices It Cooks It Keeps

THE MAGIC GARDEN

[Continued from page 108]

love like ours? Do you think so, Father?"

She could feel her father's frame grow tense under her fingers. He stood very still a minute and then he said: "No, Amarilly. I don't think she has. I know that she would not care for what we do. She only cares for fine clothes and jewels and to be worshipped."

"Sometimes," said Amarillys, "I feel as if maybe we had not served her right, as if maybe we should have gone to her and tried to force her to see our way."

Paul Minton laid his hands on Amarillys' shoulders and held her very tight.

"Amarillys," he said, "do you remember one time when I went away on business and was gone nearly a month and did not leave you any address because I said I would be travelling constantly? Well, Amarillys, I went to France and I hunted up your mother and I tried to tell her and I tried with all my heart and brain to get her to come back. But she did not want us, Amarillys. She did not want anything we had to offer. We won't ever mention it again, but you can feel your heart clean on that score. She has had her great chance, and scorned it. May God bless and save her and her Count."

Then he bent his head and kissed Amarillys very hard on the lips and turned and went to his own room. As she stood and watched him, she noticed that his shoulders sagged a little and that his head was bent slightly, and that it was growing very white. She realized that, love him as she might, think for him as she would, she was not going to be able to give him what she had to give John Guido. While he was young and while he was strong, there was no woman to bring to him her richest gifts of the heart and of the mind. Was he all the rest of his life to be a man defrauded, a man bereft of what it was his right to have? Amarillys ran after him and opened the door. She found him before his desk with his arms crossed and his head laid on them. She lifted up his arms and hopped on the desk and made a pillow of her lap to rest his head in. She combed her fingers through his hair and very unsteadily she said: "Dad, why don't you look around among the women you know? Why don't you see if somewhere you don't know one, or you can't find one, who would give to you what I am going to give to John Guido when he comes? Why don't you, Dad?"

Paul Minton sat back in his chair and lifted his head and looked at Amarillys with eyes of astonishment.

"Amarillys," he said, "the temptation has been big and strong for a good many years, but I so defrauded you in the beginning of your life, I was not going to take any risks of making anything unpleasant for you the rest of the way. So I would not risk it. I would not risk the chance of any woman living making you unhappy again, Amarilly. Not in the same house with you. If you are willing, after you go to John Guido, and maybe after Peter decides to select some charming girl and move back to his house, then maybe I might make the venture."

Amarillys slid from the table and stood between his knees and kissed him over and over and said: "Don't wait, Dad. If there is one single woman you are dead sure about, go and get her, bring her today, for all I care!"

But Paul Minton shook his head. "You youngsters are too impetuous for me," he said. "I'll go slowly. I'll think about it, and if I am too lonely after you leave me, why then I'll see what I can do."

Amarillys said: "That's a promise, Dad?"

And he answered her: "Yes, that's a promise," and Paul Minton put his arms around Amarillys and kissed her so hard that she felt that kiss half an hour afterward. He said: "I wonder to my soul if that young rascal has got the proper idea of exactly the kind of a girl that he is going to have the chance to win!"

And Amarillys laughed because that was such a joke. The idea that John Guido might not appreciate her!

So she laughed up at her father and she said: "Do you remember how he played 'Amarillys'? If he could play me like that, don't you worry, Dad! Don't you worry! There won't be any trouble

about John Guido not appreciating me."

The remainder of those ten days Amarillys never remembered exactly how she lived through. She went to the dock alone to meet Peter's boat. She promised her father to bring him straight to the office. She went alone because she had a secret in her heart, a secret about that cable. She had not told her father that there was a possibility that Peter might have been friends with John Guido and they might leave the boat together. She did not want to meet John Guido on a dock, in a crowd of people, before Peter. She could not endure that. She could not meet him anywhere for the first time except in the wayward garden of magic.

So she wore a very long coat with a very high collar and a very much pulled down hat and a very heavy veil. Peter would not have known her if he had been told that she was Amarillys. Off at one side, as close as she dared come, she stood watching and waiting, and presently, down the gang-plank together they came, and my! but they were fine young men! Peter had grown so! He seemed so tall for Peter and his clothing had such a distinguished look. She was so proud of Peter! She swept him with one comprehensive glance, then leaned back against whoever it was that was behind her with little gasps of ecstasy slipping between her lips because, after all, your brother is your brother, but beside the brother there was John Guido!

And he had grown oh! so tall! He had grown so handsome! His eyes were shining with such a happy light and he was laughing as he talked. He was turning his head to say things to John Forrester looking big and fine behind him as they came down the gangway. They were not very many yards from her when they stopped and Peter shook hands with both of them.

He said: "Our car is always parked across here. Our driver knows where to come for me and it is just possible that my Dad or my sister will be in the car waiting. So I'll go. But remember, John, you are to come on Monday for that party on my yacht that I am going to give to the fellows as my welcome home."

John Guido laid his hand on Peter's shoulder and said: "Thank you. I will be wherever you tell me to meet you."

Then they shook hands all over again and Peter turned in the direction that he expected to find the car waiting. John Guido and his father turned toward the conveyances to hire and distinctly Amarillys heard John Forrester say: "First thing we do we'll go to the bank and get the keys to the little old place."

John Guido answered: "I hope we find it exactly the way we left it."

Then they were gone. Amarillys was rather dazed, but she could not feel that John Guido would not like what she had done. Then she turned and went rushing after Peter. She overtook him and fell into his arms and the first word he said was: "Well, my word! Why the disguise?"

Amarillys laughed and said: "Because I did not want any one to know me."

"And why the mysterious cablegram?" asked Peter.

"Wasn't he nice?" cried Amarillys breathlessly as she plastered a few more kisses on Peter and stepped back to really get the look of him and the feel of him.

"I'll tell the world he is top notch!" said Peter. "But, Amarillys, if you've got any idea that you can get your tentacles on that man, you had better forget it."

"That chap is so dead in love with some girl he's waiting for that he can't see any other girl. All he will do is to talk about love. It is a thing so high, so holy, and so wonderful! He is going to get his trunks unpacked and get settled in his house. He is going to take this little run with me the first of the week, and then he is going back to his house to sit down and wait for love that has promised to come to him. I don't know why you wanted me to make friends with him, but you've surely got good judgment. Where did you meet him?"

Amarillys laughed. "I'll tell you all about it some day," she promised.

She could not very well tell him anything that minute. [Turn to page 112]

America's Leading Authorities Endorse The Kindergarten Children's Hour



Edited by LUCY WHEELLOCK

Head of The Wheelock School for Kindergartners, Boston

The Kindergarten Children's Hour offers a rich library of the most carefully selected material to help mothers in guiding and instructing their children.

A New Idea in Helps for Mothers

In one volume you will find 135 matchless stories especially adapted for very little children—and such stories are the hardest of all stories to find. Another volume is crammed full of just the right suggestions for games and occupations to answer adequately the cry of "What can we do now, mother?" A third volume tells you how to explain, in a way intensely interesting to your children, the everyday things of life that every child wants to know. Still another volume contains wonderfully inspiring and helpful advice by one of the world's leading experts upon child training, telling how best to handle children of every temperament on all occasions. And lastly a volume of 155 songs that children love, together with singing games.

This gives you but a faint idea of the wealth of material in these five volumes.

Simply fill out and mail the coupon below. The postman brings the five volumes to your door. We want you to inspect these books for a week at your leisure, free.

Houghton Mifflin Company, Private Library Dept.,
4 Park Street, Boston, Mass.

Send This Coupon Now!

Please send me the five volumes of *The Kindergarten Children's Hour*. If they are not just what I want, I will return the books within seven days after receiving them, without obligation, or, if satisfactory, I will pay \$1 within seven days after receipt of the books and \$2 a month thereafter for seven months, or \$14.25 within seven days after receipt of the books, in full payment.

Name..... Street.....
City..... State..... M.C-2

NEW
IMPROVED
MODEL

Campbell's Automatic

Electric Fireless Cooker

Range

Let Me Quote You

My Factory Price



Wm. Campbell
The Original Fire-
less Cooker Man

Get my special introductory price on this wonder of wonders new electric fireless cooker range. Better yet, let me send you this range upon 30 days approval test so that you can cook and bake and find out just how wonderful it really is. Read my offer below.

Costs Little to Use

The same wires that light your home will do all your cooking. You will be surprised at how little it costs. Electricity in the oven turns on and off automatically.



Works Off
Your Home
LIGHTING
CIRCUIT
Through Convenience
Outlet

Better Baking—Better Cooked Foods

Flaky pie crusts—cakes that just melt in your mouth—Roasts done to a juicy tenderness. Large Pyrex windows in the oven door. Oven door clamps tightly—no heat wasted. Uses electricity only about 1/3 of the time. The automatic control insuring steady, even heat uniformly distributed to all sides, top and bottom of the oven takes all the uncertainty out of baking. Once you use this range you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. Easy payments.

Current is used only about one-third of the time. Set the oven control for the heat desired and the automatic regulator keeps the heat at the same temperature. Never too hot—never too cool—always just right for best baking and roasting results. Oven door, large cooking top and splashback made entirely of aluminum. Range beautifully finished with French Gray enamel. Large electric fireless cooker in the bottom slides in and out like the drawer in a desk. Takes up no extra room in your

kitchen—also automatically controlled. Put in your cooking—turn on the electricity, when the right cooking heat is reached the electricity automatically shuts off and the cooking continues. Money saving—time saving—cooks food better.

Write Today and Get My Special Offer

My new low price will amaze you. No dealers. I sell direct from factory. Cash or easy payments. Big illustrated catalog and health book sent free. Send me your name today for special introductory offer.

THE WILLIAM CAMPBELL CO., 1007 Union Ave., Alliance, Ohio
Manufacturers of a full line of electric kitchen cooking equipment

Deviled PINEAPPLE

~new
~easily made
~tempting

Says

MRS. MYRTLE STURTZ
Youngwood, Pa.



M-m-m! What a treat for Sunday-night supper! A new and better kind of Deviled Eggs.

"I just cut 6 hard-boiled eggs lengthwise," writes Mrs. Sturtz, "mix the yolks with a cup of Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, a tablespoon vinegar and 1/2 teaspoon salt. I pile this mixture in the eggs and serve on lettuce with mayonnaise. Sometimes I garnish with chopped salted peanuts. It's a splendid dish."

And many other every-day foods, too, become matchless menu treats when Hawaii's "King of Fruits" is added. For example, roast meats, rice, omelets, cooked cereals and waffles.

The two forms of Hawaiian Pineapple—Sliced and Crushed—are identical in quality and flavor. Both are packed in various sizes of cans for your quick convenience. Be sure to keep a supply of both on hand.



This new recipe book contains page after page of appetite-provoking suggestions. Send the coupon today, for your free copy!

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE



Sliced —For serving right from the can and for quick desserts and salads.
Crushed —For sundaes, ices, pies, cake filling, salads & hundreds of made-up dishes.

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK!

Dept. 74, Ass'n of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners, 451 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California
Please send me, free of charge, your new book, "Hawaiian Pineapple as 100 Good Cooks Serve It."

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

THE MAGIC GARDEN

[Continued from page 111]

"Peter," she said, "one time in the cabin on your boat I saw a picture of me. Is it there yet?"

"Sure it is!" said Peter promptly. "And it's going to stay right there and if ever I find a girl I want to marry, she can have a place beside it."

"Peter," said Amaryllys, "do you truly love me?"

"Yes," said Peter, "I do. I love you more than any man I know loves his sister. Anything you want, anything I can do for you, Amaryllys, I'll try to do."

Very promptly Amaryllys said: "All right, Peter. On Monday when you board your yacht, go straight to your room and take that picture of me and put it in the bottom of a drawer, down deep under your shirts somewhere that none of your friends will see it if they should happen to come to your cabin."

"Yes, I will—not!" said Peter. "Then I like your sincerity!" said Amaryllys. "You tell me you will do anything for me, and then refuse to lay away my photograph for only three days! Couldn't I have a special reason?"

"Oh-ho!" said Peter. "Your reason has got something to do with your mysterious cable, has it?"

"You aren't going to forget?" urged Amaryllys.

"I am going to do it," promised Peter. "I won't forget, because I'll remember that there's a reason that I am to be told one of these days."

"And if you can steer those boys off the subject of me, if you can head them off when they go to talking about girls, if there is any way you can keep them from mentioning me, I'd be awfully glad. I don't want anything said about a girl named Amaryllys before John Guido."

"I'll do my best," said Peter. "I'll do my best. But you're handing me something of a contract. I am going to be a man with something on my mind; and I've grubbed so hard that I wanted for these three days to have a mind at ease, because you know, Amaryllys, after I've

had a short vacation, I'm going in the office one morning and pull off my coat and roll up my sleeves, and I am going to surprise our Dad. I'm going to square up to him and say: 'Now, Dad, I'm a man. What's my job?'"

"But, Peter!" cried Amaryllys. "With all Grandfather's money?"

"Oh, yes, I know," said Peter, "but his money isn't my money. I notice you call it his. I didn't earn it. It doesn't represent anything I did. I would like to be able to have a little coin of the realm that I had amassed myself."

"Good for you, Peter!" said Amaryllys. "I like that school you've been going to."

By that time they were at Mr. Minton's office and together they went to him. He closed business for the day and went home with them because he was so pleased over Peter he could not let him out of his sight. Peter forgot about the vacation he was planning to have, and they had not more than reached home and gotten a little bit of the first exuberance of meeting over until Peter, never waiting for the vacation or the talk in the office, or the coat shedding, said: "Dad, anywhere in your business, is there a place for me?"

Paul Minton said: "Why, Peter, with what I have amassed and what your grandfather left you—"

And Peter said: "Oh, hang what you have amassed! Where does that get me? What I want is something that I have earned, something that represents me!"

Mr. Paul Minton said: "Well, Peter, you have made this a fine day for me! I'll tell you that! You can be very sure there is a place for you, and work for you."

So they were all inexpressibly happy and it was not any time at all until Monday morning came and the car rolled away from the door with Peter in it going to gather up half a dozen men for a first trial run for the season on the beautiful yacht that was the pride of Peter's heart. From the steps Amaryllys threw kisses and waved him a last good-bye.

[Continued in MARCH McCall's]

YOUR GARDEN ALL AROUND THE YEAR

[Continued from page 105]

Prune all flowering shrubs as soon as their blossom period is over. They will flower next spring on the wood which they make this summer.

July, August, September

Gentlemen, if the ground be not too wet, may do themselves much good by kneeling upon a cushion and weeding." The Art of Simpling, 1656.

July marks the passing of the gorgeous procession of early perennials. After their blooming season all these should be cut back, watered copiously, and fed with bone meal, wood ashes or commercial fertilizer to restore their strength.

In August start perennial seeds in the nursery bed for next year, also pansies and forget-me-nots. Early in September move peonies—if you must—iris and

phlox. Feed the chrysanthemums and disbud for exhibition blooms.

October, November, December

When frost and cold come both together, Sit by the fire and save shoe leather.

There are still flowers in the October garden but every night brings more bare spaces. Start clearing beds for the spring bulbs. Plant narcissi, hyacinths and tulips. Try planting Darwin tulips in groups of five or seven among the iris and peonies in the border; and scillas, crocuses, snowdrops and tiny dwarf narcissi at the base of the shrubbery beside the entrance porch.

Bulbs for winter blooming should be planted early in pots or flats, buried in a cool cellar for at least six weeks, then watered liberally, and brought by gradual stages to light and warmth.

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money-order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 819 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
4394..30	4679..35	4747..35	4773..45	4783..35	4793..45	4804..50	4814..35	4823..50
4434..35	4680..35	4753..45	4774..45	4784..35	4794..50	4805..35	4815..35	4824..30
4459..35	4682..30	4754..45	4775..50	4785..45	4795..50	4806..50	4816..35	4825..45
4508..45	4688..45	4758..45	4776..35	4786..50	4796..35	4807..45	4817..35	4826..45
4511..30	4701..35	4759..35	4777..50	4787..45	4797..45	4808..35	4818..50	4827..45
4512..35	4702..35	4760..45	4778..50	4788..50	4798..45	4809..35	4819..50	4828..45
4516..40	4726..30	4762..50	4779..50	4789..50	4799..35	4811..35	4820..35	4829..40
4650..35	4728..35	4770..45	4780..35	4790..50	4800..35	4812..50	4821..35	4830..45
4659..35	4731..35	4771..45	4781..35	4791..50	4802..45	4813..35	4822..45	4831..45
4667..45	4743..35	4772..35	4782..45	4792..45	4803..50			

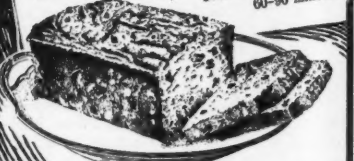
EMBROIDERY PATTERNS

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
863..20	1426..25	1501..40	1515..25	1520..35	1535..50	1554..30	1558..40	1562..40
1069..30	1467..40	1504..40	1516..40	1521..40	1536..30	1555..30	1559..25	1563..40
1351..40	1481..40	1508..35	1517..40	1522..25	1546..35	1556..45	1560..35	1564..35
1377..30	1482..35	1513..40	1518..30	1527..40	1550..40	1557..40	1561..45	1565..40
1421..40	1496..35	1514..40	1519..25	1528..25	1553..40	1072..25		

Prize Recipe

NONE SUCH FRUIT CAKE

Ingredients—1/4 cup shortening; 1 cup light brown sugar; 2 eggs; 1/4 cup milk; 1 1/4 cups flour; 3 teaspoons baking powder; 1/4 cup water; 1 package None Such Mince Meat; 1/4 cup seedless raisins.
Method—Cream shortening; add sugar; beat soft yolks, milk and mince meat which has been softened with water. Sift flour and baking powder together and add slowly; add the floured raisins and fold in the beaten whites of eggs. Put in greased loaf tin and bake in a slow oven 300° to 325° from 60-90 minutes.



The above recipe won a leading prize out of 19,400 submitted in our National Recipe Contest. Tear it out and try it; then paste in your recipe book for permanent use. It's simply delicious.
Merrell - Soule Co.
Syracuse, N. Y.

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT



Bunte Cough Drops clear the voice and rest the throat. Made of pure cane sugar, menthol and horehound. The menthol heals—the horehound soothes.

MENTHOL-HOREHOUND Bunte COUGH DROPS

BUNTE BROTHERS, CHICAGO
Makers of World Famous Candies

How to Have Soft, Pretty White Skin

Many women will undoubtedly be glad to know how they may have beautiful, white, soft, pretty skin regardless of their age or the work they have to do. The secret lies in rubbing a little Ice-Mint over the entire face and neck preferably just before retiring at night. In the morning you will be agreeably surprised at the pleasant transformation that has been wrought by even a single application. Ice-Mint is made from a Japanese product that is simply marvelous for its beautifying properties. Regardless of what kind of work a woman does she should never neglect her skin and complexion. Many women have made themselves look years younger by these simple Ice-Mint treatments and it is predicted that wrinkles will soon be a thing of the past to the woman who will give reasonable care to her daily toilet. A few applications of Ice-Mint will actually make any woman proud of her skin and complexion. It costs little and is sold and recommended by good druggists everywhere.

Big Profits in Home Cooking
Alice Bradley, famous expert, shows just how to make home cooking, cake-making, candy-making give big profits. How to cater, run profitable TEA ROOMS, Motor Inns, Cafeterias, etc.—over 61 Ways to Make Money in your own business or good positions. Write today for this booklet, "Cooking for Profit. It's FREE!"
American School of Home Cookery, 626 E. 58th St., Chicago



REAL COFFEE

That's Harmless!

Not even children are fooled by coffee substitutes! What do you gain by serving them? Harmless, yes. But so is coffee with the caffeine taken out.

Buy real coffee, and drink all you want! A pure coffee from which the caffeine has been extracted, without disturbing or altering a single one of the good qualities of real coffee,—taste, aroma or quick satisfying effects. All remain at their best. It can't affect the heart or kidneys. Nor keep one awake, though taken at bedtime.

Kaffee Hag is coffee at its best. At your grocer's or clip this coupon now!

KAFFEE HAG
1689 Davenport Ave., Cleveland
Send me postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of real coffee; I enclose 10 cents (coin or stamps).
Name.....
Address.....

Save 1/3 to 1/2 AT FACTORY PRICES

New FREE book quotes Reduced Factory Prices. Introduces sensational 5-Year Guaranteed Bond on Stoves, Ranges, Furnaces, 200 styles and sizes. Beautiful porcelain enamel ranges and combination gas and coal ranges. Mahogany porcelain enamel heating stoves. Cash or easy terms. 24 hour shipments. 30 day free trial. 900 day test. Satisfaction guaranteed. 25 years in business. 600,000 customers. Write today for FREE book.

Kalamazoo Stove Co., Mfrs.
61 Rochester Ave.
Kalamazoo, Mich.

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

Be a Dental Nurse

Amazing New Field for Women Earn \$25 to \$35 a Week

Now there is a new profitable field open to ambitious women—Dental Nursing. Includes assisting the dentist while he is working, meeting patients, keeping records, and caring for instruments and supplies. We train you for this fascinating, uncrowded field by our wonderful Home-Study Method—the result of our 27 years' experience teaching nursing.

EARN WHILE LEARNING

If you are over 18 and under 50 send for full details and large free catalog. Money back guaranteed.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF DENTAL NURSING, Dept. B-15
421 S. Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Book HOW TO FEED CHICKS

Gives Money Making Secrets of Poultry Raising. Tells how to hatch, care for and feed chicks until fully grown. Gives plan of Poultry and Brooder Houses. Describes Miller's "IDEAL" INCUBATORS with Patented Egg Turning Frame. Oil and Coal Burning BROODERS. Eggs for hatching—Baby Chicks—BARGAIN PRICES. WRITE TODAY!

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 25, Rockford, Ill.

\$10 For You

You can have \$10.00—or even more—easily, in return for a little of your spare time used in taking care of new and renewal McCall subscriptions.

Dept. 2-T, McCall's Magazine
250 West 37th St., New York

Mail Today

Tell me how I can earn extra money.

Name.....
Local Address.....
City and State.....

DISCOVERING A LOST CITY

[Continued from page 21]

the earth melted down into an undulating profusion of surrounding jungle.

We sat there for a while in hot silence, and then, when we had rested, descended to the ponies.

The road continued for about three hundred yards from Penom-Bakheng to the majestic southern portal of Angkor-Thom. There the forest thinned and the ghost of a wide moat lay smothered in lily-pads beneath the city's crumbling walls. The road unrolled across a causeway smaller than that of Angkor-Wat, to the irregular opening called the Gate of Victory. The balustrades were formed by the bodies of nagas, sacred serpents, each rearing up into seven heads, and held by figures of Asuras and Devas, the angels and demons of Hindu mythology.

The gate itself was a mass of neutral-colored stone, veined and bearded with vines. Over the entranceway was a ruined tower ornamented upon its four sides with vague visages that smiled omnisciently from the strangling green of creepers. The faces of Shiva or Brahma—who knows?

Beyond, the road went straight between thick flanks of jungle. A curve came subtly and unexpectedly, and suddenly we saw a torn pile of galleries and towers. "It is the Bayon," pronounced Khouan. "But we do not stop there this morning."

"Why?"

"We go first to Prah Khan, outside the northern walls. It is there the Green Gods have been most cruel."

SUDDENLY Khouan turned off from the main road to follow an inconspicuous path that glided into thick forest. In answer to my questioning look he announced: "Prah Khan."

The path crossed an embankment between what appeared to be two long pools and curved to follow a dark, looming shape that gradually became perceptible as the remains of a wall. Khouan indicated the embankment. "That was once a causeway."

Beside a green gap in the wall where broken pillars and blocks of stone lay submerged in spouts of ferns, we dismounted and followed a course parallel with the rampart. Gradually the path rose to surmount the battlements at a point where the stones had collapsed in a ragged breach. Beyond the wall the path plunged down into a tangle of wild growths that seemed to rise up and inclose us with ghastly suddenness. We had entered into a kingdom of twilight.

Khouan gestured toward the giant trees. "The Gods . . ." he whispered. "Trees hundreds of years old—with the souls of Gods in them—angry Gods." We paused, surveying the mournful spectacle. "They were a great people, the Khmers," he went on. "Some say they were Gods . . . And when they were defeated by the Siamese their souls entered the mighty trees and destroyed the city they had built . . ." He indicated the gloomy walls. "Once a great temple dedicated to Shiva. There were four huge doors and three concentric galleries, each identical, guarding the sanctuary. They say it had more towers than the Bayon."

Wandering in the midst of this wreck of magnificence, it was not difficult to reconstruct the past: the golden towers, the flare of sacred lights in the shrines; the temple-dancers, and the hundreds of priests, dark-visaged and wearing the red mark of Shiva. Barbaric splendor . . . Then the coming of the Chams; the attack of the Thai; the rebellion of the slaves . . . And finally, "les dieux de la crepuscule vert."

It is a ghastly punishment, the vengeance of the jungle.

IN LAOS LAND

AT Khone the Mé-Kong, swollen with the summer rains, inundates the valleys and lower lands, forming the Region of Four Thousand Isles; a forested sieve through which this great river of Indo-China rushes in its odyssey to the sea.

From there, on an island where France has rooted a little outpost that transfers cargo and passengers from one side of an impassable stretch to the other, I was to travel upstream to Bassac; and I set out in the Ibis, a little steamboat some forty

feet long, one morning when the dawn was yet a promise in the east.

As to the fragile beauty of that particular dawn I cannot testify until a few minutes after we left the bank, when, flung into its midst like an insect into a gauzy net, I rolled out of the bunk, trapped in crackling sounds that rent sleep from me and left me dazedly staring out of the forward companionway at stalks of bamboo that poured over the bow in green flood.

Gradually it came upon me that we had rammed the shore, and the loud angry voice of Monsieur Tambia, the patron of the Ibis, verified the fact as he cried out orders that seemed punctured by the continued popping of bamboo branches.

For a moment I felt acutely uncertain. Then Leung, my Chinese "boy," came lunging in, exclaiming, "Coolie smoke opium at wheel—run into bank!"

There was no danger. But my equilibrium had been sufficiently upset to dismiss the possibility of further rest, and I established myself on the railing forward, wrapped about with a blanket, while the coolies struggled with the boat and a shower fumed down out of sagging clouds.

For nearly two hours the crew, throat-deep in the water, worked with the Ibis, their muscled bodies appearing and reappearing in the muddy flood like fish gleaming and darting close to the surface. Stalks of bamboo broke and fell over the boat as though to strew a funeral barge. Then the rain slackened, and a motor-boat crept out from Khone, sinking her hooks into the Ibis and dragging her into midstream.

Near noon we passed Khong. In the wake of the rain had come a still humidity that rose from the river like steam, hot with the smells of jungle water and damp aromatic roots . . . From Khong we followed a reach of the Mé-Kong toward Ban Wounthong, there to take on wood for the engines.

When I woke the next morning, we were close to the western shore, following that endless slanting wall of bamboo.

I noticed many Buddhist monasteries on the banks, some of them merely log-raised platforms under a palm-leaf roof, and in most of them were huge drums, to be beaten during prayer or some ceremony. The monks perched about these shelters like flocks of strange yellow parrots. Frequently I saw saffron robes hung in the trees while not far away their owners squatted or lay in the water.

It was a cool night, and over the breadth of the river dwelt an epic silence that the charging engines only measured. I felt excited. For ahead was Bassac, and not many kilometers beyond it, Wat Phu, those Khmer ruins that had dreamed through centuries.

About ten o'clock the Ibis increased her speed. Monsieur Tambia entered the cabin and surprised me by smiling. "Bassac—finis!" he said with an eloquent wave of his hand.

Just two seconds later I was lying full length on the floor and above me the oil-lamp pitched about like an orange rag flung in a pit and then vanished.

Monsieur Tambia, lurching against me, swore a dreadful Hindustani oath. A moment later Leung was dragging me out on the deck.

The Mé-Kong was incongruously calm, and little ripples danced up as the current sucked past the Ibis. But there was something fearsome in the gloomy expanse of the river. "Coolie smoke opium again," whispered Leung.

I suddenly remembered my money-belt and the letters of introduction to the Governor of Bassac which were under my bunk, and as I rushed back to get them I saw, through the forward companionway, a dark looming mass that could be nothing but trees. All visions of swimming the brutal current of the Mé-Kong collapsed.

For more than an hour the crew labored with the little steamboat, then Monsieur Tambia, emerging from the water in a pair of drenched breeches, suggested that I let some of the crew put me ashore and guide me to Bassac. The town was less than a kilometer away, and there was a sala, or guest-house, where I could stay. It might [Turn to page 114]

Sensational \$100 Bargain!



From Our
FREE
Catalog

252
Pages
of
Money-
Saving
Bargains
Like
This
for
All the
Family

SLIP and BLOOMER Outfit

Combination Slip and Bloomers of exquisite self-striped mercerized pongee—a durable, closely woven, washable material. Double stitched seams; inverted side pleats. Lace modillion front; bodice self-laced edged and finished with Rayon drawstring; material shoulder straps. Fullcut bloomers have double reinforced elastic, finished with elastic at waist and knees. Slip Choice of Orchid, Peach, White or Pink. State size and color. Write for No. 355FM3616. Combination Slip and Bloomer. Price for both \$1.00.

Delivered Free to Introduce Our Bargains to You.

Send Coupon for FREE Money-Saving Style Book and Complete Family Outfitter

Send today for your FREE copy of our marvelous Spring 1927 Parisian and American Style Book, showing the cream of the season's styles in fashionable wearing apparel for all the family. 252 pages—many in actual colors and lifelike rotogravure—offering hundreds of bargains just as sensational as the one pictured here. Mail coupon or postal for Free Catalog.

38 Years of Matchless Service!

3,500,000 families use this book not only to clothe the entire family, but to save money on drygoods and useful articles for home. Orders usually shipped within 10 hours—always within 24 hours or we refund your money. Prompt service and satisfaction are our watchwords. Send postal or coupon for our FREE Catalog.

Money Back Guarantee

If not satisfied for any reason whatever, you may return goods and we will return your money plus postage both ways. If you can purchase the same goods elsewhere for less money, we will refund the difference. Send the coupon or postal today.



Mail This Coupon

Chicago Mail Order Co., Dept. 335
26th Street and Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill.

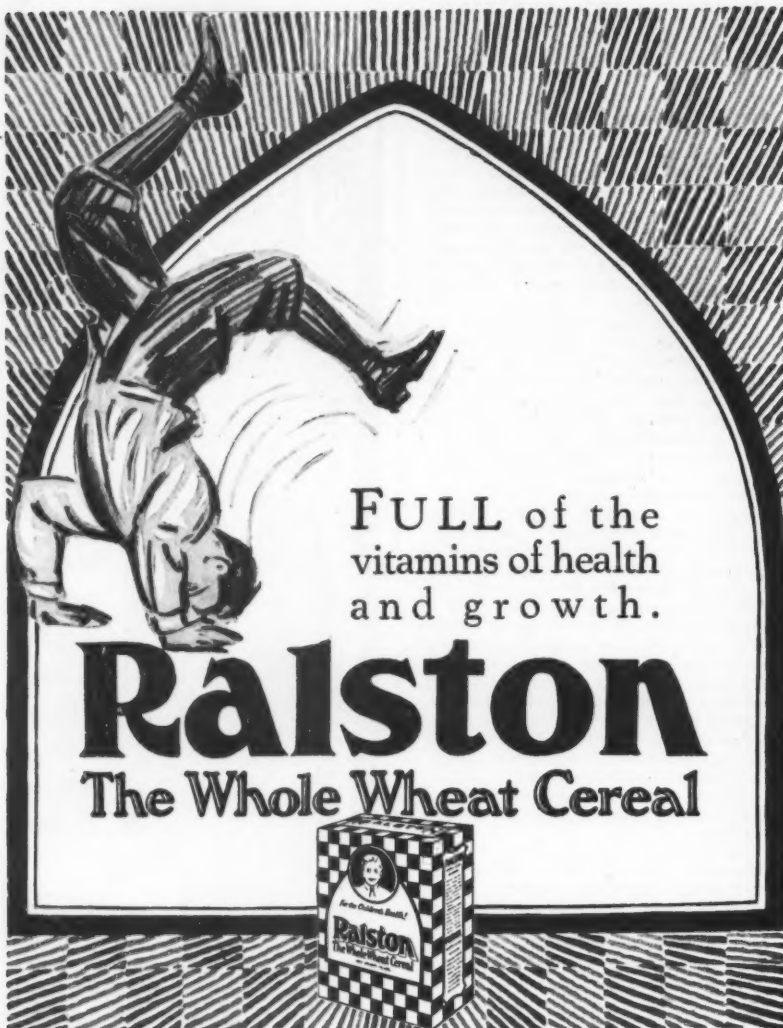
Send me absolutely FREE your Spring 1927 Style Book and Family Outfitter showing the newest fashions in apparel for all the family, drygoods, and many useful articles for home.

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

Chicago Mail Order Co.
DEPT. 335 CHICAGO, ILL.



FULL of the
vitamins of health
and growth.

Ralston

The Whole Wheat Cereal

\$100 FOR YOUR CHURCH

**\$60,000 Will Be Distributed
Among Churches This Year**

WOULDN'T you be proud to be able to give your church a gift of \$100 or more? Wouldn't you personally or a committee of your society in the church be glad to learn of a new plan that is easy, pleasant, and dignified; a plan that eliminates the distasteful soliciting for funds which so often has to be done?

There is such a plan, the McCALL CHURCH PLAN, under which more than ten thousand different church societies have secured funds in varying amounts, some over \$600.00. Large church or small, in big city or tiny village, no matter what the denomination, this plan is open to you.

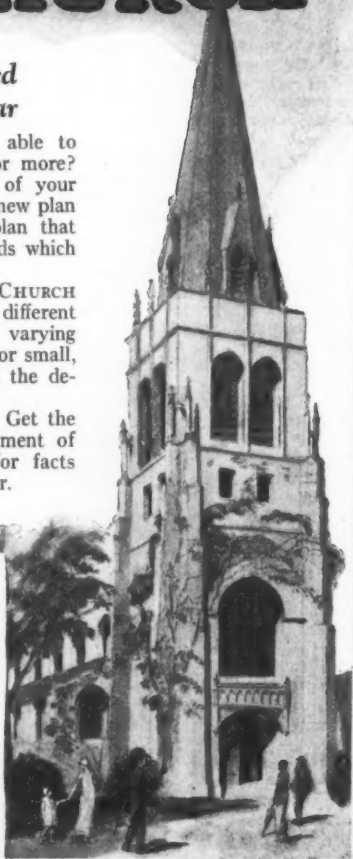
Send for the facts about this \$100 plan. Get the information at least. Remember no investment of any sort is required and you may ask for facts without incurring any obligation whatsoever.

Send This Coupon

Dept. 2A, McCALL'S MAGAZINE,
250 West 37th St., New York, N. Y.

Please tell me without obligation or expense,
about the McCall \$100 Plan for Churches.

Name
Local
Address
City &
State
Name of
Church



DISCOVERING A LOST CITY

[Continued from page 113]

be many hours before the Ibis could stir.

I got together a few possessions, leaving the rest on the boat, and, with Leung following, was lifted from the railing of the Ibis on muscular shoulders and carried to the bank where I was deposited on what appeared to be dry ground but which accepted my weight with a sucking noise and let me sink almost to the knees. Crawling out of the mud, I climbed the embankment into a thicket of bamboo that brushed my face with moisture. One of the natives moved ahead and crashed into the bamboo, holding the branches aside. Rustling noises traversed the silence, and I could picture dark, gliding things that fled before the warning crack of the bamboo.

We came to the end of our journey in a little fenced-in compound where a dark hut rose on poles, obviously the *sala*. There were no evidences of life, not even when I mounted the sagging boards that were steps. The interior smelled of mould. I had brought a candle and matches, and the light wavered upon a room bare of furniture. Leung disgustedly exclaimed that it was no place for a gentleman to stay, and although I agreed with him, I undressed, wrapped myself in a blanket, and lay down on the floor with my coat for a pillow. I heard the coolies murmuring on the veranda as I fell asleep.

The next morning I awoke to the green life of Bassac. In the compound a peacock was stretching lazily, and the trees whispered with the passage of many birds. A young Laotian or Siamese was squatting on the veranda, and beyond him, at the gate, a group of children had gathered to stare curiously. At my appearance he rose and saluted. He was a very splendid person in a lime-yellow jacket and a dark sampot; and in clearly enunciated French he informed me that he was one of the secretaries of the Governor, and His Excellency, who had been apprised of my presence, would be glad to receive me at the *Tribunal Indigenes*.

My appearance in the one street of Bassac caused something of a stir. Natives stared with frank interest, and then called to those inside to come and look. The road ran near the river, and on one side the stream gleamed in ruddy-gold beyond the palm trunks while, on the other, houses crouched among the arrogant green plumes of the jungle. White dust powdered the road, and further on it seemed to blend with the soiled pallor of lime-washed shops. In the clear sunlight, the town had an aspect of color undiluted by anaemic civilized restraint. The people wore garments of Prussian blue, of purple, of orange and lime-yellow.

The *Tribunal Indigenes* was a big open building with solid walls only half way up the sides and wooden bars continuing to the roof. His Excellency was a very gentle looking Siamese who went barefoot and wore a blue sampot and a white starched jacket.

There was one difficulty at the start. Although I had the Governor's word for it that he spoke French fluently, and I thought I knew the language fairly well, we could not understand each other. He seemed very disturbed by this. Finally, in order to facilitate conversation and yet not offend him, I told his secretary to explain to His Excellency that there were many ways of speaking French, and that evidently he spoke one way and I spoke another, therefore would he permit his assistant, who knew the French that I knew, to translate for him? . . . This arrangement had its effect.

The letters said I desired to go to Wat Phu, the Governor began. Yes, I replied, I wished to study the ruins. A man who had been there had described them to me as resembling Angkor. It was not generally known that the Khmers built cities so far north in Siam or Laos, and if Wat Phu were the work of the Khmers, then it might yield further information about this people.

Very good; he hoped I would be successful. He himself knew little about Wat Phu, although it was not far away; in fact, he had never seen it. However, as the letters had requested him to extend every courtesy, he would assign his secretary to me, and undoubtedly he could help. Also he would be delighted to

procure horses for me to use on the journey. I told the secretary to thank His Excellency, and say, however, that instead of horses I preferred elephants. Both the secretary and the Governor stared. Monsieur wished elephants, the young Laotian inquired incredulously. Why, the journey would require nearly two days by elephants whereas a horse could make it in half a day!

Nevertheless, I replied, monsieur did desire elephants. As it happened, monsieur was a very whimsical person, and, as he had planned to go to Wat Phu on an elephant, he did not intend to be switched on to a horse at the last moment.

The secretary translated my speech. Very well, agreed the Governor. And that was the end of the interview.

As I left the compound I observed a number of curious Laotian ladies peeping out of the Governor's house, next to the *Tribunal Indigenes*, and judging by their whispered comments and giggles, they must have found His Excellency's visitor a most amusing sight.

THE late afternoon was celebrating high mass when we came out of the jungle. Over the broad Laotian plain the tips of the trees seemed to take fire from the lingering sun and glow like votive candles.

Somewhere a drum was beating, far off and at long intervals. It seemed a melancholy fulfillment, like the voice of that dead people whose ruins I had traveled here to see, beating, beating the years to dust . . .

In a century long buried, the Khmers, conquerors of Indo-China, had plunged to their death in a husk of mystery, leaving a group of abandoned cities that haunted the imagination of all who beheld them; and, more than four hundred years after their downfall, an insolent scribbler, stirred as many others were stirred by the glory of the Khmers, had set off across the earth, filled with a tale of another dead city in Indo-China, this time in Laos instead of Cambodia but probably built by the same people; had traveled from the coast through Angkor, once the capitol of these Cambodian god-men, up the Mé-Kong; and now, seated atop an elephant, was facing the fulfillment of his dream under a sunset gorgeous as a cardinal's eucharist.

That morning we had left Bassac while the leaves were yet heavy with the dead night's showers: Leung, my Chinese "boy," Souk, a young Laotian who had been assigned to me by the Governor, and several native porters. For the next two hours I swayed in a howdah that looked like a halved drum, while water trickled over the brim of my helmet and ran through my clothes, and greater streams went coursing down the pachydermal skin that wrinkled beneath my feet.

The houses we passed seemed drenched in ragged green fountains as palms drooped over them; houses that were typical of Laos, gaunt structures raised high on logs, most of them consisting of a veranda and a single room, and all with hooked points at the corners of the eaves tilting toward roofs that slanted up at a gradual incline, then broke and continued at a more acute angle.

The rain stopped at noon. A hot breath seemed to steam from the drenched ground. We halted for an hour and, as my forehead felt flushed and my temples danced, I took some quinine. Then we moved on, rolling across a low jungle where the white sunlight seemed to lie motionless and tense.

Out of the plain rose a long, lonely mountain, its ridges, silhouetted against the west, smoldering with a rim of fire like the last glow on the edge of charred wood. It was from the mountain that the throbbing sounds came.

Souk, sitting on the elephant, behind mine, spoke. "It is the drum in the monastery." Then he pointed to a white spot trembling in the ruddy twilight like a throb at the very heart of the mountain. "Wat Phu," he said; and something quick and poignant stung my nostrils like the smell of burning pine.

In the March issue of McCall's the author will describe the successful progress of his quest.

Hereafter new Colors in this Exquisite Hosiery will be created by

LUCILE Paris

Stylist to Royalty
Prophet of the Mode



A famous doorway in the world of fashion—11 Rue de Penthièvre—through which step the smartest women in Paris, to select Lucile-Paris costumes. This handsome stone entrance leads into one of the most charming old court gardens in France, a fit artistic background for one of the world's greatest designers.



Direct from Lucile's designing room in Paris come these actual working sketches. Above is a black crepe Georgette afternoon frock with volants in three tones of gray and brilliant metallic steel buttons. Here Lucile suggests Holeproof Hosiery in three shades: Celeste, Atmosphere, Fanchon.



The increasing use of pleats is evidenced in this dinner gown of mauve and gray. An especially fortunate color scheme for the woman with gray hair. Lucile permits a choice in Holeproof hosiery colors: Moonlight, Daybreak, Fanchon.



© H. H. Co.

An evening wrap of black velvet, fur trimmed; fan-like sleeves of flowered lamé. The exotic cut of the sleeves is emphasized in the color treatment. In completing the ensemble, Lucile suggests the new Holeproof colors: Riviera, Lido or Maxine.

To know the hosiery shades that fashion's court will favor . . . to know and simultaneously to wear original shades created by the world's supreme modiste in Paris. That's a joy of sophistication Lucile-Paris now holds out to women of America.

For, Holeproof, famous maker of fine stockings, receives in advance Lucile's style prophecies . . . original sketches of the coming mode in gowns and wraps. And with each trend in dress a hosiery style and color to complement and finish that design. Ordinary shades may seem to match the style, but Lucile asserts that

in twenty nudes often one alone will be artistically correct. That is why Lucile has been secured to give the perfect cast to every color. There is but one Lucile blonde—Maxine; but one Lucile flesh—Fanchon. Thus you will have in Holeproof's shades authority no other maker of fine hosiery can offer you. And this, plus five famous style points that have gained widespread distinction, impart an elegance unsurpassed by hosiery far more expensive.

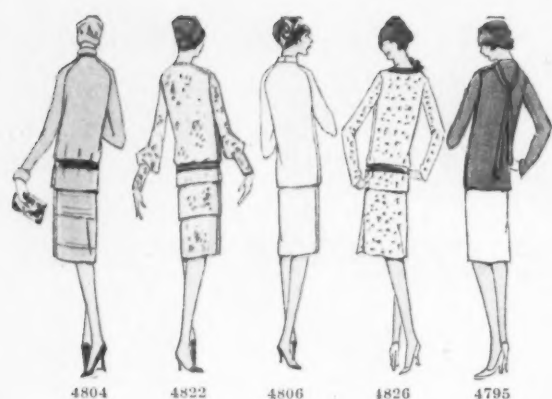
Holeproof prices are \$1.00 to \$3.00 including full-fashioned sheer and service chiffons \$1.95 to \$2.95.

All have the five fashion features mentioned here. See how they provide the very things you want.

- 1—A unique dyeing process keeps Lucile-Paris colors clear and bright . . . protects from fading.
- 2—Clearness depends on uniformly even thread. So silk judged the world's finest is selected.
- 3—Superlative transparency—without shadow rings or streaks. Loose ends are trimmed by hand.
- 4—Full-fashioned numbers in every color, every weight, impart slender lines to charming ankles.
- 5—No imperfections, because of nine separate inspections. Few other hose are so uniformly perfect.

Holeproof Hosiery

Milwaukee and London, Canada



L'ECHO DE PARIS



FEBRUARY is the month when summer clothes are created. What smart women wear in southern sunshine, is what we all wear when June comes with its heat. Fascinating silken weaves are built into tiered frocks and jumper dresses. Metal threaded jersey and light woollens go into cardigan jackets for pleated skirts. Pastel hats carry out the color scheme. Short skirts continue.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4804. Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Dress; with raglan jacket. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, jacket, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch; sleeveless dress, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 32-inch (crosswise). Width, about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

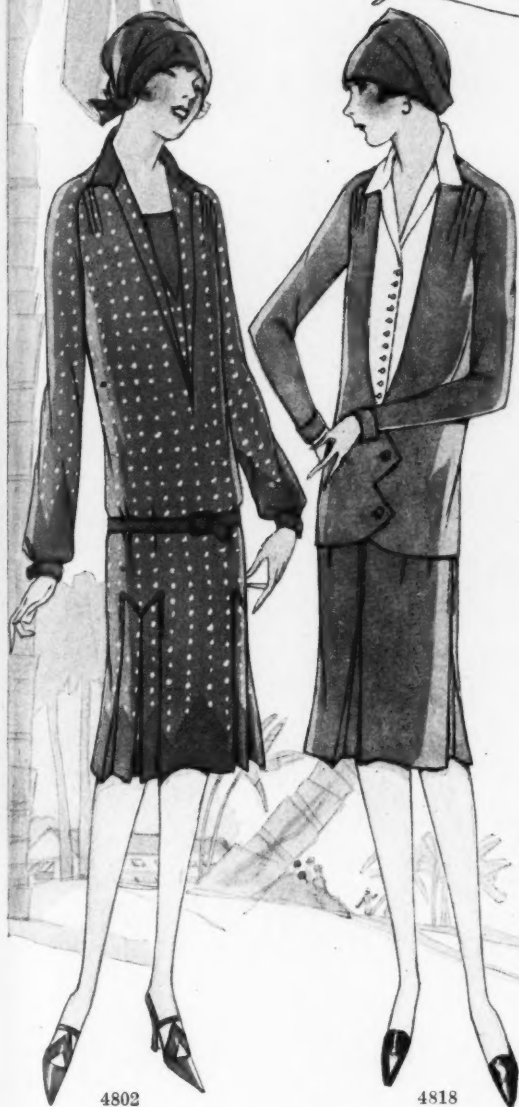
No. 4822. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; blouse and camisole skirt joined at a low waistline. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width, about $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 4806. Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Dress; raglan jacket. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, jacket, $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch; sleeveless dress, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 4826. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with peplum; three-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 4795. Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Dress; with jacket. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, jacket, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 54-inch; sleeveless dress, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

ECHO DE PARIS



4802

4818



4823



4797

4831
Emb. No. 1565

B. C. Thachild

NO sleeve is commonplace this season. None are merely arm protectors. These sketches show the new experiments that have succeeded. The full embroidered sleeve is now a part of any decorative gown. Its tight cuff keeps the fulness in place. The sleeve that runs to the neckline has won out. It narrows the shoulders. The long and tight sleeve carries a cuff or velvet ribbon.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4802. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch bordered; collar, cuffs, vest band, belt, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 4818. Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Dress; separate jacket. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch; sleeveless waist, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4823. Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Dress; short jacket. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, jacket, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch; sleeveless dress, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 4797. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; with camisole skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch; contrasting, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4831. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Embroidery No. 1565 in straight- and outline-stitches would be effective.

SKIRTS THAT FLUTTER

THE skirt is the most coquettish part of our clothing. It is rarely demure. It was never so short. To atone for its brevity it contrives to be fanciful, and to use up more material. Not content with one flounce it uses several. Fine pleatings go on edges. Many have uneven hemlines. Charles II did not use more ribbon ends.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

L'ECHO
DE
PARIS



4812
Emb. No. 1557

4798

No. 4812. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4 yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1½ yards. Sleeve design and border may be worked in straight-stitch from Embroidery No. 1557.

No. 4798. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; kimono sleeves lengthened. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards of 40-inch material; ruffles, 4½ yards of 14-inch lace. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards.



4830
Emb. No. 863

4794

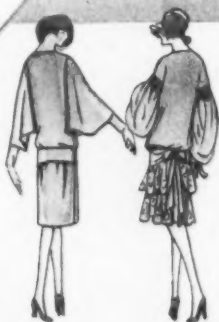
No. 4830. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, about 1¾ yards. A braided design from Embroidery No. 863 would make a smart sleeve trimming.

No. 4794. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; front opening over slip. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, dress, 3½ yards of 40-inch; slip and facings, 2½ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1¾ yards; slip, 1¼ yards.



4825

No. 4825. Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Dress; with sleeveless jacket. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 6 yards of 40-inch material; frilling, 8 yards of 1-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards.



4812

4798



4830

4794

L E C H O D E P A R I S

FORMAL STYLES
WITH CHARM
AND
DISTINCTION4786
Emb. No. 1521

4667

4819
Emb. No. 13514829
Emb. No. 1527

4786

4667

4803



4803



4819

4829

No. 4786. Ladies' and Misses' Evening Dress; skirt with uneven lower edge. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch. Width, about $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards. Beaded Embroidery No. 1521 may be used.

No. 4667. Ladies' and Misses' Dolman Coat; featuring the new bloused back. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 33 to 40 bust requires $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material; lining, $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 40-inch.

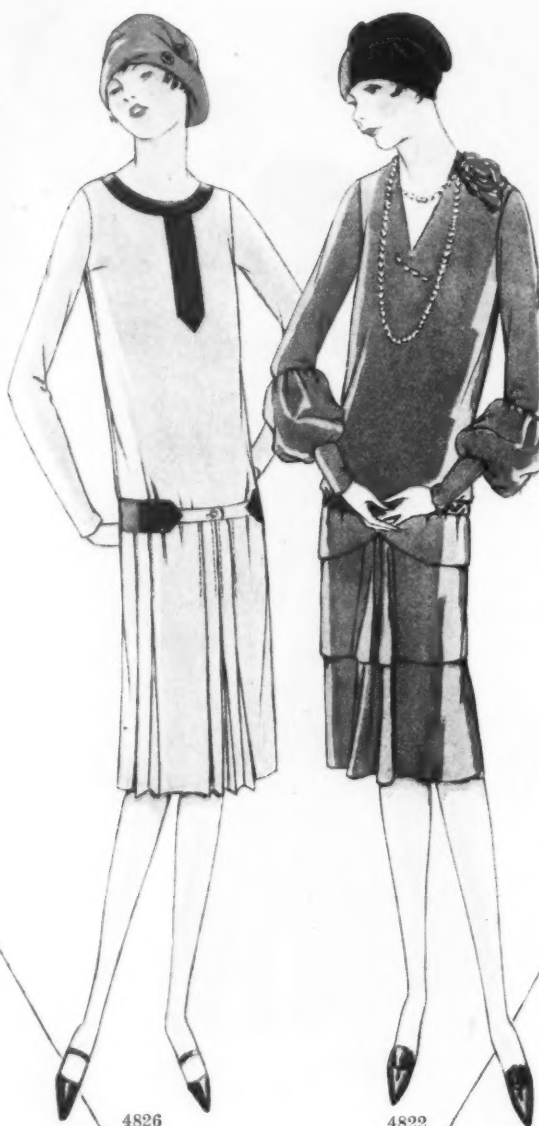
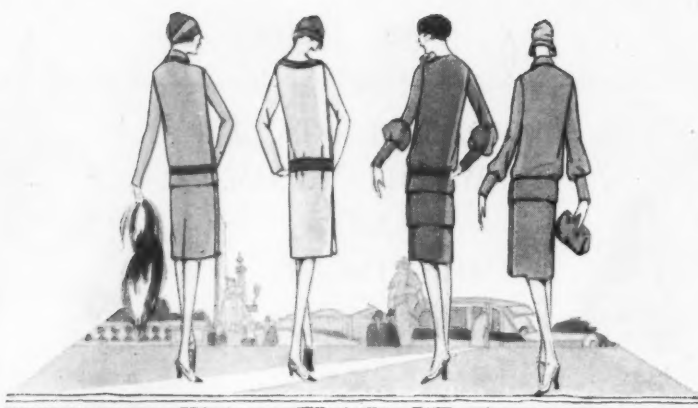
No. 4803. Ladies' and Misses' Evening Dress; surplice bodice; straight gathered skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch; net, $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 9-inch. Width, about $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

No. 4819. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Evening Dress; slip-on blouse. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Embroidery No. 1351 would make a smart beaded trimming.

No. 4829. Ladies' and Misses' Chinese Coat. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size, 36 to 38 bust, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch; lining, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch. Painted or embroidered motif may be made with Embroidery No. 1527.



4797



4826

4822

4812
Emb. No. 1558

No. 4797. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; slip-on blouse; four-piece camisole skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width, about 2 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

No. 4826. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; three-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 40-inch. Width, about 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 4822. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; slip-on blouse and tunic skirt attached to camisole. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 4812. Ladies' and Misses' Two-Piece Dress; camisole skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Straight stitches may be used for Embroidery No. 1558.

CLOTHES for outdoor life were invented by France when its women began to play games on the field with men. They were far more fanciful than the careless English clothes for the open. That is the reason they have been standardized. We change the fabrics, or the decoration but not the silhouette. The one-piece frock, also the jumper and pleated skirt go everywhere. These sketches show pleasing variations on one theme. A rose on the shoulder, an embroidered necklace, a puff on the sleeve suggested by the gay Chinese cushion carried by mandarins, or an ornamental belt, these are a few of the distinctive touches that lift frocks from tennis court and golf links.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

L'ECHO DE PARIS



4794



4831

4816



4825
Emb. No. 1467

A DELIGHTFUL change in the arrangement of the neckline has come about through the return of a shaped panel in the front of the blouse. It is of soft, colorful fabric. It is an old fashion, but none the less gracious for that fact. It was first introduced in flesh pink crepe, the translucent kind, and this color holds first place now. But there is a trend toward other gentle colors. A few of these vests carry sleeves as shown in two of these sketches. The open, elongated neckline is good on every woman, and it is the thin vest that makes it possible. To further this idea, it is better to leave the panel unadorned and to narrow it sharply as it goes downward.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4825. Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Dress. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch; under waist, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Embroidery No. 1467 may be used.

No. 4794. Ladies' and Misses' Dress; worn over slip. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust (50 cents). Size 36, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch; slip, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, dress, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards; slip, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4831. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; with raglan sleeves and two-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 4816. Ladies' and Misses' Jumper Skirt; with pleated insets at sides. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 54-inch. Width, about $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

L'ECHO DE PARIS

THE LAST WORD IN
SPORT ENSEMBLES

WOMEN will have a chance to wear their beloved ensembles in mild weather. The long coat disappears. The short jacket comes in, fashioned in pleasing shapes, with differing necklines, fastening and accessories. The waist permits the arms to be covered or bare. It is attached to the skirt at the hipline, which is a convenience. It is not necessary to match the pieces in color or fabric, but the majority will find it the wiser plan.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4823. Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Dress; jacket with surplice fronts; slip-on dress. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch; bands, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 54-inch material; sleeveless waist, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

No. 4793. Ladies' and Misses' Eton Ensemble Dress; separate jacket; slip-on dress with circular front. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material; sleeveless waist, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

No. 4806. Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Dress; raglan jacket; slip-on dress with pleats at left side. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, jacket, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch; skirt, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch; sleeveless waist, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

JACKETED FROCKS
FOR SPORTS WEAR

ANOTHER new ensemble is intended for those who want good-looking sports clothes. Observe these sketches of French frocks and jackets. They can serve every hour of the day, although they consist of only two pieces, light weight at that. The simple frocks without sleeves are good for tennis, golf or the house. The jaunty jacket goes on and presto! there is a street costume. The blouse doesn't slip for it is part of the frock.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE

No. 4818. Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Dress; separate jacket; sleeveless dress with two-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, jacket, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; sleeveless dress, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, about $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards.

No. 4804. Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Dress; raglan jacket. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch; sleeveless waist, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch. Width, about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Monogram No. 1069 would be smart developed in crystal beads.

No. 4795. Ladies' and Misses' Ensemble Dress; jacket and sleeveless slip-on dress with two-piece skirt. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, jacket, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch; sleeveless dress, $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 32-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

L'ECHO DE PARIS

JACKETS ARE CHIC

THERE is a strong insistence on short coats this year. Half the women in the country have been cutting inches off their coats to bring them into style. They grow shorter as spring approaches. The top-coat now ends at the knees though furred at shoulders. But the coats that go South, those which presage new fashion, just cover the hips. One striking model, as you see by the sketch, is sleeveless. Pockets though, are plentiful.

ANNE RITTENHOUSE



No. 4762. Ladies' and Misses' Coat; slightly bloused at sides; bell sleeves and long shawl collar. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material or $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; lining requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch.

No. 4788. Ladies' and Misses' Coat; with convertible collar; dolman sleeves with turn-back cuffs. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material or $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material; lining, $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch.

No. 4815. Ladies' and Misses' Sport Blouse. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material. No. 4759. Ladies' and Misses' Low-waisted Skirt. Sizes 30 to 40 waist. Size 30, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards.

No. 4516. Ladies' and Misses' Suit Coat. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36, $1\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 54-inch material. No. 4808. Ladies' and Misses' Camisole Skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4807. Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch. No. 4434. Blouse. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42. Size 36, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch. No. 4682. Three-Piece Skirt. Sizes 24 to 36 waist. Size 30, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 54-inch. Width, about $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

L' ECHO DE PARIS

SMART LONG COATS

SMART women coming from Europe wear good looking topcoats of tweed and homespun, often without fur. One shown here suggests the military coats worn during the war. Large pockets and small belt give it a rakish air. A gay silk scarf goes with it, as with so many coats now. New sports jackets resemble sweaters. Double-breasted jackets carry revers that match skirts. The sleeve that runs to the neckline is proving immensely popular.

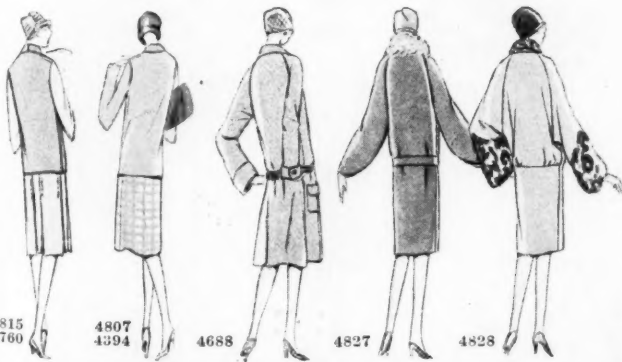
ANNE RITTENHOUSE

4815
47604807
4394

4688

4827

4828

4815
47604807
4394

4688

4827

4828

No. 4815. Ladies' and Misses' Sports Blouse. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, 1 yard of 54-inch material. No. 4760. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 50 bust. Size 36, 2 3/4 yards of 54-inch. Width, about 2 1/4 yards.

No. 4807. Ladies' and Misses' Suit Coat. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust. No. 4394. Four-Piece Skirt with Yoke. Sizes 24 to 36 waist. Width, about 2 1/4 yards. Size 36 coat, and 28 skirt, 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch plain material and 1 1/4 yards of 54-inch plaid.

No. 4688. Ladies' and Misses' Coat; with mannish revers, raglan sleeves and patch pockets. A practical coat for travelling or general service wear. Sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 54-inch material; lining, 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch.

No. 4827. Ladies' and Misses' Coat; novelty sleeves with raglan armhole; adjustable collar; smartly belted at a low-waistline. Sizes 16 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 40-inch or 3 yards of 54-inch material; lining, 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch.

No. 4828. Ladies' and Misses' Coat; featuring dolman sleeves with the new deep pointed cuffs; bloused back. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 4 1/4 yards of 40-inch or 3 1/4 yards of 54-inch material; lining, 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch.

6-Room ALADDIN
\$598 ALL MATERIALS
 READY-CUT
 WE PAY THE
 FREIGHT

You can
 buy all
 materi-
 als for a complete home di-
 rect from the manufacturer
 and save four profits, on the
 lumber, millwork, hardware and labor.

4-Room ALADDIN
\$382

4 different floor
 plan arrange-
 ments of this
 cottage shown in
 free catalog. 1
 and 2 bedroom
 plans, with and
 without bath.

5-Room ALADDIN
\$498

Living room, din-
 ing room, two bed-
 rooms, kitchen.
 Three other plans,
 with and without
 bath. Aladdin
 certified lumber
 throughout.

7-Room ALADDIN
\$696

Living room, din-
 ing room, kitchen,
 three bedrooms,
 clothes closets.
 Three other plans
 in catalog. All ma-
 terials ready-cut.

Story and Half ALADDIN
\$789

Story and a half
 semi-bungalow, sec-
 ond floor available
 for 2 bedrooms.
 Two floor plan ar-
 rangements. Any
 handy man can
 erect these houses.

7-Room ALADDIN
\$959

Large living room, din-
 ing room, kitchen, pan-
 try, three bedrooms,
 clothes closets and
 bath. Semi-open stair-
 case and r ar porch.
 Two plans are shown
 in FREE catalog.

7-Room ALADDIN
\$1148

Dutch Colonial with
 full ceilings 1st and
 2nd floors. 14' x 22'
 living room, large
 dining room, large
 kitchen, three bed-
 rooms, bath, closets.

FREE CATALOG

You will be sure to find in the
 Aladdin catalog the home,
 garage or summer cottage
 that you will like. Many
 styles are illustrated in
 color. Send for it today.

Save 18% LUMBER—30% LABOR
WASTE—30% COST

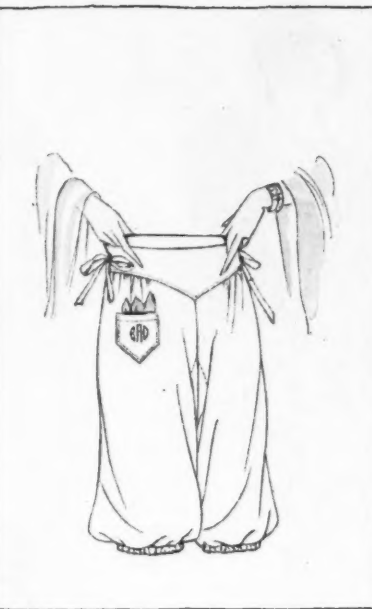
The Aladdin System prepares all the lum-
 ber in our mills ready to be nailed in place. Cost of
 lumber is reduced 18 per cent, cost of labor is reduced
 30 per cent. Our blue prints and instructions make
 it easy for anyone familiar with tools to erect an
 Aladdin. We guarantee safe arrival of complete
 materials and PAY THE FREIGHT to destination.
**Price includes all lumber cut to fit; high-
 est grade interior woodwork, siding, flooring, win-
 dows, doors, glass, paint, hardware, nails, lath, roofing,
 with complete instructions and drawings. Freight
 paid to your station. Write nearest mill today
 for FREE Money-Saving Catalog No. 289**

The ALADDIN Co., BAY CITY, MICHIGAN
 Wilmington, North Carolina; Portland, Ore.; Toronto, Ont.

L' ECHO DE PARIS



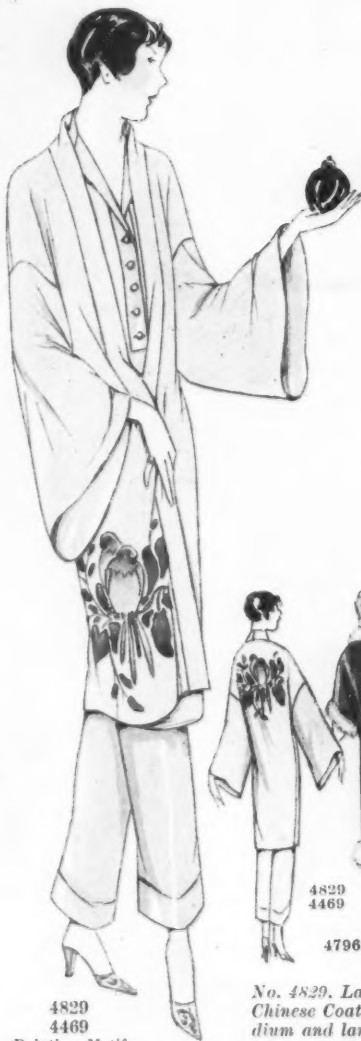
4512
 Emb. No. 1528



4824
 Emb. No. 1072



4511
 Emb. No. 1426



4829
 4469
 Painting Motif
 No. 1527



4796
 View B



4796
 View A

No. 4829. Ladies' and Misses'
 Chinese Coat. Sizes small, me-
 dium and large. Medium size,
 36 to 38 bust, requires 3½
 yards of 40-inch material.
 Painting Motif No. 1527 may
 be used to provide color.

No. 4796. Ladies' and Misses'
 Negligee. Sizes small, medium
 and large. Medium size, 36 to
 38 bust, view A, 4¼ yards of
 40-inch material; view B, 2¾
 yards of 40-inch material;
 marabou trimming, 3½ yards.

No. 4469. Ladies' and Misses'
 Pajamas; convertible collar;
 long sleeves. Sizes small, me-
 dium and large. Medium size,
 36 to 38 bust, requires 4½
 yards of 36-inch material or
 4¼ yards of 40-inch material.

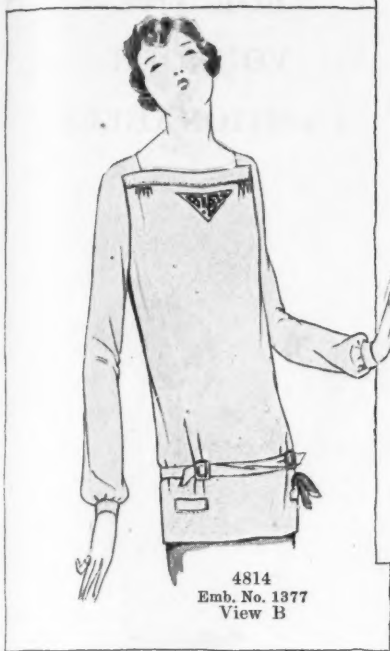
No. 4512. Ladies' and Misses'
 Decolleté Step-In Chemise.
 Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44
 bust. Size 36, 1¾ yards of
 40-inch material; binding, ¾
 yard of 40-inch. Appliqué
 No. 1528 suggested to trim.

No. 4824. Ladies' and Misses'
 Bloomers; tied at sides. Sizes
 24 to 38 waist. Size 28, 1¾
 yards of 40-inch material.
 Monogram for pocket may be
 worked in satin-stitch using
 Embroidery No. 1072.

No. 4511. Ladies' and Misses'
 Step-In Chemise. Sizes 14 to
 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size
 36, 1¾ yards 36-inch; band,
 1¼ yards 4-inch; edging, 4¼
 yards 1¼-inch. Embroidery
 No. 1426 may be used.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co.,
 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 112.

L'ECHO DE PARIS



No. 4814. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Blouse; with square neckline. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, view A, in tunic length, with draped sleeve, requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material.

No. 4814, view B, in short hip length, with gathered sleeve, requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material. Motif from Embroidery No. 1377 may be worked in outline-stitch.

No. 4808. Ladies' and Misses' Camisole Skirt. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 46 bust. Size 36, view A, with pleated inset, requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4808. Size 36, view B, with gathered drape at left side, requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch or 40-inch material; camisole, 1 yard of 32-inch material. Width at lower edge, about $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 4813. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Blouse; with convertible collar; set-in sleeves. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 44 bust. Size 36, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch or $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material.

No. 4817. Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Blouse. Sizes 14 to 16 years, 36 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 40-inch. Embroidery No. 1543 in single-stitch may be used to decorate draped sleeves.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 112.



"Six Months Ago All I Got Was Sympathy"

The personal story of a woman who was never really sick, yet always ailing, always too tired to enjoy life—and how she made herself into a virile, vital being of super-health and strength.

"WHY Ruth, what in the world has happened to you?"

Frances Knight hadn't seen me for six months. We were chums until she married and moved away. At that time I was on the verge of a breakdown. All my friends felt sorry for me. I was always tired, always weary, always despondent. My nerves were worn to a ragged edge. My head ached, my back ached, every bone in my body seemed to ache. All I got was sympathy—and advice.

Naturally I tried everything that sounded reasonable. I took tonics, pills and powders until I was a walking drug store. Still, at that, my entire physical condition was that of an old woman. Though I was seldom really sick enough to call a physician, yet I was always so tired, so worn out. My face was drawn and haggard. My eyes became dull and sickly looking. My complexion was "pasty" and colorless.

Then one day I heard someone refer to me as having "one foot in the grave!" What a shock it was to hear that! How angry I felt!

I decided then and there to find "the way out." How well I did can be seen by just looking at me.

My secret is simply that of Annette Kellermann's methods! I read, in a magazine, of Annette Kellermann's life—how she, who is called the world's most perfectly formed woman, was once practically a cripple; puny, ailing, always sickly.

The story of how she dragged herself out of misery and actually made of herself the lovely, healthy, beautiful woman she is, gave me new hope and new faith. I wrote to her for her book, "The Body Beautiful" which describes her methods.

To that little book, I can truthfully say, I owe the wonderful health and exuberance of spirit that is mine today.

And because I know that there are thousands of women who are now living as I did, because I know every one of them can actually be a new woman, with health and beauty such as they never knew existed, I am glad to tell them about this simple way out of their troubles.

Miss Kellermann is now anxious to give every woman the benefit of her simple 15-minute-a-day system and invites you to write a letter or mail the coupon below for her new book, "The Body Beautiful." There is no charge or obligation. No salesman will bother you. The book will be sent free, if you will only write for it. And you can judge at your leisure whether or not you can afford to miss this opportunity to make a "new woman" of yourself, as over thirty thousand women have done.

Just address Annette Kellermann, Inc., Dept. 82, 225 West 39th St., New York City.

ANNETTE KELLERMANN, Inc., Dept. 82, 225 West 39th St., New York City

Dear Miss Kellermann:

Kindly send me, entirely without cost, your new book "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in ☐ Body Building ☐ Weight Reducing

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State



Call in your
decorator about
SANITAS
MODERN
WALLCOVERING

Before you decide on any material or treatment for your walls, be sure to have your decorator show you the most beautiful range of Sanitas styles we've ever created.

Sanitas is the original washable wall covering, made on cloth, with a ready-painted surface which can be wiped clean with a damp cloth.

Your decorator can supply any of the 138 numbers in the Sanitas sample book, which he will show you on request.

There are Sanitas styles and finishes for every room in the house. To appreciate the beauty of Sanitas you must see it. Ask your decorator to call with the Sanitas sample book, or

Write us for samples
and descriptive booklets



The Standard Textile Products Co.
320 Broadway, Dept. 6, New York

You
can
Color
Greeting
Cards
and
Earn
\$80 per
mo.
at home

By our exclusive process ANYONE can hand-color Valentine, Easter and other greeting cards to look like artists' work. No talent needed. 6c to 12c profit on every card. Color \$10 worth in few hours. 45,000 others making spare-time money coloring and selling our cards.

Send \$1.00 for Trial Box OR Send for FREE BOOK

Contains Easter cards for coloring; instruction book, brush, and colors. You'll sell cards for \$3 to \$4. Showing complete line. Gives coloring and selling instructions. Explain fully. No obligation.

LITTLE ART SHOP,
121 La. Ave., Washington, D. C.

Five changes of
light from
"bright" to "out"
as easy as
turning down
a gas light



Simple
construction—
Simply screw
plug in socket
and insert
bulb

Turn down your electric light

Here is the ideal night light; the perfect bathroom light; the indispensable nursery light. Needed in every room. Lasts a life-time. Nothing to get out of order. Cuts light bills. Sold by electrical hardware, drug and department stores. Price \$1.25. WIRT COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pa.

DIM-A-LITE

L'Echo de Paris



FOR THE
YOUNGER
FASHIONABLES

No. 4680. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with applied trimming bands. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 8, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting bands, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 40-inch.

No. 4799. Girl's Two-Piece Dress; two-piece straight skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, blouse, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch; skirt and trimming, 1 yard of 54-inch.

No. 4800. Girl's Slip-On Dress. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 2 yards of 36-inch; contrasting, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch. Trimming in buttonhole-stitch from Embroidery No. 1504.

No. 4805. Girl's Slip-On Dress. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch; collar, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch. Motif in darning-stitch may be made with Embroidery No. 1496.

No. 4743. Girl's Slip-On Dress; long set-in sleeves. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material; contrasting collar, $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 36-inch.

No. 4659. Girl's Slip-On Dress; pleated insets at sides. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material; contrasting, $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch.

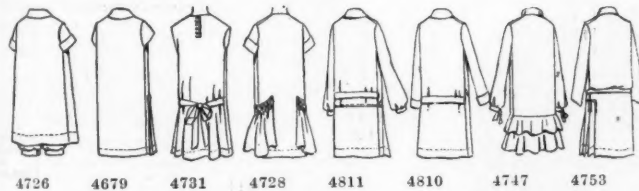
No. 4650. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with jacket. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 2 yards of 54-inch. Embroidery No. 1546 would be a smart touch developed in cross-stitch.

No. 4811. Girl's Slip-On Dress; two-piece skirt. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, waist, $\frac{7}{8}$ yard of 36-inch; skirt, collar and cuff trimming, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 112.

SCHOOLGIRL FASHIONS SMART YET PRACTICAL

L'Echo de Paris



No. 4726. Child's Dress with Bloomers. Sizes 2 to 8 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material; contrasting collar, cuff- and knee-bands, 3/8 yard of 36-inch.

No. 4728. Girl's Slip-On Dress; closing at shoulder. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch material; contrasting yoke and sleeves, 1/2 yard 36-inch.

No. 4731. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with shirrings at front; closing at center back. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch or 40-inch material.

No. 4679. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with pleated insets at sides. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/4 yards of 32-inch; contrasting collar, 1/4 yard of 36-inch.

No. 4810. Girl's Slip-On Dress; long set-in sleeves; turn-over collar. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10, 1 3/4 yards of 54-inch material; contrasting collar, 3/8 yard of 40-inch.

No. 4811. Girl's Slip-On Dress; two-piece skirt pleated at front. Sizes 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1 1/4 yards of 54-inch material; contrasting, 1/2 yard of 36-inch.

No. 4747. Girl's Slip-On Dress; with circular flounces. Sizes 4 to 14 years. Size 10, 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material; contrasting flounces and bands, 1 1/4 yards 36-inch.

No. 4753. Misses' and Juniors' Dress; with jacket front. Sizes 12 to 20 years. Size 12 requires 2 1/4 yards of 54-inch material; underwaist, 5/8 yard of 36- or 40-inch.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 112.



A mark of Culture

CULTURED people are kind, thoughtful, deliberate. They think of the future.

They plan carefully, act logically, refusing to be moved by emotion or tradition.

They wish to show respect for the deceased, not merely gaudy tribute. They wish to know in the long years to come that their sorrow will not be exaggerated by regret, that their loneliness may not carry the burden of remorse.

In a word, they wish protection for the remains—positive, permanent protection—for the loved one.

Therefore it is a definite mark of our cultural development that so many thousands of people today are taking advantage of the fact that such protection is available in the Clark Grave Vault.

And the continuous impressive increase in the use of the Clark is proof of the fact that it does give this protection.

In more than a quarter of a century no Clark Grave Vault has ever been known to fail. It protects because it is built according to an immutable law of Nature.

And it is permanent because it has been so carefully planned to resist the elements. Being made of metal it is not porous. It is constructed throughout of Keystone copper steel, or Armco Iron, 12 gauge, with a plating of pure cadmium on the higher priced vaults (applied by the Udylite Process, exclusive to this vault).

Science knows no greater resistance to rust than is found in this vault.

Leading funeral directors gladly recommend the Clark Grave Vault, and give with each one a 50 year guaranty.

Less than Clark complete protection is no protection at all!

THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT
COMPANY
Columbus, Ohio

Western Office and Warehouse,
Kansas City, Mo.



This trade mark is on every genuine Clark Grave Vault. It is a means of identifying the vault instantly. Unless you see this mark, the vault is not a Clark.



In the French Manner (PERIOD OF LOUIS XV)

Ivers & Pond designers have created this charming grand—our smallest. Its graceful lines and delicate carving—all hand work in rich mahogany, make it an art object worthy of a collector's pride—and better still, a jewel case fit for the musical treasure it holds.

Ivers & Pond PIANOS

Combine the fine traditions of old time Boston Piano building with the most advanced scientific ideas. Built as from the first, in but one quality—the best—by the same interests, with the same artistic ideals, they are used in over 600 institutions and 75,000 homes.

A new catalogue showing latest style tendencies in Uprights, Grands and Players mailed on request.

How to Buy

Wherever in the United States no dealer sells them we ship IVERS & POND pianos direct from the factory on approval. The piano must please or it returns at our expense for Railroad freights. Liberal allowance for old pianos in exchange. Attractive easy payment plans.

Fill out and send this coupon to

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.
149 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.
Please mail me your new catalogue and valuable information to buyers.

Name _____

Address _____

LUDEN EPISODES FROM REAL LIFE

Even though you do not live one hundred miles from a railroad!



A mother writes:—"We live 100 miles from the railroad with only one doctor who is often away. When my baby had whooping cough we melted several Luden's in hot water. It relieved the coughing and loosened his chest so he could breathe easily."

(Original letter on file)

When children have coughs, colds, croup and similar afflictions of the nose, throat and chest, the exclusive Luden menthol blend brings quick relief. And there is nothing in Luden's to upset children's stomachs.

In the yellow package—everywhere.

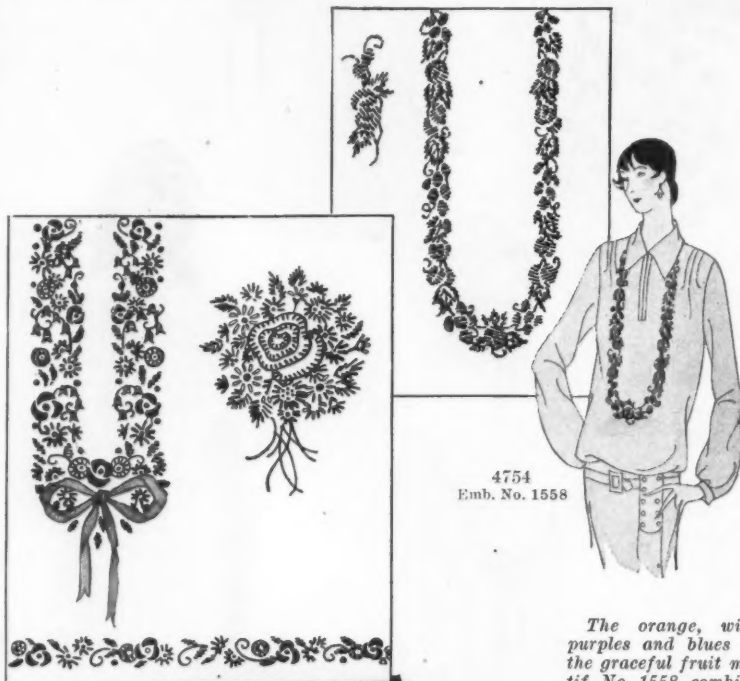
LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS 5¢

BOOTH CHICKS

Amazing low prices on quality chicks. Backed by Missouri's greatest Trapnest Breeding Farm with official records up to 318 eggs. State Accredited. 13 varieties. See catalogue free. **BOOTH POULTRY FARMS, R-2, CLINTON, MO.**

DISTINCTIVE STITCHES FOR SMARTNESS

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



The orange, wine purples and blues of the graceful fruit motif, No. 1558, combine for a stunning effect on Dress No. 4754 which comes in 7 sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 42 bust. Design best developed in chenille, embroidery wool or medium silk floss.



Monotones or peasant coloring are equally attractive developing design, No. 1563, shown on Dress No. 4791, in sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 46 bust.

The delightful bouquet on Blouse No. 4814 (in sizes 14 to 16, 36 to 46 bust), is from design No. 1563.

4814
Emb. No. 1563



4758 Emb. No. 1565

Done in gay colors the conventional motif No. 1565 gives Dress No. 4758 (sizes 14 to 18 years, 36 to 44 bust) a suggestion of the peasant mode. Wools or chenille bring out its charm with stunning smartness that will please the up-to-date woman, who recognizes the dignity of this beautiful design.



ALMOST the first thing a man notices about a woman is her hair. It is, indeed, as much discussed these days as prohibition! And as heatedly! But NOT unfavorably unless it is DULL and LIFELESS. One remembers, too, that all the great beauties of history were extolled for the loveliness of their lustrous tresses.

Helen of Troy, Cleopatra, Ninon, Sappho, to say nothing of the Lady Godiva!

And most of them had reddish tints imprisoned within those silken tresses.

Certainly one never hears them described as drab or sandy blondes!

For these women knew the value of gleaming tresses, and one may be sure that if they hadn't come by them naturally, they would have quickly acquired them, when they found how unflattering was their charm.

Golden Glint is the magic shampoo word of our day for the woman who cares to charm 25¢ a package at drug or toilet goods counters or direct. J. W. KOBI CO., 638A Rainier Ave., Seattle, Washington.

Golden Glint SHAMPOO

—that magic luster for every shade of hair

Be a Nurse
Learn in Spare Time at Home
Earn \$30-\$35 a Week
Every woman should learn. We train Beginners, Practical Nurses, Mothers and Religious Workers by our Fascinating Home-study Method. Leading Chicago System. Endorsed by physicians. Earn \$27 a year.

Earn While Learning
If you are over 18 and under 35 years write for illustrated catalog and 32 Sample Lesson Pages with FREE (value of Money-back Guarantee and FREE NURSE'S EQUIPMENT).

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 52
421 South Ashland Street, Chicago

ALL for 10¢
To acquaint every needleworker with the unusual values we give, we will send postpaid for only 10¢ (no money or stamps), all of the following:
—1 Hot-Dish Holder stamped in spread wing Robin Redbreast design on extra quality art muslin.
—9 colors Collingbourne's a bolt-proof strand artificial silk floss.
—1 pair embroidery hoops.
—1 ivory finish ring for holder.

Collingbourne's Bolt-Proof Six-Strand Artificial Silk Embroidery Floss has the beautiful finish and lasting sheen of silk. Send today. (U) Virginia Snow, Dept. 261 Egin, Ill.

Maybelline
DARKENS AND BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES AND BROWS INSTANTLY, makes them appear naturally dark, long and luxuriant. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. Solid form or water-proof liquid, BLACK or BROWN. See your dealer or direct postpaid.

MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Safe Milk and Food
For INFANTS, Children, Invalids and for All Ages

ASK for Horlick's
The ORIGINAL Malted Milk

Tea Room Managers Wanted
HUNDREDS of new tea rooms, cafeterias, lunch rooms, motor inns, now opening every week calling for trained managers. Short-term acute. We receive daily calls for managers, assistant managers, hostesses, table directors, buyers, etc.—both men and women. EARN \$2,500 to \$5,000 THIS YEAR. You can qualify in a few weeks with the Lewis System of Spare-Time training—and we put you in touch with big opportunities. Send for FREE BOOK "Pouring Tea For Profit." Write today.

Lewis Tea Room Institute
Dept. AC-5051 Washington, D. C.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 112.



It glistens!

It isn't a task to keep the toilet bowl as clean, white and shining as new. It's easy to remove those unsightly stains, marks and incrustations. Use Sani-Flush. See the bowl glisten with cleanliness!

Just sprinkle Sani-Flush in the bowl, follow directions on the can, then flush. That's all. Simple, isn't it?

And Sani-Flush really cleans. Gets down into the hidden trap where a brush never can reach. Banishes foul odors too. Harmless to plumbing connections. It's an easy, pleasant task to use Sani-Flush. Saves time. Keep it handy in the bathroom always.

Buy Sani-Flush in new punch-top can at your grocery, drug or hardware store; or send 25c for full-sized can. 30c in Far West. 35c in Canada.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring
THE HYGIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

\$3 an Hour for spare time at Home~

Women wanted everywhere to fill openings in our national organization as Specialists in Marcel Waving, Hair Cutting, and other hair treatments. No previous experience necessary. We teach you quickly by mail, furnish everything to start, and give you Authorized Diplomas.

Hair Waving Outfit FREE

Complete Professional Outfit absolutely FREE. Given real professional waves. Write today for Free Book explaining this wonderful new way to earn a handsome income in spare time at home.

BEAUTY ARTS SOCIETY, Dept. 62
Ninth & Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

I Offer You \$8.00 a Day and a Chevrolet

Write quick for new proposition. We offer \$8.00 a day and a new Chevrolet Coach, for demonstrating and taking orders for Comer All-Weather Topcoats and Raincoats. Spare time. No experience required. Sample outfit free. Write now.

Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. 16-F, Dayton, O.

Be a Beauty Specialist

Earn \$50 to \$75 a Week
Earn while you learn in spare time. 9 weeks easy lessons make you expert. Marcel, Beach, Waves, Dyes, Packs, Diet, Facial, Manicure, Massage, Pedicure, etc. Authorized Diploma—Money Back Guarantee. No experience necessary. GET FREE BOOK, Oriental System of Beauty Culture
Dept. 332 1548 Belmont Ave. Chicago

For Hanging Pictures and All Wall Decorations

Moore Push-Pins
Glass Heads—Steel Points
Moore Push-less Hangers
Securely Hold Heavy Things
10c pkts. Everywhere
MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Phila., Pa.

Wedding

Invitations, Announcements, Etc.
100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, \$3.50. Write for samples. 100 Visiting Cards, \$1.00
C. OTT ENGRAVING CO. 1040 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DEMURE LITTLE FROCKS FOR CHILD CHARM

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



Child's Dress and Bloomers, No. 4702, in 4 sizes, 2 to 8 years. With Emb. Design

Dainty simplicity and quaintness are the keynotes of the youthful mode and the little frock No. 4702 shown above is correct for the young person who selects it for play hours. Lazy-daisy, buttonhole, running-stitch and French knots in orange and delft-blue develop the pattern on pockets and the trelis.

Color, which plays so important a part in adult dress, is doubly important to child charm, and the dainty blue frock No. 4701 with coral, delft-blue and cream embroidered motif realizes this fact of style. The tiny skirt and sleeves are adaptations of an older mode for youthful winsomeness and charm.

Child's Slip-On Dress No. 4701, with Emb. Design. In 4 sizes, 2 to 6 years.



Dress No. 4821 with Emb. Design

Suit No. 4820 with Emb. Design

This little girl's slip-on dress No. 4821 comes in 4 sizes, 2 to 8 years. A lovely effect is produced by using delicate lavender material, while lazy-daisy, French knots and straight-stitch in lavender of a deeper shade and rose are used.

Like sister's dress only with the manly touch in collar, button-on trousers and modified embroidered motif is No. 4820 which comes in 3 sizes, 2 to 5 years. Of course it is made of the same material as sister's and has the same embroidery.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 112.



For Your Spring Wardrobe—

Let These Free Samples Introduce You to Delightful Fast Color Fabrics.

Sparkling colors that defy rubbing and rubbing—modish patterns so truly French—here are just the fabrics you will want when you see the 30 free samples of

GENUINE Peter Pan Fast Color Wash Fabrics

Prints, plains, voiles, woven checks, woven stripes, shantungs and suitings with the Peter Pan name on the selvage, are modest in cost, but rich in beauty and wear, and each bears the absolute guarantee stated in the coupon below. On sale at reliable dealers.

Send this coupon—or just write your name, address, dealer's name and whether he sells Peter Pan—and we will send you, free, the "Peter Pan Sampler" of 30 beautiful samples.

HENRY GLASS & CO.
42-A White Street, N. Y.

Please send me "The Peter Pan Sampler" of 30 samples, postpaid, absolutely free of all charge.
Name _____
Street Address or P. O. Box _____
City and State _____
Dealer's Name _____
Does he sell Genuine Peter Pan Fast Color Fabrics? _____

"We will replace any garment made of Genuine Peter Pan if it fades.—Henry Glass & Co."

THE PERFECT HEMSTITCHER

PERFECT HEMSTITCHING AND PICKING ATTACHMENT, PRICE \$1.00

Money back guarantee. Greatest invention known for the housewife. Fits all sewing machines. Pays for itself in ten minutes time. Hemstitching as beautiful as done by \$275.00 machine. Pay postman \$1.00. Five days free trial. Money back if not satisfied.



Hemstitcher Co., Dept. 12, Fort Worth, Texas

Your Clothes Talk About You

Every hour—everywhere, your clothes say of you, "She's beautiful"—or "She's old-fashioned"—or "She's clever." Now you can be fashionably dressed at low cost. Have Beautiful Clothes Quickly at Low Cost. Send for my Free Book "Fashion Secrets." See how you can have Three or Four BEAUTIFUL dresses at the price of One factory store kind. Learn how this fascinating easy "No-Way" Training can bring you more clothes, prettier clothes, big savings and a splendid income.

2 OUTFITS IN SURPRISE OFFER

TRAIN YOU AT HOME

amazingly quick time. I give you lifetime Adv. Service, Lifetime Employment Service. Monthly Fashion Bulletin—also Two Working Outfits Free of extra charge.

Be Fashionably Dressed—Also Earn Money as a "Modiste-Milliner"

If you're between the ages of 15 and 60—can read and write plain English—if you want to be a fashionably dressed woman, or earn a splendid income—clip coupon for my Free Book. I'll send you PROOF. No obligation. Get it now.

FREE BOOK MAIL THIS FOR FREE BOOK

Carolyn Counties Director of Instruction The FASHION INSTITUTE Dept. 216, 4534 W. Ravenswood Ave., Chicago Send me your Free Book "Fashion Secrets" and full particulars of "No-Way" Training, without any obligation on my part. Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss. Name _____ Address _____



"Let's have a Party!"

"St. Valentine's Day is almost here—let's have a party. We can plan it completely right out of the new Dennison Party Magazine."

Invitations—decorations—costumes—amusing new games and stunts—attractive table appointments—cunning favors and prizes—appropriate refreshments! It's such fun and so easy to get up a party now because this new kind of magazine is published six times a year and each issue is packed with clever new ideas. The

Dennison Party Magazine

is the successor to the well known Dennison party books. The first issue—just out—has suggestions for the early spring holidays, but its brimful of ideas that will help you plan any kind of party any time.

Get a copy today—it is on sale at stationers, department stores, and many drug stores, or send 20 cents with the coupon below for a copy by mail postpaid.

Dennison's

Dept. 3-B, Framingham, Mass.

I enclose 20 cents. Please send me the newest issue of The Party Magazine.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(Why not let us include some of the other famous Dennison booklets? Check those you want and enclose 10 cents for each.)

.....Crepe Paper Costumes.....Sealing Wax Craft

.....Crepe Paper Flowers.....Weaving Paper Ropes

.....Table Decorations and Favors.....

.....Decorating Halls and Booths.....

MOTHERS-TO-BE and

MOTHERS of New Babies

Write for the Story of KIDDE-KOOP, the original screen-side crib of triple use—dainty bassinet, serviceable crib, sturdy playpen. Acquaint yourself with the exclusive features of this superior nursery article; then ask dealer for demonstration. Your prudent judgment will convince you of the real economy of this 3-in-1 baby need available at a low all-in-one cost.

KIDDE-KOOP keeps baby contented and safe; discourages undesirable mother-worry.

Literature sent in plain envelope with name of local dealer, E. M. Trimble Mfg. Co., Dept. 1000, 664 Central Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Also Makers of Baby Bathing

KIDDE-KOOP

The Modern CRIB

Trimble Nursery Furniture

Cribs, Playpens, Etc. of Kidde-Koop's High Quality

The CHORE GIRL

knit copper sponge ball, instantly cleans pots and pans. Can't rust. Can't splinter or prick fingers.

Save soap, time and labor

10c at 5 and 10c stores, department stores, hardware and grocery stores.

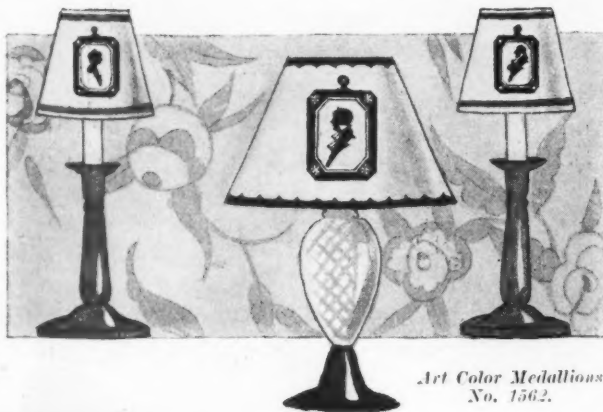
METAL TEXTILE CORPORATION, N.Y.C., U.S.A.

Home Made Candies for Profit

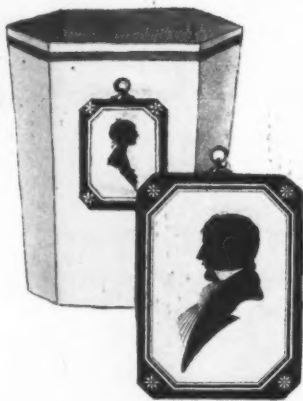
Our HOME STUDY METHOD for ladies and men, taught by a retired manufacturer with 35 years successful experience. Turn your kitchen into a small Candy Shop—and make money almost from the first day. Many now wealthy, started with no cash capital. Start quick—cash in big between now and Easter. The Home Made Candy business, is about the only business where the "little fellow" has the "big fellow" at a disadvantage. We furnish all tools. Free Book: Envelope, c. 1000. CAPITOL CANDY SCHOOL, Dept. 28-B, 631 Penna Ave. N. W., Washington, D. C.

JUST PASTED IN PLACE THEN VARNISHED

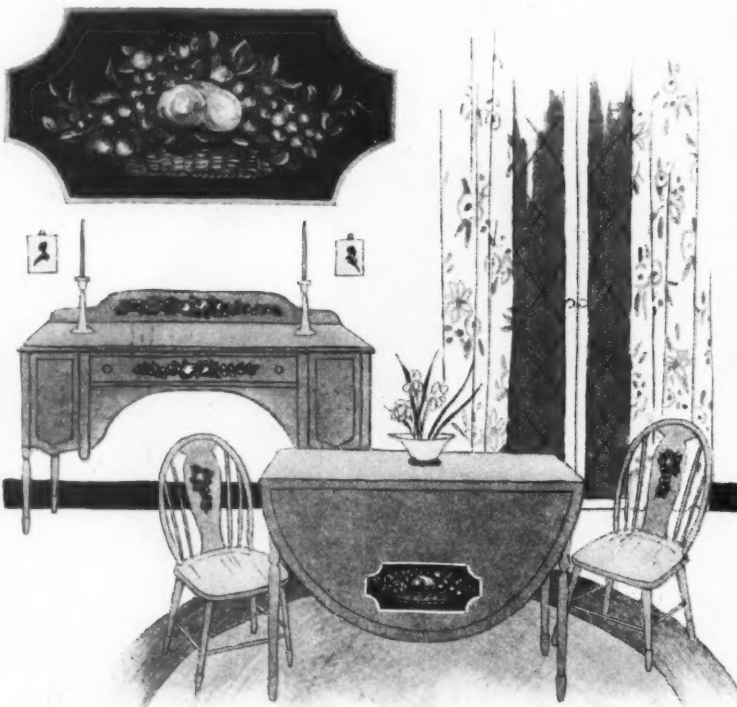
By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



Art Color Medallions No. 1562.



SILHOUETTES, popular with our great grandparents, are still regarded as an ideal decorative touch by modern home makers. The old-fashioned gentleman and lady at left are Art Color Medallions No. 1562, which when pasted on and varnished, give the effect of being painted on the parchment. Just the bit of charm and dignity an up-to-date woman wants for baskets, shades and other articles. Framed as pictures they are stunning! Adapted to 1 pair 3½ x 5; and 2 pairs 17½ x 27½ inches.



Art Color Medallions No. 1561.

On dining room or breakfast room furniture a handpainted fruit motif is not only smartly stylish, but gives the room the bit of color it may need. Art Color Medallion 1561 looks handpainted after you merely paste it in place and varnish it. Rich naturalistic fruit colors—reds, yellows, blues and purples—tone in giving an impression of harmony. Adapted to 2 large medallions 4¼ x 8¾ inches; 1 long medallion 1¾ x 9 inches; 4 medium size, 1½ x 6 inches; and 2 pairs small size about 2 x 4¾ inches. The basket of fruit and clusters are perfectly adapted in shape to modern dining room sets.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 112.



A Sure Way To End Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.



At Last! It's EASY to dry dishes and glassware WITH RED BIRD Ready to Use TEA TOWELS

Housewives need these labor savers. Snow-white, durable, scientifically processed by exclusive methods to 100% lintless absorbency! "Red Birds" really dry dishes, hot or cold, with magic ease. Size 27x28 in., neatly boxed. An ideal gift! Embroidered in red with any name or initials specified. Insured and postpaid anywhere in U. S. \$3 per doz. (Chk. draft, M. O.) Satisfaction guaranteed. SPOKANE TOILET SUPPLY CO. Towel Specialists Since '89. 625 Erie St. Spokane, Wash.

ART NEEDLEWORK & FANCY WEAR BOOKS FREE

1000 LATEST IDEAS AND DESIGNS. Just send your name and address for our new Spring Book of Art Needlework and Fancy Wear, beautifully illustrated in colors. We will also include a Free Copy of our 80-page Annual Fall Book No. 27. These books show the latest in things easy to embroider, as well as many unique ready-made and embroidered articles for your home, yourself and children. Color charts given with stamped articles. Herrschner designs and quality merchandise are known for their leadership. Postage on all articles is prepaid by us. Send for FREE books now.

Frederick Herrschner, Inc. (Established 1899) 6606 S. Ashland Ave., Dept. F, Chicago

FRECKLES

Get Rid of These Ugly Spots Safely and Surely and Have a Beautiful Complexion With

OTHINE

(DOUBLE STRENGTH) MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS. SOLD BY DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES EVERYWHERE. Cut out this Ad and send it with your name and address. You will receive free a sample of the new QUEEN MARIE FACETED PANSY JEWEL

with a picture of the chain and directions for making it. ALLEN'S BOSTON BEAD STORE, 8 WINTER ST., BOSTON, MASS.



That quaint curly-head

loved the same things boys like today. Delicious Smith Brothers' Cough Drops, for instance! To him, a very manly bit of candy. But mothers value them as safe pure protection against dangerous coughs and colds.

Two kinds: S-B and Menthol.

SMITH BROTHERS COUGH DROPS



5¢



High School Course in 2 Years

This simplified, complete High School Course—specially prepared for home study by leading professors—meets all requirements for entrance to college, business, and leading professions.

20 Other Courses

Over 200 noted Engineers, Business Men, and Educators helped prepare the special instruction which you need for success. No matter what your inclinations may be, you can't hope to succeed without specialized training. Let us give you the practical training you need.

American School
Draxel Ave. & 58th Street
Dept. H-260, Chicago

Money Back When You Finish If Not Satisfied

American School, Dept. H-260, Draxel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago
Send me full information on the subject checked and how you will help me win success in that line.

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|
| Architect | Electrical Engineer |
| Building Contractor | General Education |
| Automobile Engineer | Lawyer |
| Civil Engineer | Mech. Shop Practice |
| Structural Engineer | Mechanical Engineer |
| Business Manager | Steam Engineer |
| C. P. A. & Auditor | Sanitary & Heating |
| Bookkeeper | Surveyor & Mapping |
| Draftsman & Designer | High School Graduate |

Name _____

Address _____

YARN 15¢ per oz.
in 2 oz. skeins

Hook rugs the new easy way

No awkward frame, no hook. Send for free instructions, free leaflet of hooked rug designs and samples only. Money-back guarantee. 10¢ per sq. ft. in 2 or 3 colors only. Money-back guarantee. 10¢ per sq. ft. in 2 or 3 colors only. Money-back guarantee. 10¢ per sq. ft. in 2 or 3 colors only.

Check this square if you also want over 200 free samples of knitting and weaving yarns.

Name _____

Address _____

Cuticura Loveliness A Clear Healthy Skin

Insured by Every-day Use of Cuticura Soap

NEW ART MEDALLIONS IN LOVELY COLORS

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



Art Color Medallions No. 1564

INTO every artistic home comes the graceful ship—in pictures, in models—and now as a stunning Art Color Medallion, No. 1564. Red sails with white insignia against a dark blue sky—this stately galleon makes a beautiful decoration for boxes, bookcovers, waste baskets etc. On lampshades with the light shining through its red sails, it is particularly lovely. Adapted to 2 medallions $4\frac{3}{4} \times 6$ inches and 2 measuring $2\frac{3}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{2}$ inches.



Art Color Medallions No. 1556

Delicate colors must be chosen for the nursery which makes a background for the dainty tyrant who reigns there. Painted furniture of ivory or soft green, blues or rose may be selected and a touch of individuality is a quaint Kate Greenaway motif, Art Color Medallion No. 1556. Rose tree, blue bird, a little girl in peach and a boy in lavender are seen against a background of delicate green, while the whole medallion is bounded by a blue-green ribbon. Paste in place, varnish and they look handpainted on furniture. On lampshades and candle shields, boxes, trays, etc., they are equally charming. Adapted to 2 large medallions $5\frac{1}{4} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ inches; 3 medium $3\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ inches, 4 small $1\frac{1}{2} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 112.

50 FREE SAMPLES YOURS—For your OWN use—your OWN tests—your OWN comparison of beauty and value.

A. B. C. FABRICS

IN all the charming shades, colors, patterns that style demands. The favorite of fashionable women, for morning, afternoon, evening; for negligee, nightgowns, pajamas, bath and beach wraps; underthings, knickers, tennis and other sportswear; for children's wear, party, evening, dance, school, play; for fancy costumes, draperies, millinery, scarfs, linings; and every use where silky sheen, richness, beauty, and dependability earn preference.

Get This Clearly

The silk in A. B. C. is real silk from silk worms; enhanced and fortified by an almost invisible filament from the cotton boll by the A. B. C. method of spinning, weaving and selection; giving double wear and double strength without detracting from the richness, glow, sheen, drape "action," exquisite beauty and fineness of the silk. That is the A. B. C. method. It is ours. Nobody can duplicate it. For your own sake do not let anyone confuse A. B. C. with any mere combination of ordinary cotton and some silk, or cotton and rayon or mercerized. No rayon or substitute for silk is used in A. B. C.

A. B. C. PLAIN

(with the name on selvage of every yard)
Flowing. Non-creasing. Your skin "loves its touch." Soft as rose petals.

A. B. C. RAYSLIP

(with the name on selvage of every yard)
More substantial. More opaque, also in supreme degree has the "glide and slippiness" required by best dressed women for slips.

A. B. C. WASHABLE PRINTS

(with the name on selvage of every yard)
The new sensation. The wonder fabric. The favorite of fastidious, fashionable dressers. In all the gorgeous colors, lights, combinations, patterns, designs, drape effects demanded by the exclusive and critical women. The cost of making and material back if A. B. C. PRINTS fade.

Accept No Substitute for A. B. C.

Refuse imitations. Insist on genuine A. B. C. If your dealer cannot supply you we will make it easy to get the genuine if you fill in and mail this coupon.

Mail Coupon for 50 FREE Samples

Mail to ARTHUR BEIR & CO., Inc.

45 White Street, New York City

Be sure to give complete information

My Name: _____

My Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____

My Retailer is: _____

His Address: _____

Does he sell A. B. C. Materials? _____

BUNIONS

Quick, safe relief from Bunion pain. Prevent shoe pressure.

At all drug and shoe stores—35¢

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads



Put one on—the pain is gone!

"It's the Smartest Dress of the Season"

"I've never had so many compliments about any dress as I've had about this one. My friends all say it is the smartest dress of the season. They just can't believe I made it myself for only \$9.95."

Pretty dresses like this at just such savings are bringing joy to thousands of women, who have learned at home through the Woman's Institute to make smart, becoming clothes.

FREE BOOKLET

Mail coupon for Free Booklet which tells what the Woman's Institute has done for 230,000 other women and girls and how it can help you to have more and prettier clothes, and earn \$20 to \$40 a week at home.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE

Dept. 3-F, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me a copy of "Making Beautiful Clothes," and tell me how I can learn at home the subject I have marked:

- ☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery

- ☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name: _____ (Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address: _____



MOTHER:—Fletcher's Castoria is especially prepared to relieve Infants in arms and Children all ages of

Constipation Wind Colic To Sweeten Stomach
Flatulency Diarrhea Regulate Bowels

Aids in the assimilation of Food, promoting Cheerfulness, Rest, and Natural Sleep without Opiates

To avoid imitations, always look for the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
Proven directions on each package. Physicians everywhere recommend it.

Asthma

Vapo-Cresolene makes a strong appeal to those afflicted with Bronchial Asthma, because the little lamp, used at night, is a work vaporizing the soothing remedy while the patient sleeps and the difficult breathing is quickly relieved. A patient will find it a boon to sufferers from Asthma. Sold by druggists.

Send for descriptive booklet, 14-B

VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal, Canada

MAKE CANDY SPECIALTY CANDIES manufactured at home for 12c to 25c a lb., sell at 40c to \$1.00. Ragdale's "New System Specialty Candy Factories" sets you up at once in big-paying business. Free Candy Book. W. Hilary Ragdale, Draw 120 E. Orange, N.J.

Weddings Engraved Invitations, Announcements, Visiting Cards, etc., reflect good taste and perfect craftsmanship. Direct from the nation's official social center. Exclusive, yet inexpensive. Write for loan of sample portfolio. Hunsler & Co., 943 E St., Washington, D.C.

68 BREEDS Valuable New Poultry Book Free—100 Pages. Fine Pure-bred Northern raised chickens, ducks, geese, turkeys, eggs, baby chicks, incubators & brooders at lowest prices. America's great industry. My 45th year. W. A. Weber, Box 31, Mankato, Minn.

Feet Free from Aches

—from pains and tiredness in 10 minutes, when this orthopedic band is worn. Free if it fails



1. At this forward arch first look for the cause of pain. A vital set of muscles weakened, thus trouble follows.
2. A light super-elastic band of scientific design and tension strengthens these muscles. Pain stops instantly.
3. You walk, dance, wear stylish shoes. Soon feet are permanently well, band may be discarded.

SCIENCE says 94% of all foot pains result from a vital group of weakened muscles. Now a way is discovered to strengthen these muscles permanently. Burning, aching feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in the toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains, flattening and spreading of the feet, sagging arches—all can now be quickly ended. Pain stops in 10 minutes when an amazing band is used, called the Jung Arch Brace. You slip it on, that is all.

Immediately you dance, run, stand with ease—wear stylish shoes in comfort. Stage dancers, athletes, housewives by the thousands wear it. No stiff props that weaken. This band is amazingly thin and light yet highly elastic and strong. Results are permanent. Soon band may be discarded—feet are well. Specialists urge it widely.

JUNG'S
The Original
ARCH BRACES

Test it 10 days. If not amazed and delighted your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiropodist. If they can't supply you use coupon below and pay postman. Send for free book on foot and leg troubles.

FREE if it fails

Jung Arch Brace Co.,
272 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Send 1 pair ☐ Wonder Style, \$1 and postage,
☐ Miracle Style (extra wide for severe cases), \$1.50 and postage. ☐ Send free book.
Shoe size..... Last.....
Name.....
Address.....
P. O. State.....
Canada: Kirkham & Roberts, Pacific Bldg., Toronto
Canadian prices: Wonder, \$1.25; Miracle, \$1.75.

WITH YOUR NEEDLE AND YOUR BRUSH

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL



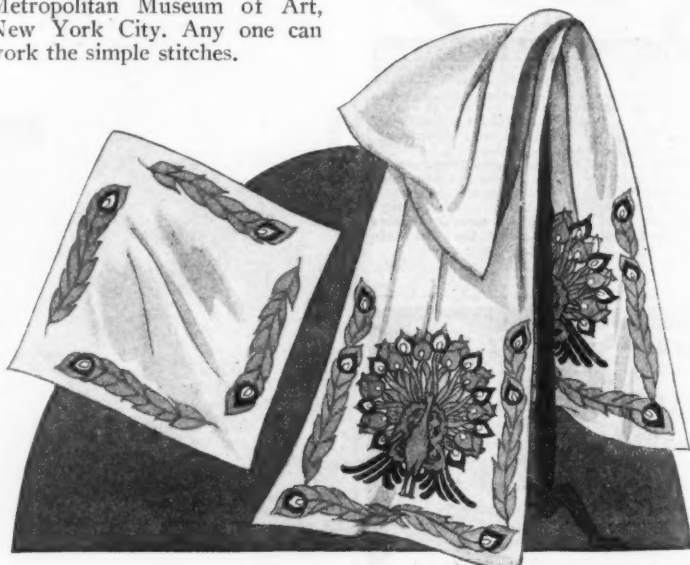
Patchwork motif
No. 1421

No. 1508
Quilted
pillows.



Old-fashioned cross-
stitch sampler,
No. 1550.

HOME decorators recognize the charm of quaint, old-time accessories, and decree for the modern home a touch so simple one can scarcely believe it the last word in smartness. Quilted pillows in cottons or silks (see No. 1508 above) adorn living and bed rooms, and a patchwork pillow such as No. 1421 brings a lovely bit of color to sunporch or children's rooms. A quaint but gay wall decoration for any room is the cross-stitch sampler No. 1550 which is copied from the prize sampler at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. Any one can work the simple stitches.

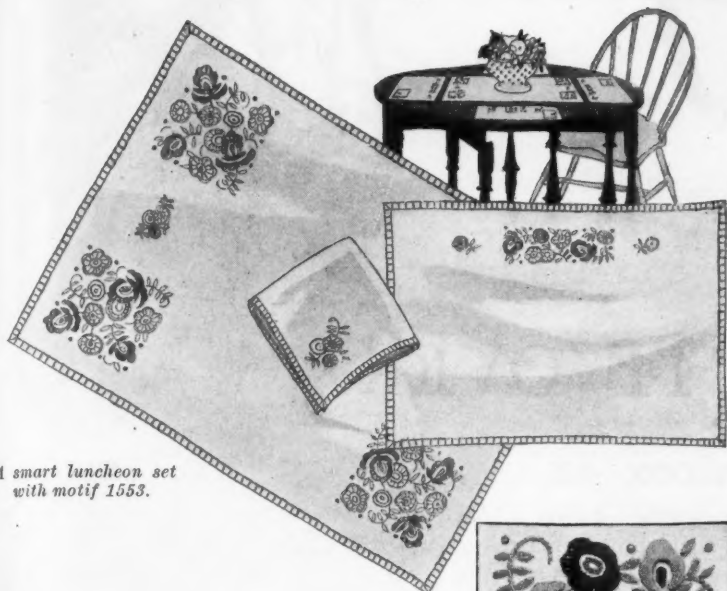


The vogue for fabric painting opens the way to expressing personal tastes in colorful accessories and marks the triumph of the ensemble effect by putting within reach of every woman the creating of harmonizing costume aids. The painted scarf above with its matching handkerchief can be made by any one, and certainly for luxurious grace there is no design to equal the gorgeous peacock, No. 1501. Painted on pale grey or lavender crêpe de Chine this bird is stunning with its plumage of purple, greens and blues. The handkerchief takes a few stray feathers for its lovely harmonizing motif.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 112.

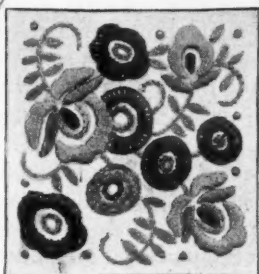
SIMPLICITY AND CHARM IN SMART LINENS

By ELISABETH MAY BLONDEL

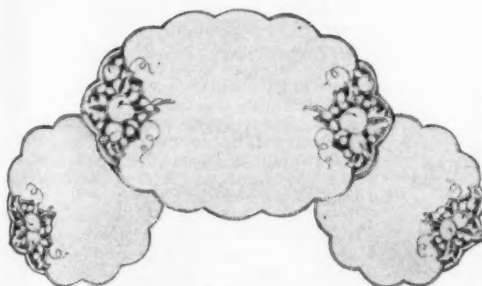


A smart luncheon set with motif 1553.

BEAUTIFUL linens reflect the taste of the hostess, and for an informal luncheon she selects center-piece, place-mats and napkins with colorful motifs. Design 1553 smartly developed in peasant colors will make her table charmingly festive.



A colorful motif is 1553. About 4 3/4 inches square.



Cut-work motif 1482 for buffet set.

For the buffet, the hostess prefers simple decorations which makes the selection of linens even more exacting. They must be beautiful, but not too formal. Particularly smart is the three piece set, design 1482. The cut work motif looks intricate but is quite simple to make.

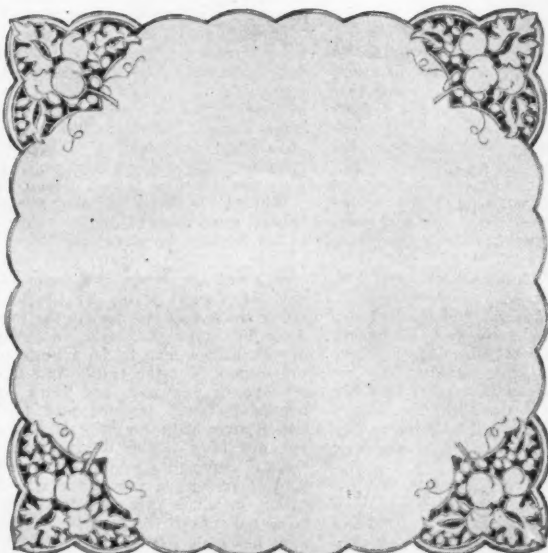


Table cover motif 1481.

To harmonize with her buffet set the discriminating woman has a table cover of the same design. Motif 1481 matches No. 1482 and is adapted to a 35-inch or 52-inch square. The charm of this cover lies in the beautiful symmetry of its corner cut-work and connecting scallops.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall dealers, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Co., 236 West 37th St., New York City, at prices listed on Page 112.

The New Style In Face Powder

THE style in face powder has changed. Smart New York women no longer use powder to cover the skin like a paint; they use a powder that improves the natural life-like beauty of their skin without showing conspicuously as make-up.

La-May (French, Poudre L'Amé) set this new style. La-May is different because it does not give the opaque appearance of the old-fashioned heavy powders. You cannot tell it from ordinary powder except that it goes on smoother and looks so much better. It gives a natural beauty you cannot detect from a youthful, naturally pretty complexion. It leaves no suggestion of make-up. The difference between this new style transparent La-May and the ordinary old-style opaque powders is that the opaque powders paint the skin, hiding the natural life-like glow of the complexion. The average old-style powder gives a corpse-like appearance instead of a fresh, healthy, natural tone. La-May meets all the requirements of a perfect face powder but also increases the natural life-like glow of your skin.

La-May is made by a secret formula; it contains only the finest and purest ingredients that doctors and skin specialists prescribe as a beauty medicine for your skin, to refine the texture of your skin and to prevent enlarged pores, blackheads and irritations. Over a million of our most intelligent American women are praising La-May; they say it keeps the skin young, stays on longer and looks better than any other powder. When you ask for your package of La-May be wise enough to refuse substitutes. La-May is sold by first-class dealers everywhere at one dollar—in White, Flesh, Brunette and Tan. You can get a large trial size for only thirty-five cents. Remember, Five Thousand Dollars Reward is offered anybody who can buy a better, a finer, a purer or a safer powder than La-May anywhere at any price, even at Five Dollars a box. If you want to try La-May—if you want a perfect Loose Powder Vanity filled with this pure La-May—read the special offer printed below.

Loose Powder Vanity At Half Price

Every girl that sees this wonderful new La-May Sport Vanity for loose powder wants one. That's why it is used by more women than any other Vanity sold in America. It is not only charming in appearance but delightfully, perfectly convenient. Every time you open the box you find just enough powder on your puff. No spilling—no breaking and crumbling—no glue or plaster of paris as in a compact. This vanity is very thin, dainty in size (two and one half inches in diameter) made in lustrous blue enamel with mirror and holds a thick, soft, wool puff. You easily refill it with powder by lifting out the sifter tray. These La-May Sport Vanities were made to sell in the stores for fifty cents, but to get you to try La-May Face Powder we will send one to you filled with La-May in White, Flesh, Brunette or Tan for half price, twenty-five cents. But you must use the coupon below and send it to us with a twenty-five cent piece (not stamps). Only one to a person.

It's Here!

The Perfect Loose Powder Vanity



Regular 50¢
Value for
25¢

VERY THIN

Beautiful Blue Enamel Will Never Tarnish

Dialogs, Monologs, Musical Comedies, How to Stage a Play and Revers, Min-strel Opening Choruses, Ducky Plays. Catalog FREE. T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 36 CHICAGO



64 BREEDS Most Profitable pure bred ducks, geese, turkeys, Fowls, eggs, incubators and reduced prices. 34th year. Largest plant. Fine valuable 100-page book and catalog free. R. F. Neubert Co., Box 863, Mankato, Minn.

Write for Book of 100 Home Plans



Gordon - Van
Tine Home
No. 633 6
rooms; bath.
Materials,
Plan-Cut.
\$1795

Down Comes Building Cost Through the Savings of Machine Sawing!

By the Gordon - Van Tine Plan-Cut system we saw, cut and notch the lumber according to specially drawn plans, by power-driven saws at the mill. Carpenters start framing and nailing at once. You save as much as 30% on labor, the costliest item in home-building. And machine-accuracy insures the tightest, staunchest type of construction!

We supply complete plans, drawn by skilled architects. There are over 100 charming designs. Many built-in convenience features to lighten housework. One guaranteed price covers all materials according to specifications. No extras. No waste lumber. Plans conform to all city building codes.

Buy Direct-From-Mill—
Wholesale Prices
Big volume, the use of power-driven machines, operating on one small profit, give you benefit of wholesale prices.

Highest Quality
We furnish only highest quality material—backed by our twenty year satisfaction guarantee. 200,000 pleased customers.

This 140-
Page Book
shows photos, floor-plans, specifications, direct-from-mill prices on 100 PLAN-CUT HOMES. Also Garages, Summer Cottages, Poultry Houses.

Write or Mail Coupon for Book

Gordon - Van Tine Co.,
903 Case Street,
Davenport, Iowa

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back
Please send me Catalog.

I am interested in
Name
Address
.....

Gordon-VanTine
(Established 1885)
PLAN-CUT Homes



WINONA WILCOX



LET'S TALK IT OVER!

BY

WINONA WILCOX

ALTHOUGH this page is all true, it has one thing in common with fiction: it writes itself as novels often do. Over and over I plan it a certain way, then along comes a letter which fascinates me and because it does, I hope it will interest others. And so my carefully prepared program goes into a file.

Today's page was to have been devoted to that practical subject, the family budget. Obviously, the wife who can allot the family income successfully has eliminated an important source of discontent from her experience. But I found in my mail one of the unique letters which insists upon making a place for itself, no matter what substantial stuff it pushes out of this column. Perhaps the following may seem trivial to some of the worried women who turn to this page because, as one of them writes: "It has helped me to endure the unbearable and to find at last a genuine satisfaction in a life which has been crowded with disillusionments."

Sometimes I wonder if a few of the grieving souls are not letting their troubles matter too much. "Step lightly! Eat lightly! Think lightly!" advises a psychologist, a woman who knows the needs of her sex.

Well, most of us are eating lightly enough, goodness knows. For fashion's sake we enthusiastically and successfully curb our appetites and reduce our weights. And it occurs to me that those of us who take our feelings too heavily might control our emotions and reduce our worries if we would employ only a fraction of the persistence we give to dieting.

But it takes a certain spirit to do this, something of the light attitude toward self which is betrayed in the following confession of a homely girl.

Dear Winona Wilcox: There are hundreds of girls who could answer to the description of myself, if they would take stock and admit it. In time, that is. It took years for me to become convinced that I am not one bit good-looking and can't be made so.

My legs remind me of two long rake handles. My arms would make a million dollar evening dress look ridiculous. My face wears the "tired look" featured in patent medicine ads, and can be complimented only as "good and intelligent."

My mouth only stays closed by concentration of my mind. Sometimes I succeed in forgetting these sorrows. It can be done unless I happen into one of those over-mirrored dressing-rooms in which department stores specialize. Often I've thought of suggesting that the shops set aside a room for girls of my type, a room not well-lighted and with a single mirror so that it would not be possible to get more than one view of oneself at a time. I've turned down many an impulse to buy lovely clothes because I caught sight of myself and thought, "Oh, what's the use!"

Yes, as you've suspected, I have a few things to rejoice about. I have my share of brains. (Probably if I hadn't, I would be sure I was all right). I enjoy music and art and "the better things" that are designed to make life seem worth while. Intelligentsia stuff, you know.

Most everybody likes me. I'm the kind they tell first when an engagement is to be announced. Old people visit me because I'm always smiling. (No wonder, when I can't keep my mouth shut anyway).

I'm that dependable type so desirable in an office, not likely to upset the curriculum, not likely to get married after I'm trained. My boss takes me into his confidence, is duly respectful, and admires my ability, while his eyes follow the pretty flapper file clerk. He knows he can trust me to tell his wife he is attending an important conference when

It is not curiosity about other people's doings which keeps this page alive. Rather it is a decent human urge to get at the truth about our common worries and the best ways of meeting and surviving them. To master even our ordinary tribulations takes intelligence, fearlessness and persistence. Ultimate triumph and contentment await most of us who make the best of things as they are no matter how depressing they may be. No disillusionment need destroy us unless we permit it to do so. To go to pieces over our troubles, to let them cripple and waste us, is that not life's supreme tragedy? When we brood over our trials, we add mistake to mistake. Perhaps we wouldn't if we had a quiet word from some one who has experienced a similar confusion. On this page the women who want to know may get in touch with the women who have found out. "Let's Talk It Over"—all sides of it.

If an immediate personal discussion by mail is preferred, send stamped addressed envelope to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



I am well aware that he is out with his partner's wife.

And, oh yes! lest I forget a charm! I have a voice which could be described as low and rich. I've carried on flirtations over the telephone and handled my voice in such a way that the unsuspecting male at the other end imagined a goddess had come to earth. The victim thought I must be as good-looking as my voice sounded. I never let a man lose that illusion by seeing me.

I'm like Hortense in the song, "She ain't good-looking but she's got good sense!" An author would supply poor me with my prince. But fairy stories never come true any more. So here I am, standing by the wayside watching the pretty senseless flapper lead my Ideal to the altar. As I wish them Godspeed I hear them murmur, "She's a good old sport but, my dear, so HOMELY!"

And so I am. Nevertheless, I've had my romances. There was the country sweetheart faithful to the end. He openly would boast, "I don't care if you're not beautiful! I love you!" He would taunt me about being skinny. Once he teased me just five minutes too long and I cried exactly like a pretty girl! I suppose I was foolish to refuse him. Had I not possessed that luggage superfluous to a girl, brains and ideals, I now would be happily established with my own little family.

Anyway, it's too late. Today the men I know are divided into two classes. In the first are the good sort who long for a beautiful girl but lack the charm to win one. They turn to me as a last resort, thinking that even though they can't feast their eyes, they won't be exactly bored to death.

In the other class are the Ideals who went to the altar with the Pretty Faces. Yes, the Married Men. Not the ones who neglect their families and disgrace their names. The respectable ones, faithful to their wives but unhappy. I like their companionship, I listen to their troubles, give them my

sympathy, withhold my affection and send them away early so that there won't be a row at home.

They consider me a darn good sport; wish that their wives could "understand" as I do; want to go on long camping trips with me (far away from the pretty girls so they won't have to make the painful comparison). And they give me advice as to how to treat my husband, if I ever get one. As if I didn't know already!

No, I am not conscience-stricken. I never regret a single evening spent with them. No wife could consider me dangerous. Not one of the men would marry me if he could. And, I doubt if I would marry any one of them, either—UGLY DUCKLING.

In an era in which beauty is a cult, the homely girl too frequently is the victim of an inferiority complex. She becomes a pessimist and a recluse. She weeps and mopes. She seeks a conventual occupation where she may hide from the men she cannot lure. But Ugly Duckling has a braver spirit. She refuses to be submerged by trouble. She cultivates a light attitude of mind toward her worries which many a woman with a different cause for grief might envy and imitate.

Her letter compels me to love her but somehow, I wish she wouldn't run around with other girls' husbands. It may not hurt her nor the wives (as she contends) but it does unfit a man to be even a fair-minded husband. You see it's the wrong kind of training for spouses and fathers. And it is extremely difficult for a wife to re-educate a man who has been thus trained. No, much as I admire U. D.'s struggle to stay on top of life, I do not think that she can be justified in amusing men who are married.

She says that these episodes are harmless and do not touch her conscience. "Conscience is intelligence applied to conduct." She owns, we own, that she is intelligent. Perhaps her conscience might prick a little if she would picture the wife in the case who is cooking dinner for the children, washing dishes and putting the babies to bed while her husband idles and laughs and smokes opposite U. D. in an attractive restaurant. Tired wives like to dine in restaurants themselves. They might not be so tired if they had more chances to do so.

While U. D. is not breaking up any homes directly, she is helping some married man to think lightly of his obligations to his family, she is making it easier for him to take out weaker (prettier) stupider girls who have no scruples whatever about the *meum* and *tuum* of matrimony.

U. D. doesn't want any of the husbands herself but I rather think that the men in the case are convinced that she does. For thus the male mind functions. Such smugness doesn't help a man to be a husband of the first class. Nor the second. Nor the third. And U. D. is clever enough to perceive, if she puts her mind to the subject, that her friendship causes married men to lie to their wives. To talk it over with the wife and to tell the truth takes the zest out of a casual flirtation. If the wife be modernly "liberal" enough to "understand" she is liable to laugh. And there isn't a man alive who enjoys that! So deceits spring up where they will do the most harm. Which should be reason enough why a girl of U. D.'s mental integrity should limit her male friends to the bachelors.

Oh, I am all for the wives of the men who take U. D. out to dine but I can see that unhappy married women and homely, despondent girls and others afflicted with inferiority complexes would fare much better if they would cultivate U. D.'s splendid courage and her humorous outlook upon life in general and her own experiences in particular.

Theirs the confidence of health



BILLY KIDD, JR.

"FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST HAS PROVEN TO BE A MOST WONDERFUL FOOD AND TONIC in building up the strength and energy of my small son. It has been beneficial to our whole family and I expect to continue its use in our regular diet."

MRS. WILLIAM R. KIDD, Princeton, W. Va.
President of Princeton Circle, Child Conservation League of America.



"ONE OF OUR STAR BASKETBALL PLAYERS AT THE UNIVERSITY SEEMED PRETTY MUCH RUN DOWN. As varsity coach I started him on a Yeast diet—eating two cakes a day. In a short time he came out of his lethargy in good shape. For our football and basketball men we use Yeast consistently."

FORREST C. ALLEN, Athletic Director University of Kansas, Lawrence, Kan.

"I SUFFERED FROM AUTO-INTOXICATION. This condition made me tired and listless and poisoned my system. I tried many different remedies without permanent relief. Then on the advice of a friend I tried Fleischmann's Yeast. I took my three cakes a day regularly. I was surprised at the results. I now feel entirely well."

GLADYS L. HALL, Jacksonville, Fla.

Once victims of stubborn ills—they regained energy, ambition, health—
—by eating one simple fresh food

NOT a "cure-all," not a medicine—Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a remarkable fresh food.

The millions of tiny active yeast plants in every cake invigorate the whole system. They aid digestion—clear the skin—banish the poisons of constipation. Where cathartics give only temporary relief, yeast strengthens the intestinal muscles and makes them healthy and active, daily releasing new stores of energy.

Eat two or three cakes regularly every day, one before each meal: on crackers, in fruit juices, water or milk—or just plain, in small pieces. For constipation dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous habit-forming cathartics will gradually become unnecessary. All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy several cakes at a time—they will keep fresh in a cool dry place for two or three days.

And let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. F-37, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



"FOR MANY YEARS I SUFFERED FROM CHRONIC INDIGESTION WITH SEVERE HEADACHES. No remedy gave me relief until I started taking Fleischmann's Yeast. Since taking Yeast I have never had any trouble. I have just completed a trip around the world and was able to enjoy every moment of it—thanks to the Yeast carried in the ship's ice box."

HELEN KNIGHT, Pleasantville, N. Y.



"FOR TWO YEARS I WAS NEVER FREE FROM BOILS, PIMPLES AND BLACK-HEADS. They broke out on my face, on my neck and on my back. Finally, a doctor prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast, and I started in to take it at once. My face became clearer, my pimples disappeared and I have never had a boil since. Now when I see my friends with pimples on their faces I recommend Fleischmann's Yeast."

EUGENE BLACKMER, JR.,
Denver, Colo.



THIS FAMOUS FOOD tones up the entire system— aids digestion—clears the skin—banishes constipation.

Gene Stratton-Porter's Page

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

WRITING is one of the most exacting of professions. It seems to me that my daily mail almost forces me to send a word of advice broadcast to those inexperienced youngsters who desire to write. They are so young, and so filled with enthusiasm, they do not realize just what a large order it is when they blithely send me their manuscripts and ask me to forward them to an editor, firm in their belief that if I send their stories, they will be accepted. Others ask the most baffling questions: how to write; how to write a story; how to write a poem; what locale is best; what to write about. From my mail, I judge that there are more budding authors in this country than ever before, and I am glad. There is nothing like the vigor and spontaneity of youth to instill new life and new fire into our modern literature.

It is quite true that writing springs from genius, from an inborn talent; but talent and genius do no one any good unless accompanied by sufficient education to express one's thoughts attractively and grammatically. The first requirement then, on the long road to literary success, is an education. Many communications that I receive from aspiring authors are poorly written, mis-spelled, not properly punctuated or capitalized. Your ideas and inspirations will do you no good unless you are able to present them to an editor in an attractive way. See that the material you have to offer is absolutely correct grammatically, properly paragraphed, capitalized, punctuated and spelled, in the forms to which editors of the day are accustomed.

The matter of education may not be an easy one for you. There may not be funds available for schools and colleges, but it is possible for you to educate yourself. If you have sufficient ambition and courage, you can educate yourself as Abraham Lincoln did, and one could scarcely encounter more difficulties than he did; but he stuck to it, and reaped the reward for his trials and work. There is no better axiom for the would-be author to use for his slogan than: "Where there is a will, there is a way."

You must have unflinching courage and unfailing persistence. If the Lord intended you to find self-expression in some form of authorship, He will help you to the open doorway. You will be consumed with an unrest that will not be stilled until you seek a proper outlet. It is this inborn, vague unrest that will drive you on and on. If you feel that your impulse to write is sufficiently deep and strong, if it is your one consuming passion, you must keep everlastingly at it until you have the education to express yourself artistically. The only way to learn to write, is to write, and by and by facility comes. You must have an unending fund of patience. Do not be discouraged if your first venture fails; in fact, you will be singularly fortunate if the first manuscript is not returned.

Real work is the only way to fulfil your highest ambition to a satisfying degree; just trying will keep you busy, and we are only happy when we are busy. So if your

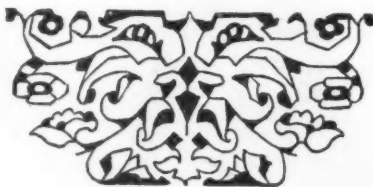


IF YOU HAVE SUFFICIENT AMBITION AND COURAGE YOU CAN EDUCATE YOURSELF

PERSISTENCE *and* COURAGE

✻ BY GENE STRATTON-PORTER ✻

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. SUTTER



first venture fails, tear it up, use the pieces for a foundation to begin all over again, and hope that the experience teaches you to build better. I have a pretty strong belief that if we want anything badly enough, we will get it if we work sanely, sensibly, and above all, persistently. From the time I was old enough to hold a pencil, I wanted to write; so I know whereof I speak. I have been "through the mill" and the way is not strewn with flowers. Only moderate means were at hand for education, so I learned my lessons from books, and from life, and life is a stern and unyielding teacher, but a thorough one. With the help of my father and mother I was given a strict literary education. As to the matter of writing and selling what I wrote, I worked out my own salvation—I had no help there.

A certain degree of literary art is necessary before work is acceptable either to editors or to the reading public; this only comes after much laborious practise. To my mind, the book or story which comprises about an equal share of realism, idealism, and materialism is the truly great work. Any book which runs too largely to any one of these things will not be true to the experience of the average human being, and it is for the average human being that stories are supposed to be written. At least, give them some-

thing which they can understand. You must draw a very fine line when you attempt to separate romance from realism, and what we call truth might be far from both. I believe that editors today want some truth, or some semblance to the truth; possibilities rather than probabilities, and this does not mean that you are not to indulge in flights of the imagination. Of course, it is generally conceded that there is some truth in this world which it is better not to tell, and if it is told it must be in as inoffensive a manner as possible. All this depends on whether you want to leave a good or a bad taste in the mouth of your reader; you have your choice of the stern realities and the sordid, seamy sidelights of life; or you have the interest of human nature, the everlasting appeal of romance, and the beauty of the outdoors. Any of my readers know which I have chosen. Editors like consistent reproductions of life, interesting plots, and the same kind of conversation in a story that is interesting in daily life.

A tinge of the dramatic always lends a spice to a story, but do not mistake pathos for drama. There are many things in this world that are intensely pathetic, but not in the least dramatic. All life is dramatic, but before it makes entertaining fiction it must be properly interpreted by the fictional mind. Do not make your work too profound and heavy; there should be a bit of humor to lighten it. Actual incidents may be entertaining and they may not be; as a rule neither publishers nor readers are in the least concerned as to whether things they read are actual happenings. What they want is entertainment. It is only in rare cases, as on scientific

subjects, that they want instruction. Teaching a moral lesson is always a good thing if it can be done in a subtle manner, so that the

reader does not know he is being taught: learning anything seems to be so much more acceptable to those seeking entertainment, if they are not aware of the process.

You may save yourself considerable disappointment in the way of rejection slips, if you will study carefully the nature of the publications to which you send your material. Go to a news-stand and get a copy of every publication in which you would be proud to see your work, sit down and study what the editors of those magazines are accepting. Send your work to the place it seems to fit the best. Many young authors are thoughtless about this, when they might save themselves disappointments by taking just a little time and trouble in selecting places to try their work.

After all, the final decision rests with the editor. No one can tell you whether or not your work will be accepted; it must stand or fall on its own merits. It is not like getting a political job. "Pull" does not count. That is the reason the enthusiastic youngsters who expect me to place their material are doomed to disappointment. No editor would accept their manuscripts just because I sent them. Breaking in to the author's game is just like getting religion—each individual must have his own personal experience.

Avoid desserts that overtax digestion. *Jell-O never does*



ORANGE JELL-O
garnished
with whipped cream
and fresh fruit

JELLO

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS DESSERT

IT'S A BRAVE WOMAN who can look her family in the eye and say: "There isn't any dessert!". . . She may have the best motive in the world—she may feel sure that everybody has already had too much to eat—she may be trying to protect digestions and prevent disaster—but she's unpopular and she knows it! Families want desserts.

Really, no luncheon or dinner seems entirely satisfying without that final bit of deliciousness . . . So a great many women have learned to say, often, "Jell-O for dessert!" Jell-O is as tempting as possible—but it differs from many other desserts because it requires very little digestive effort. Careful mothers know that it is quite safe

to give Jell-O to children, even after a substantial meal.

And Jell-O possesses food value unusual in a dessert. Nutrition experts, after a long series of experiments, have recently stated that this type of food supplies an important body-building element, directly influencing growth and strength. For this reason, also, many mothers serve Jell-O frequently.

Jell-O can be used in ever so many other dishes besides desserts. Fruit cocktails; salads; meat and fish dishes—all easy to prepare, wholesome and economical. Why not send for the new recipe booklet? Just mail the coupon . . . Of course your grocer sells Jell-O—five pure fruit flavors and chocolate.

The Jell-O Company, Inc., LE ROY, N. Y., Division Postum Cereal Company, Inc., makers of Jell-O, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum, Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties (Double-thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, Post's Bran Chocolate and Swans Down Cake Flour.

THE JELL-O COMPANY, INC.
LE ROY, New York.

Please send me, free, the new recipe booklet—containing dozens of delicious Jell-O recipes.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

© 1927 P. C. Co.

J.-MC. - 2-27





Old Dutch safeguards the New Year with

Healthful Cleanliness

*Healthful Cleanliness through the year
Brings you happiness and good cheer*

Year by year millions of housewives use Old Dutch Cleanser to protect the home with *Healthful Cleanliness*; they know there's nothing like it for removing the health-endangering dirt and invisible impurities.

Old Dutch has this further merit: it doesn't scratch. The microscope shows that its particles are flaky and flat shaped, forming a perfect contact with the surface, and, like thousands of tiny erasers, do their cleaning by erasing all uncleanness without scratching or marring the surface. Old Dutch makes everything *Spick and Span* and leaves surfaces super-clean, wholesome and hygienic.

As *Healthful Cleanliness* is a safeguard to health, so is Old Dutch your safeguard to *Healthful Cleanliness*.

There's nothing else like it

